THE WEW TUBILEE FARP



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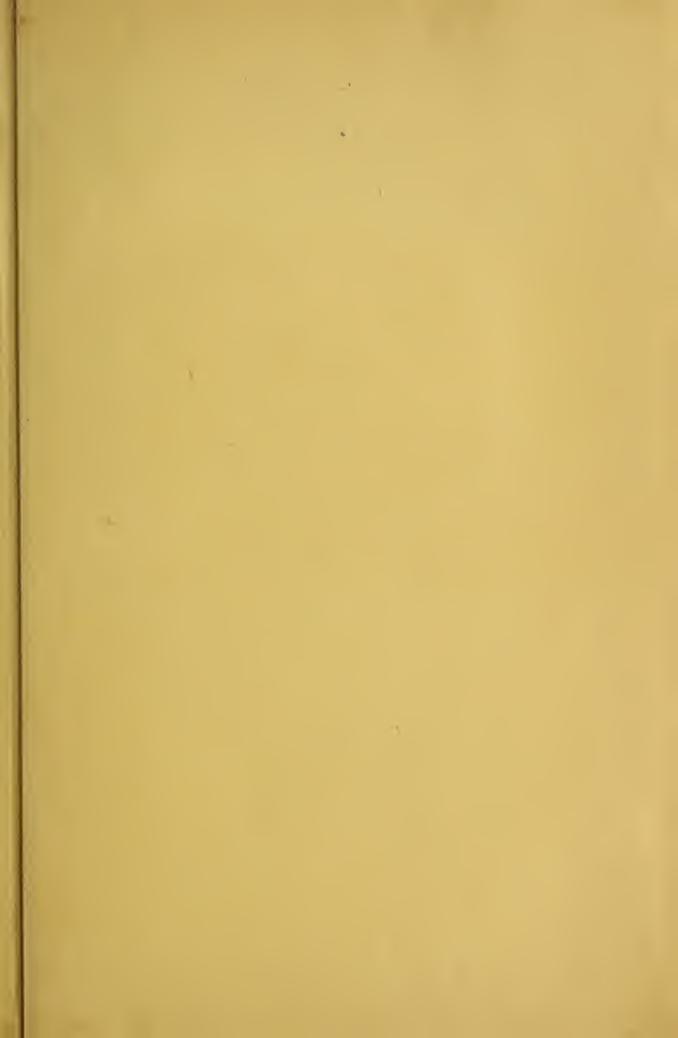
REV. LOUIS FITZ GERALD BENSON, D. D.

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THE



NEW JUBILEE HARP,

OR

CHRISTIAN HYMNS AND SONGS.

A NEW COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES FOR PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

"O, come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation."—Ps. xcv.

BOSTON:

ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, 14+ HANOVER STREET. 1888. Copyright, 1881,

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PREFACE.

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The anticipated sounding of the Jubilee Trumpet, in the year of release, produced joy in the hearts of God's ancient people, and with gladness they sang of their approaching earthly redemption. We have not that Jubilee to look forward to, but we have a greater one, the antitype of that which was appointed for that people. With hearts now joyful in the prospect of a heavenly redemption, we sing in anticipation of the Great Jubilee of the Church of all ages.

This book is prepared as an aid in the praise of God, and in expressing the joy we have in view of the approaching day of redemption, with the hope also that it may be a blessing to all into whose hands it may come.

We here wish to acknowledge our great obligations to many authors and publishers of music, for permission to use their choice copyrighted tunes and hymns, found on these pages. Among these are: Messrs. Biglow & Main, Philip Phillips, L. Hartsough, Asa Hull, T. C. O'Kane, Wm. G. Fischer, Prof. C. S. Harrington, Brainard's Sons, I. Baltzell, Jno. R. Sweeney, E. S. Lorenz, W. W. Bentley, G. F. Root, John J. Hood, S. Hillman, Prof. W. H. McNeal, E. A. Hoffman, S. J. Graham, E. M. Bruce & Co., J. H. Kurzenknabe and Son, W. J. Kirkpatrick, J. H. Tenney, F. H. Revell, D. F. Hodges, C. C. Barker, F. A. Blackmer, A. T. Gorham, E. Hall, F. O. Wellcome, F. A. Pelton. F. A. North & Co., Dr. W. C. Palmer, A. Ross, Wm. A. Pond & Co., O. Ditson & Co., David C. Cook, C. E. Pond, J. C. Stoddard, H. R. Palmer, L. O. Emerson, T. E. Perkins, S. J. Vail, T. J. Cook, J. G. Clark, F. M. Davis, J. Maxim. R. Torrey, Jr., F. H. Thomson, Amanda Bailey, Mrs. J. H. Stockton, Heirs of Geo. E. Lee, and others.

A careful Selection of old tunes and hymns is also here presented for the use of churches and congregations in each department of Christian worship. With this statement and acknowledgment, the Book is commended to all who would engage in the praise and worship of God.

S. G. MATHEWSON.

F. BURR.

OZIAS GOODRICH.
M. GRANT.
L. BOUTELL.

R. H. BATEMAN.

H. C. FREEMAN.

L. T. CUNNINGHAM. L. G. KIMBALL.

I. I. LESLIE.

H. A. KING.



There is a Fountain.

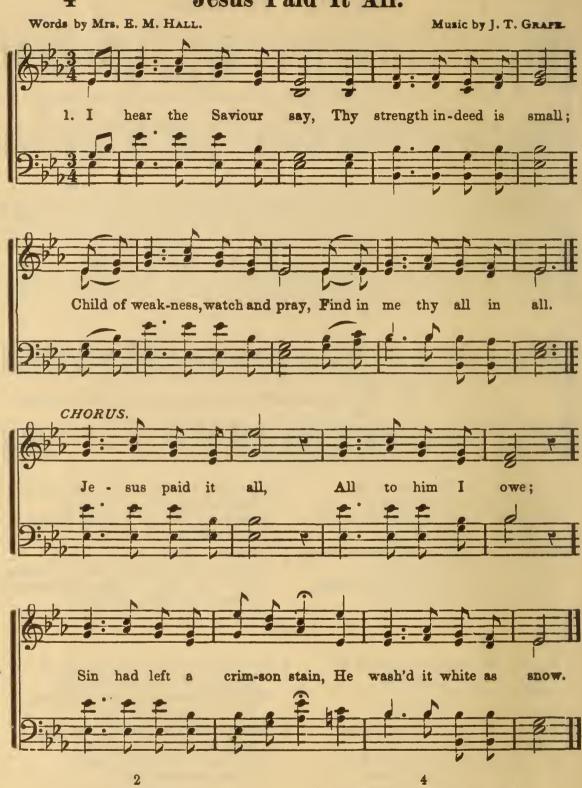


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- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
- Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 1 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue When this poor lisping, stammering Is ransomed from the grave.

- 1 O, what hath Jesus bought for me! Before my ravished eyes Rivers of life divine I see, And trees of Paradise.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown, I now the cross sustain; And gladly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain.
- 3 O, what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet With that enraptured host t'appear, And worship at thy feet?
- 4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away; But let me find them all again In that eventful day.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, 4 Let all that dwell above the sky, "To be exalted thus!"
- "Worthy the Lamb." our lips reply, "For he was slain for us!"
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever thine.
- And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift thy glories high, And speak thine endless praise.

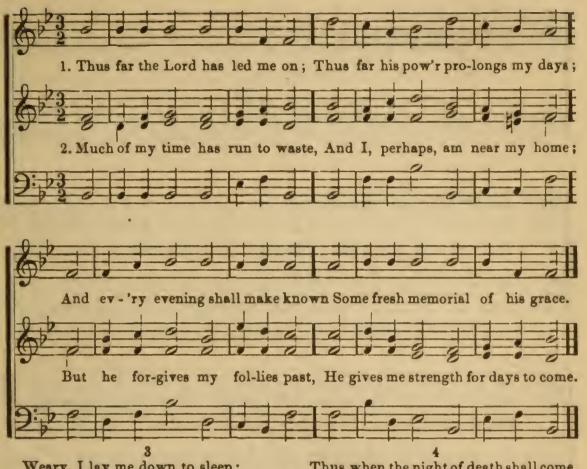


Lord, now indeed I find
Thy pow'r, and thine alone
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

For nothing good have I,
Whereby Thy grace to claim,—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

Then down beneath the cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul;
For naught have I to bring,—
Thy grace must make me whole.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.
Jesus paid it all, &c.



-0--

Weary, I lay me down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

6

Go forth, ye heralds, in my name; Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound; The glorious jubilee proclaim Where'er the human race is found.

The joyful news to al. impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above,

Freely from me ye have received, Freely, in love, to others give; Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your labors, sinners live.

7

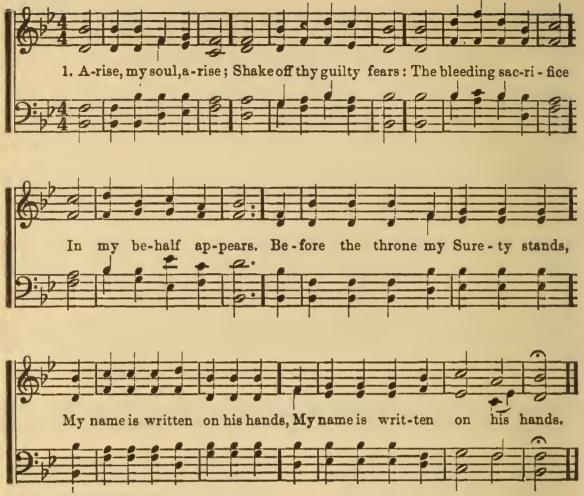
With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins, 'To save from sorrow or from sins;'
The work that wisdom undertakes,

Bternal mercy neer forsakes.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me:
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I'm a child of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

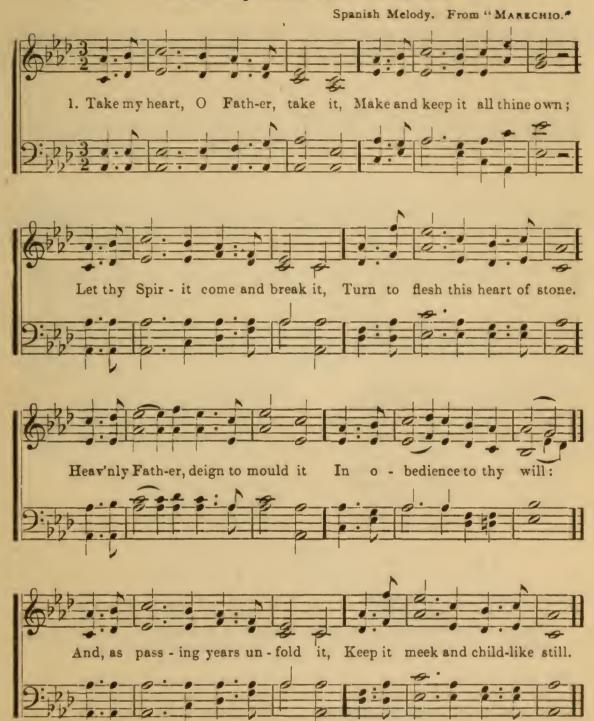
9

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

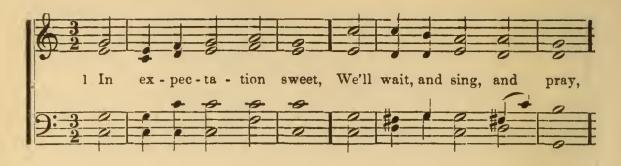
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

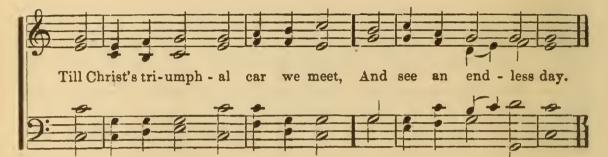
8 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home



- Pather, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind, and free from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy,
 ()f this vain and sinful life.
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 From its sins give full release;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
 Guide it in the path of peace.
- 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- · 2 Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly; Angel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if they are nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
 - 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us.
 And command us to the tomb,
 May that morning's dawn awake us,
 Clad in bright, immortal bloom.





2

He comes, the Conq'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord!

The trumpet sounds!—"Awake,
Ye dead! to judgment come!"

The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4

Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

5

Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

13

1

How gentle God's commands!

How kind his precepts are!

"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4

His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

14

1

With Jesus in our midst,
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

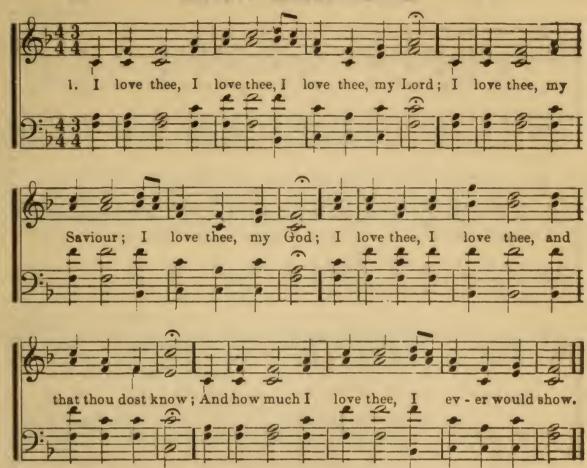
Our sins were laid on him,

When bruised on Calvary;
For us he died and rose again,
A pledge of victory.

3

Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.



- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wondrous account! My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount; I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there, With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song:
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 Oh! who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he love's me, and helps me to sing:
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

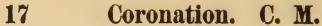
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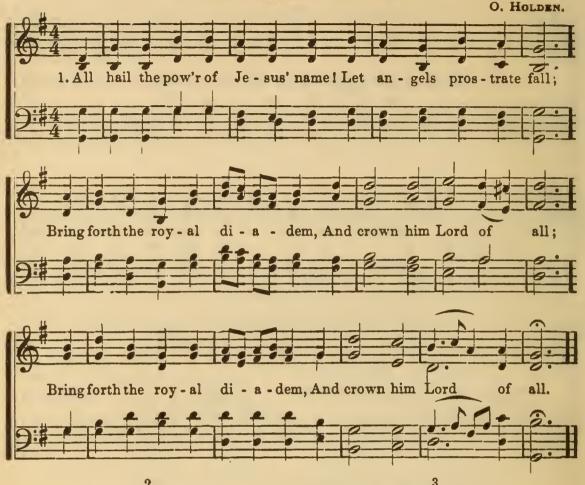
- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, The waters of life are now flowing for thee; No price is demanded, the Saviour is here, Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace

 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,

 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,

 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
 What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid?





Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all!

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall! We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

18

Jesus, our strength and righteousness, Our Saviour and our King, Triumphantly thy name we bless, Thy conquering name we sing.

Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;
We triumph in reproach and shame,
And sufferings of the cross.

3

Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love looked down.

O let us have thy presence still; Set as a flint our face, To show the counsel of thy will, Which saves a world by grace!

19

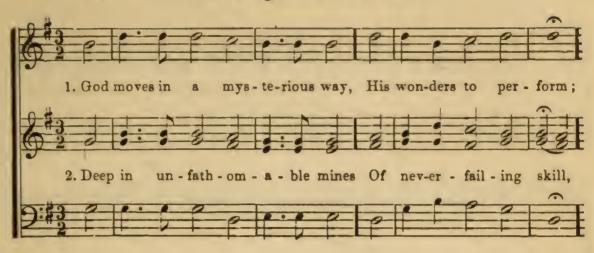
Jesus, our hope, our life, our heaven, The lingering years have flown; To thee the kingdom now is given; Return and claim thine own.

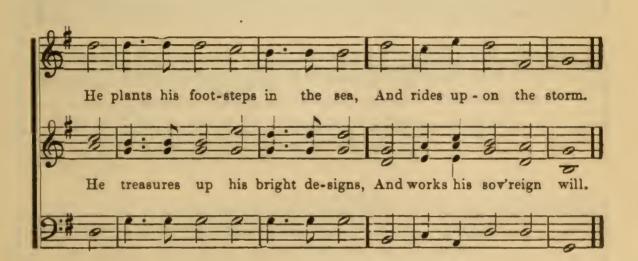
And, as we wait, along the skies
Unearthly glory steals,
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.

Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will

Is marshalled, and awaits the will That bids its myriads fly.

Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see his face.





Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

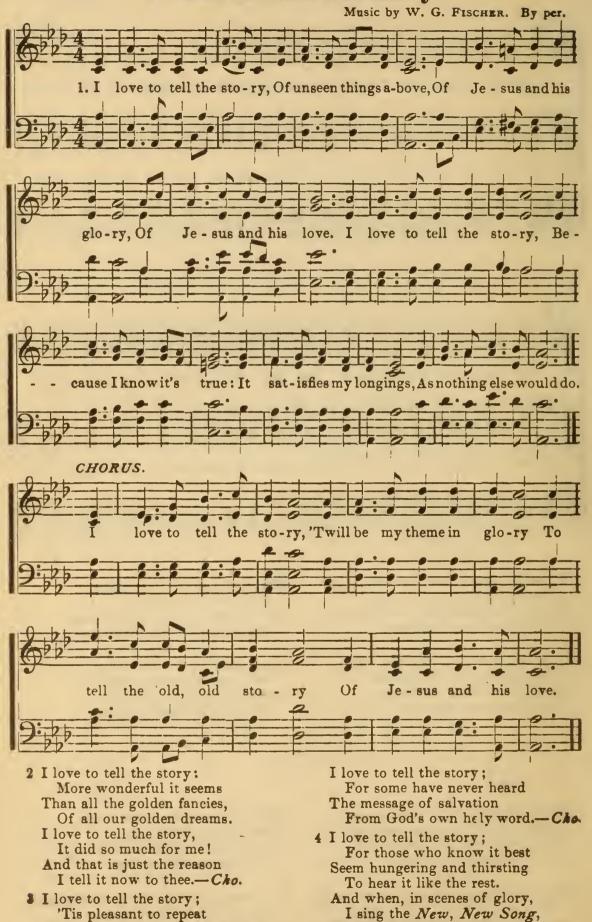
21

Ho! Christian, to the rescue come; Speed, speed the gospel sound; Our arduous toil will not be o'er Till we receive the crown.

We're marching thro' a world of strife,
With hearts oft fill'd with grief;
And pray that some strong helping hand
Will come to our relief.

We battle with the hosts of sin,
Our Leader bids us on;
We storm the fortress of the foe,—
The victory will be won.

And when we reach the heavenly land,
A joyous strain we'll raise;
Redeeming love, our glorious theme,
Shall mingle in his praise.



'Twill be-the Old, Old Story

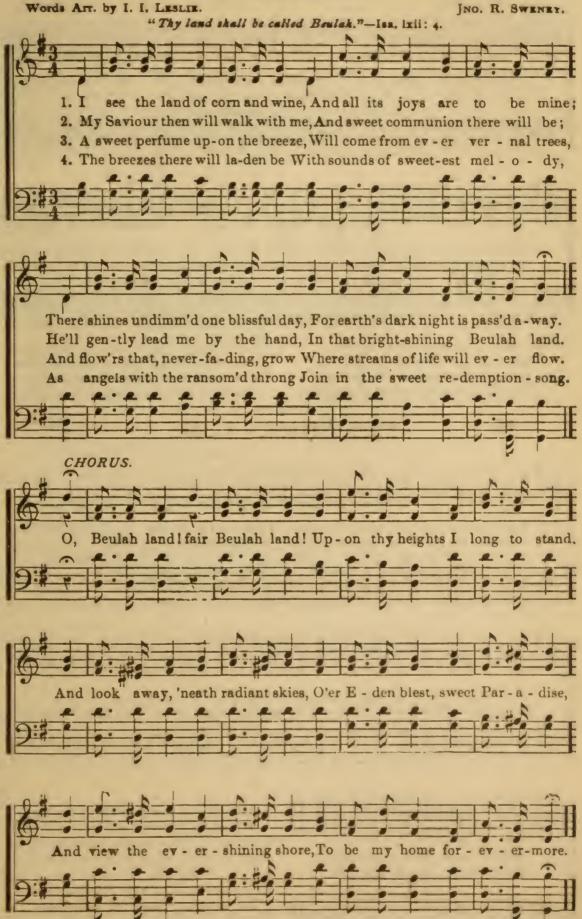
That I have loved so long!—Cha.

What seems, each time I tell it,

More wenderful and sweet.

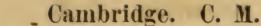
Beulah Land.

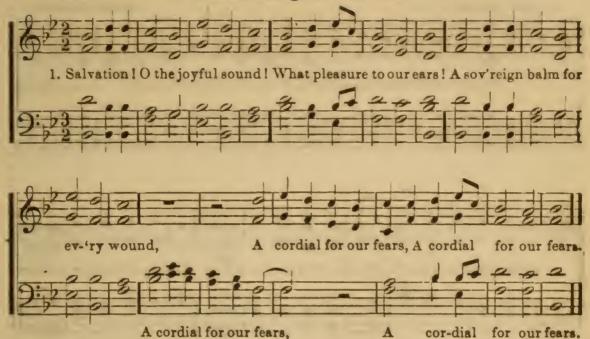
Words Arr. by I. I. LESLIE.



m "Goodly Pearls," by permission.







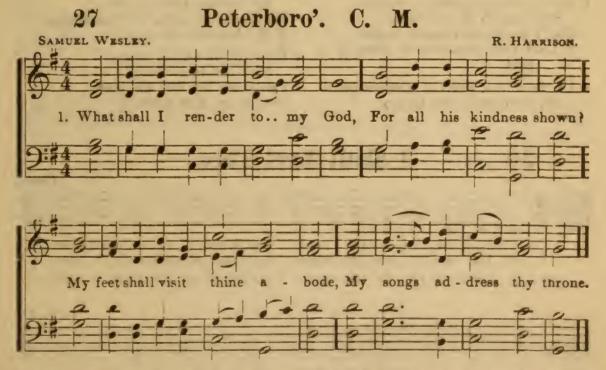
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!:

26

\$ Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb, To thee the praise belongs; Salvation shall inspire our hearts, I: And dwell upon our tongues.:

4 And when we join the heavenly throng,
Upon that blissful shore;
Salvation then shall be the song,
[: The song forevermore.:]

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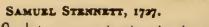
2 Among the saints who fill thy house, My offering shall be paid; There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made.

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!

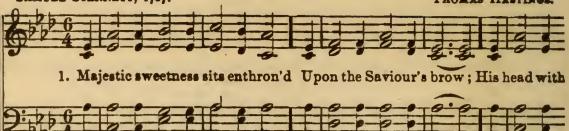
My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I devote to thee.

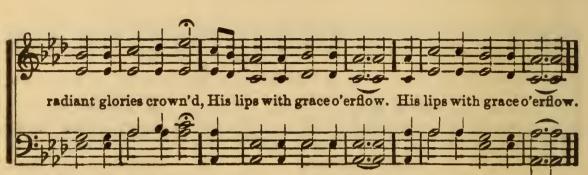
4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bends of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Ortonville. C. M.



THOMAS HASTINGS.





- 2 No mortal can with him compare, Among the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair [: That fill the heavenly train.:]
- He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.:
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 [: Lord, they should all be thine.:]
- I I've found the Pearl of greatest price, My heart doth sing for joy;

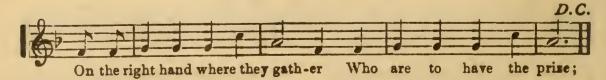
- And sing I must, for Christ is mine; [: Christ shall my song employ.:]
- 2 My Christ, he is the Lord of lords,
 He is the King of kings;
 He is the Sun of righteousness,

 [: With healing in his wings.:]
- 3 Christ is my Saviour, and my Friend,
 My Brother and my love,
 My Head, my hope, my Counsellor,
 [: My Advocate above.:]
- 4 He is the all-and-all to me,
 Now and forevermore;
 I shall his face and glory see,
 I: And ever Him adore.:

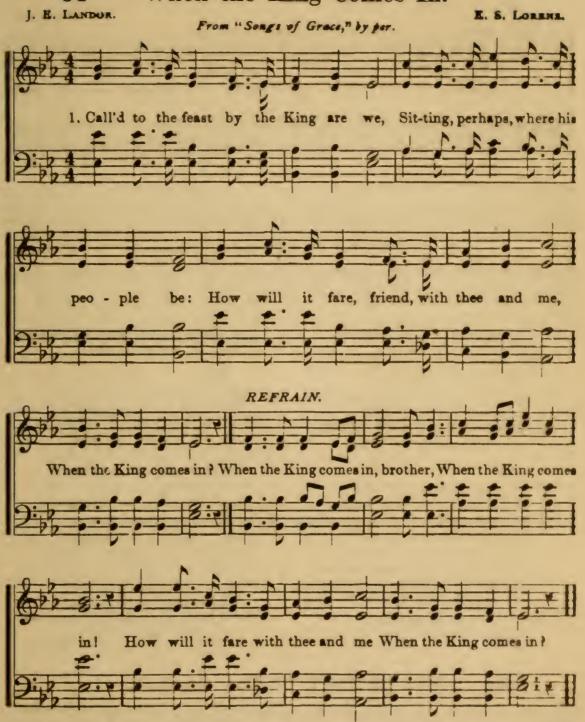
30 I Shall Meet Thee.



1. { In the res - ur - rec-tion morn - ing, When Je - sus calls his own; }
D.C. I shall meet thee in the morn - ing, When all the saints a - rise.



I shall know thee in the morning, In immortality; But though in that bright adorning, I shall know it is thee. And the glory will be shining,
And in it thou shalt be—
I shall know thee in the morning,
In immortality.

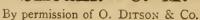


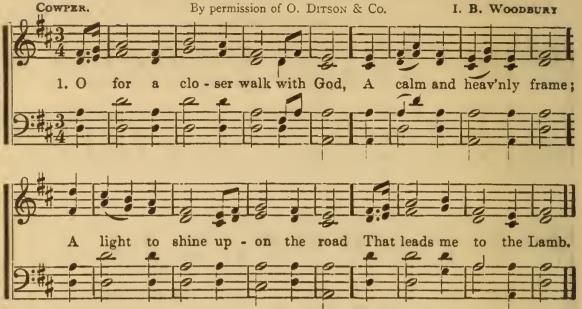
Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glorified he who once died for men; Splendid the vision before us then,

When the King comes in.—Refrain.

Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friend and foe, Jus. what we are will every one know, When the King comes in.—Refrain.

Joyful his eye shall on each one rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed—
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.—Refrais.





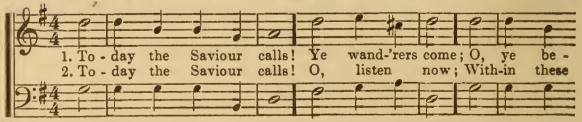
- 2 The dearest idoloI have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

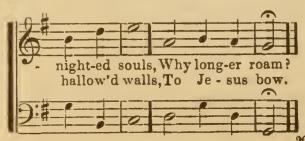
- 1 O for that tenderness of heart That bows before thee, Lord; That owns how good and just thou art, And trembles at thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears, Which from repentance flow! That sense of guilt, which, trembling, The long-suspended blow!
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give, For sin, the deep distress;

The pledge thou wilt at last receive, And bid me go in peace.

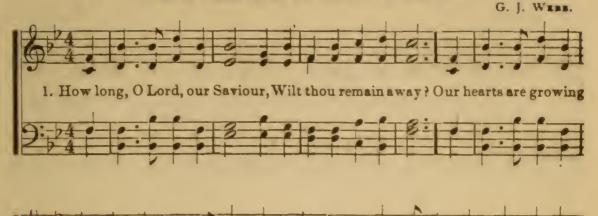
- 1 Blest is the dear, uniting love, That will not let us part; Our bodies may far off remove; We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head, Where he appoints we go; We still in Jesus' footsteps tread, And still his praise we show.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him. And nothing know beside; Nothing desire—nothing esteem, But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Then let us hasten to the day Which shall our flesh restore; When death shall all be done away, And bodies part no more. C. WESLEY.

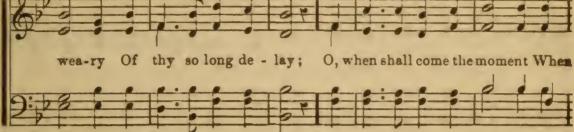
The Saviour Calls. 6s & 4s.

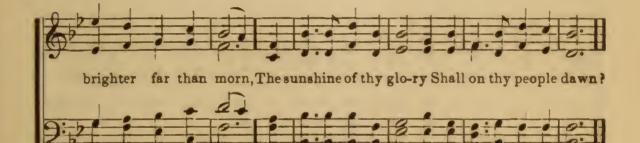




- 3 To-day the Saviour calls! For refuge fly; The storm of vengeance falls; Ruin is nigh!
- 4 O hear his call to-day! Yield to his power: O, turn him not away; 'Tis mercy's hour.







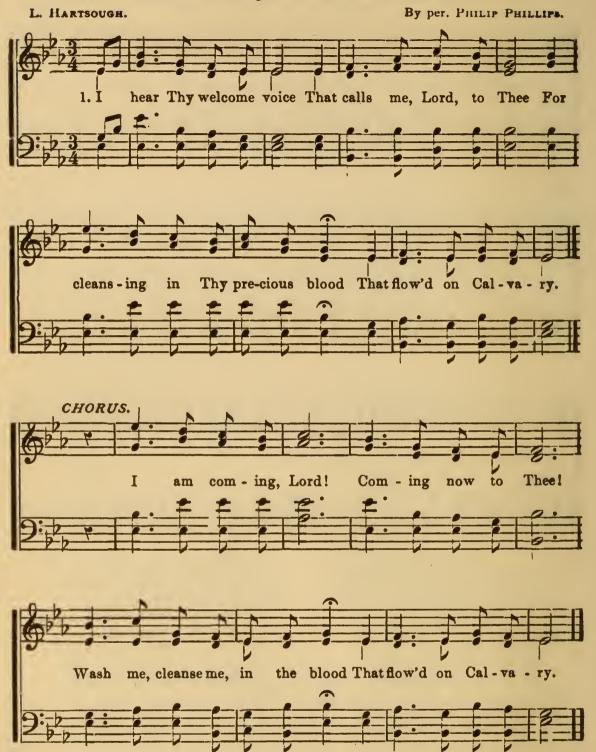
2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

36

- How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom!
 How long wilt thou delay?
 And yet how few are grieving
 That thou dost absent stay!
 The very bride her portion
 And calling hath forgot,
 And seeks for ease and glory
 Where thou, her Lord, art not.
- 4 O, wake thy slumb'ring virgins!
 Send forth the solemn cry,
 Let all thy saints repeat it,
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
 May all our lamps be burning,
 Our loins well girded be,
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy thy face to see.

- 1 O when shall I see Jesus,
 And in his presence dwell;
 Possess that rest eternal,
 Where songs triumphant swell?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And, with my blessed Saviour,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 Here now I am a soldier;
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bids me not give o'er:
 If I continue faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
 His smiling face behold;
 Our feet, no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing;
 Our tongues shall chant the glory
 Of our immortal King.

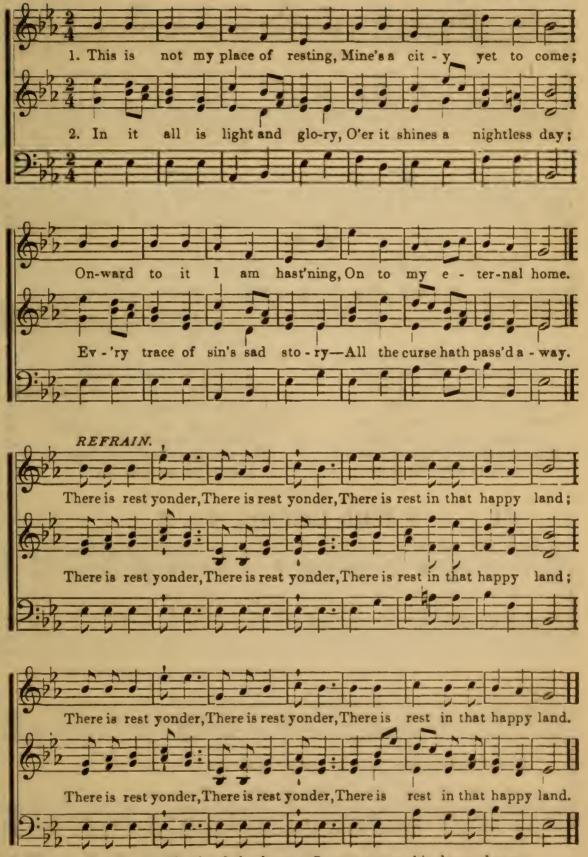
38 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
 'Thou dost my strength assure;
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 From Him who reigns above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
 The blessed work within,

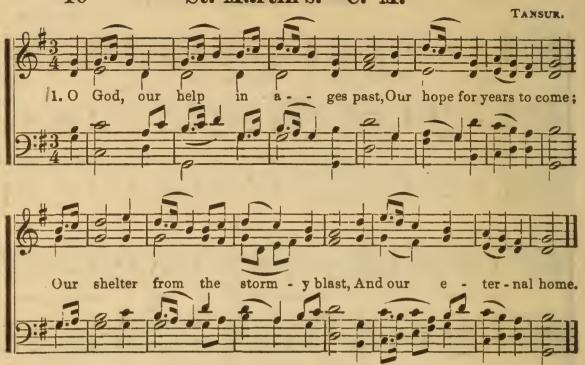
By adding grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

- 5 And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but brings the plea.
- All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

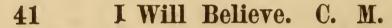


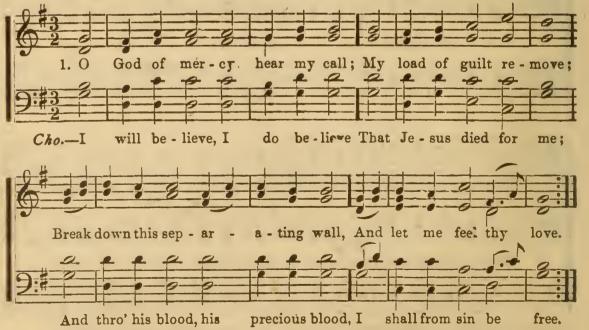
3 Here the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary, By the streams of life along, On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song. Refrain.-There is rest, &c.

Soon we bid farewell to pain, Never more are sad or weary, Never, never sin again! Refrain.-There is rest, &c.



- Under the shadows of thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- S Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in the sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.





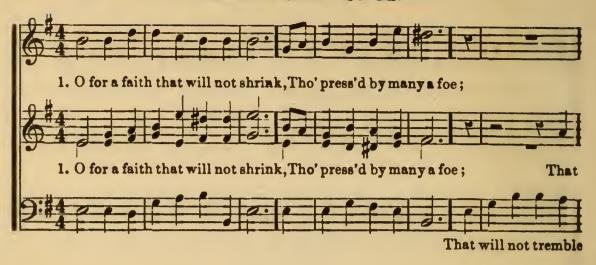
- 2 I nail my passions to the cross,
 Where my Redeemer died;
 And all things else I count but loss
 For Jesus crucified.
- 3 Give me the presence of thy grace;
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.

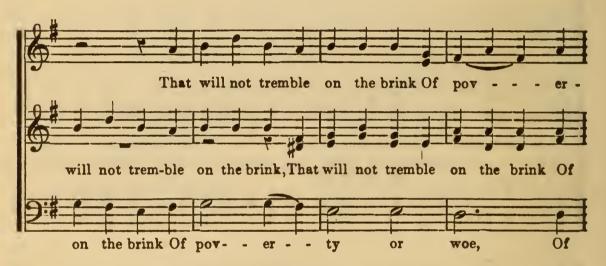
Come to Pisgah's Mountain.

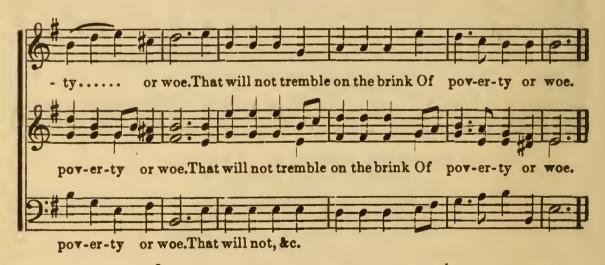


We shall greet on that heavenly shore. Cho. - 0! the prospect, &c.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river, Coming from underneath the throne; There, too, the Saviour reigns forever, And he'll welcome the faithful home. Would you walk by the banks of the river, With the friends you have lov'd by your side? Would you join in the song of the angels? Then be ready to follow your guide. Cho.—O! the prospect. &c.







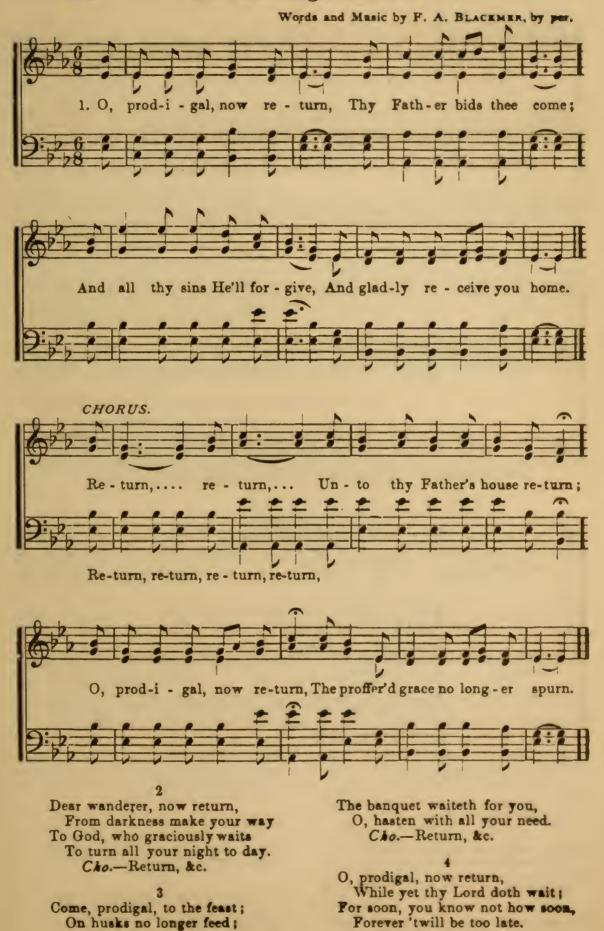
That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod; But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean upon its God:

A fuith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;

That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt:

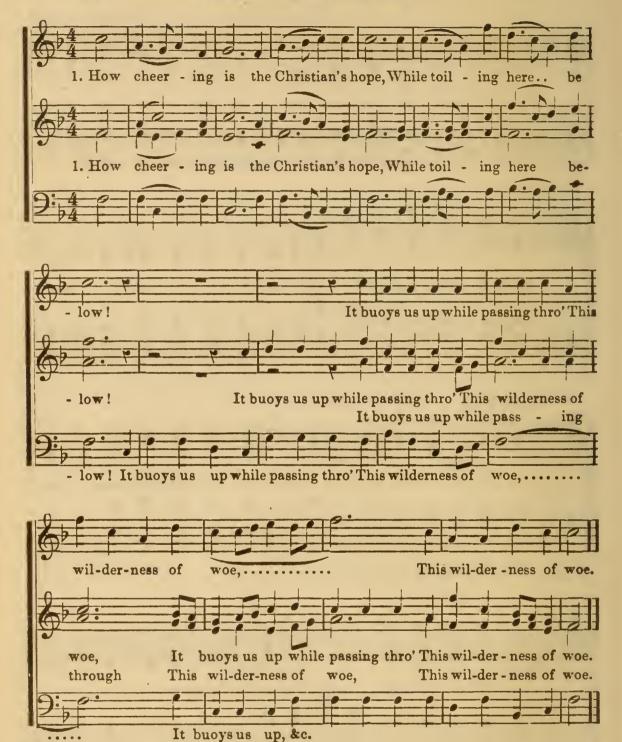
A faith that keeps the narrow way, By truth restrain'd and led, And with a pure and heav'nly ray Lights up a dying bed.

Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, I'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss Of an eternal home.



97

Cho.-Return, &c.



It points us to a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign;
Where we shall meet the lov'd of earth,
And never part again.

A land where sin can never come, Temptations ne'er annoy;

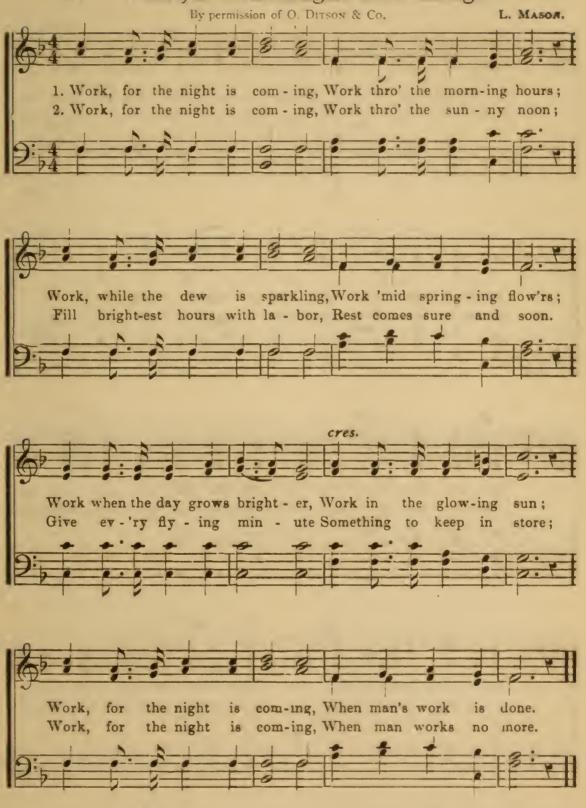
Where happiness will ever dwell, And that without alloy.

O how unlike the present world Will be the one to come! Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear, Attend where'er we roam.

In that bright world no tears will flow,
Death ne'er can enter there—
For all who gain that heav'nly land
Will be as angels are.

Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly!
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

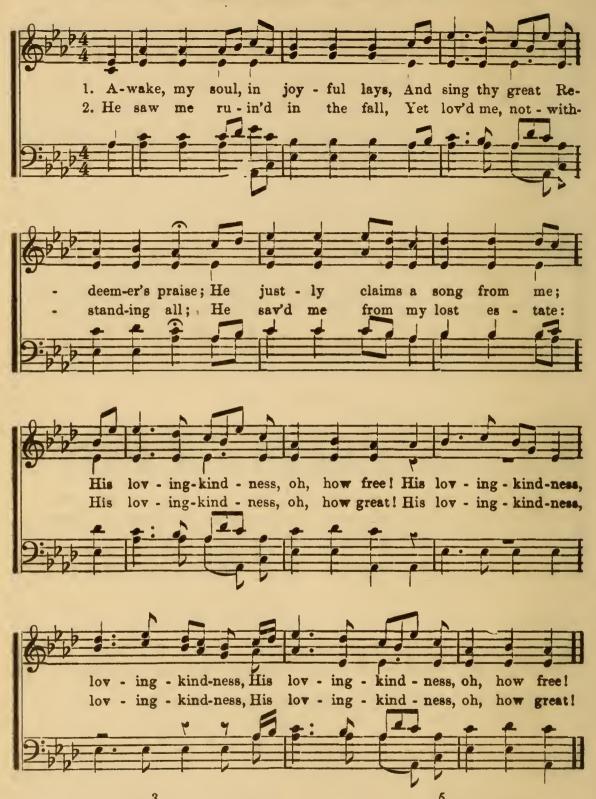
46 Work, for the Night is Coming.



Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Work, for the night is coming—
Soon must thy work be done,
Or 'twill be left unfinished,
All thou hast begun.
Work ere thy strength shall fail thee,
And thou canst work no more;
Work, for life's day is ending,
And will soon be o'er.

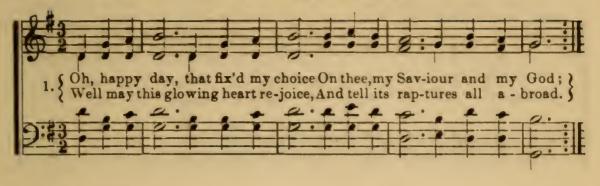
47 Loving - Kindness. L. M.

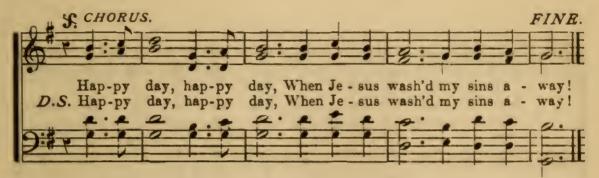


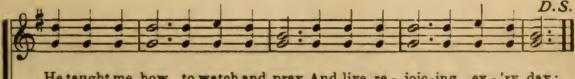
Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell its way oppose; He safely leads his church along: His loving-kindness, O, how strong! &c.

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood; His loving-kindness, O, how good! &c. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail; O, may my last, expiring breath, His loving-kindness sing in death; &c.

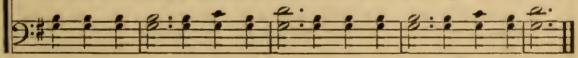
And when earth's rightful King shall come,
To take his ransomed people home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore
His loving-kindness evermore. &c.







He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic-ing ev - 'ry day;



Oh, happy bond that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! et cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He called me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart! Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Here have I found a noble part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

High heav'n hath heard the solemn vow; That vow renewed shall daily be; Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless the bond that saveth me.

49

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and

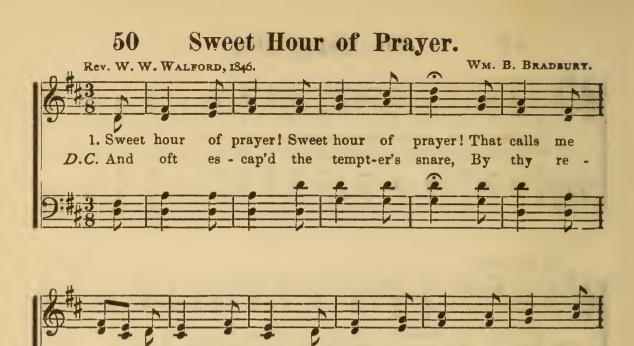
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

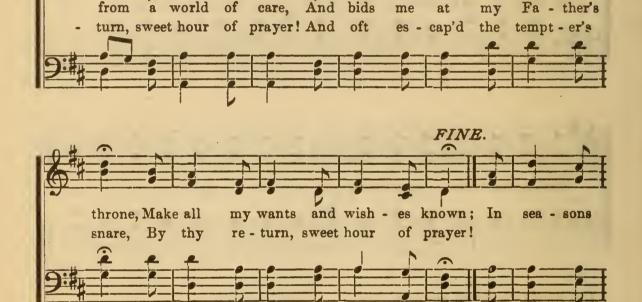
Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast: Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

When grace has purified my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part; And fresh supplies of joy be shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wished below; And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.

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And

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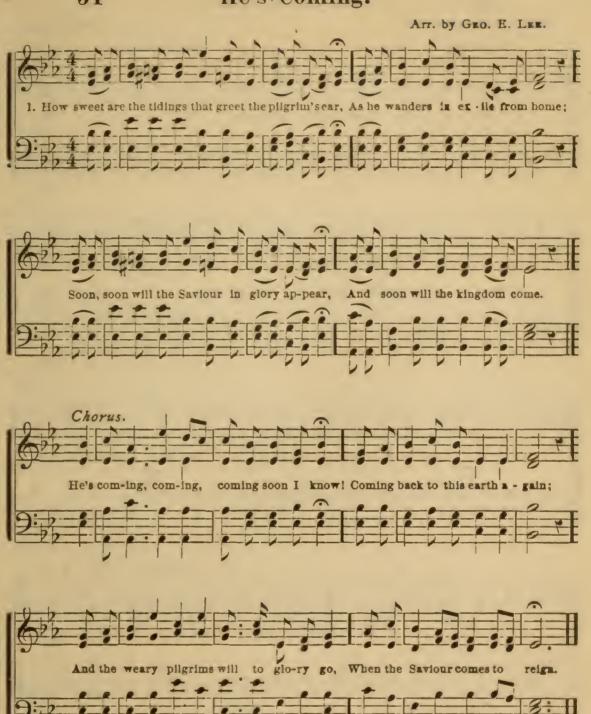
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

a world

of

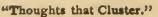
Thy wings shall my petition bear, To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless; And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, : I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share, Till from Mount Zion's sacred height I view my home in Eden bright. With songs that evermore shall rise, I'll seize the everlasting prize, : And shout, amid the glories there, Farewell, farewell, sweethour of pray'r.:



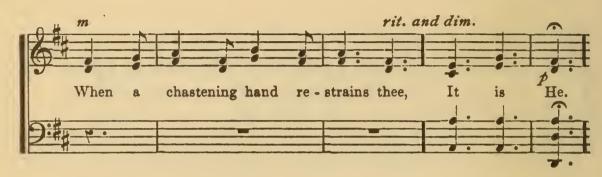
- 2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep, Shall be opened as wide as before, And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep, Shall live on this earth once more.—Cho.
- 3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
 Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:
 From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,
 And worship our heav'nly King.—Cho.
- 4 Hallelujah, amen! Hallelujah again!
 Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;
 O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
 And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.—Cho.

Submission.

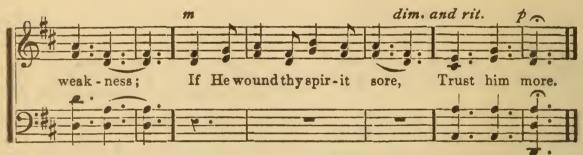


FRANK O. WELLCOME,









2 Without murmur, uncomplaining, In His hand

Leave whatever things thou canst not Understand.

Though the world thy spirit spurneth, From thy faith in pity turneth, Peace thy inmost soul shall fill, Lying still.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father Hath forgot?

Though the clouds around thee gather, Doubt Him not.

Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

4 Therefore whatsoe'er betideth, Night or day,

Know His love for thee provideth Good alway.

Crown of sorrows gladly taking,
For His sake all else forsaking,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Patient—still.

5 To His own the Saviour giveth Daily strength;

And to each heart that believeth,
Joy at length.

For the lambs the Shepherd careth, In His bosom them He beareth: While thus folded to His breast, They may rest.



- 2 Though often your heart is sad and oppressed, And weary of toil you may be,
 - O, then think of that home, where grief is unknown, That Jesus has promised to thee.— Cho.
- 3 Yes, think of that home, of that happy home, Its glories have never been told;
 - O, your rest will be sweet, your joy be complete, In yonder bright city of gold.—Cho.





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Passed thro' the grave and blest its bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word!—
Restore thy trust! a glorious form,
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

55

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Who lives by angels now adored; That Jesus who once died for me, Who bore my sins in agony.

I'm not ashamed to own his laws, Nor to defend his noble cause; The way he's gone is lined with blood; O may I tread the steps he trod!

3 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

4 This world's vain honors will I shun, The narrow way to life I'll run; That this at last my boast may be: My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

56

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a repenting rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass. The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy goodness hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess, Against thy law, against thy grace; Lord, should thy judgment grow severa, I am condemned, but thou art clear.

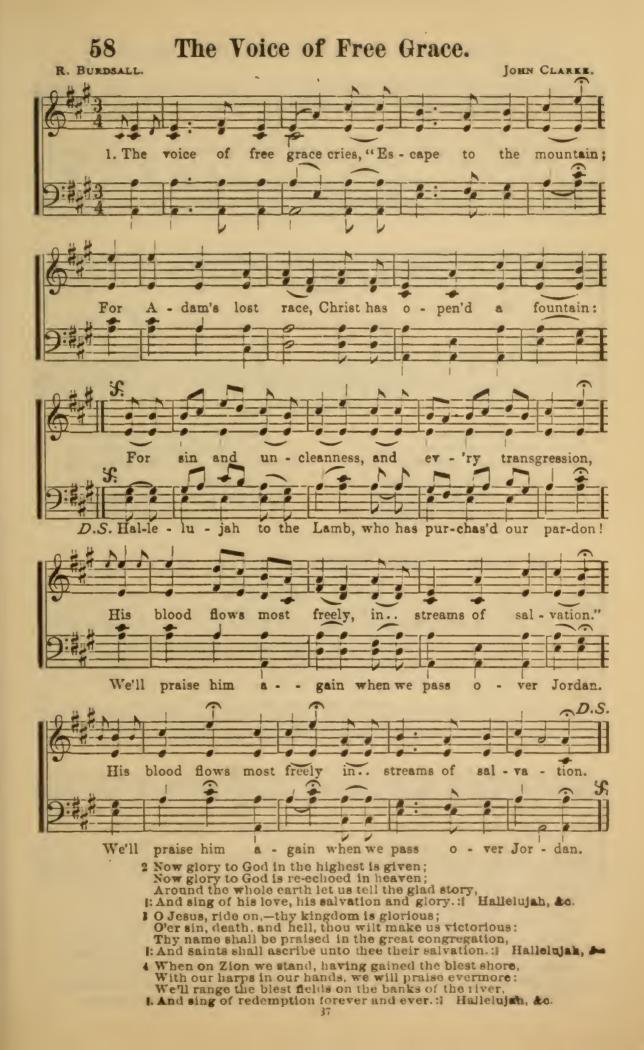
57

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

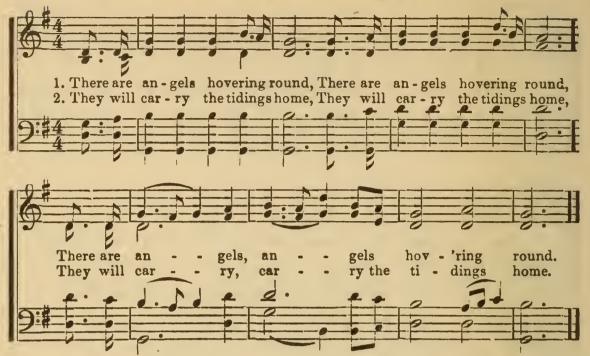
2 "Deny thyself and 'ake thy cross,"
Is thy Redeemer's great command;
Mortals must count their gold but dross,
If they would gain the heavenly land.

205

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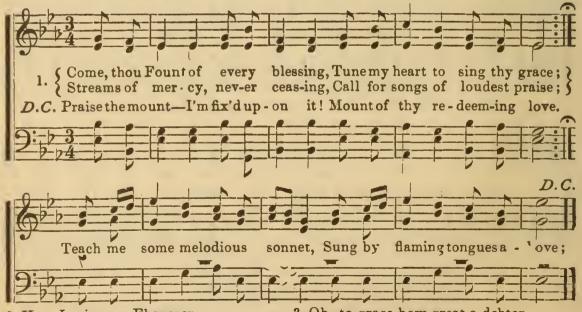


59 There are Angels Hovering Round.



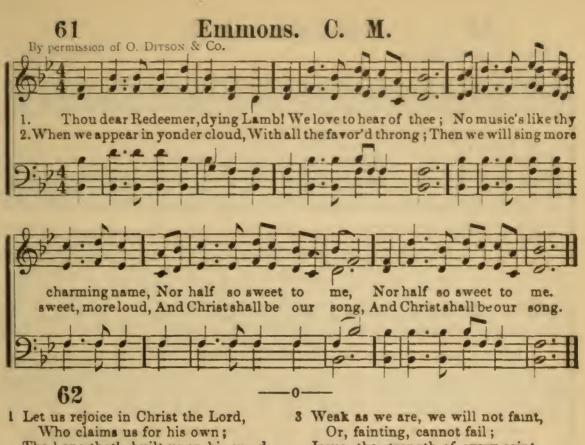
- 3 To the new Jerusalem,
 To the new Jerusalem,
 To the new, the new Jerusalem.
- 1 Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.
- 6 There's glory all round,
 There's glory all around,
 There's glory, glory all around.

60 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.



2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sough: me when a stranger,

Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood. 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

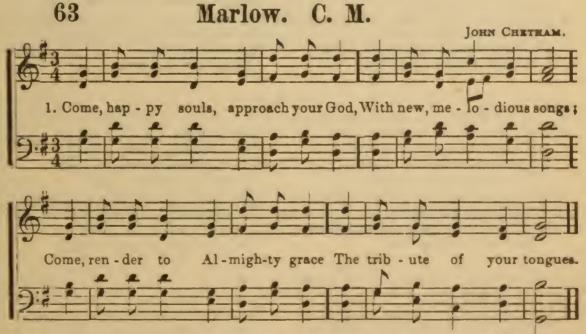


The hope that's built upon his word, I: Can ne'er be overthrown.: I 2 Though many foes beset us round,

And feeble is our arm, Our life is hid with Christ in God [: Beyond the reach of harm .:]

Jesus, the strength of every saint, : Must in the end prevail .:

4 As surely as he overcame, And conquered death and sin, So surely those that trust his name 1: Will all his triumph win.:



2 So strange, so boundless was the love That pitied dying men, The Father sent his only Son To give them life again.

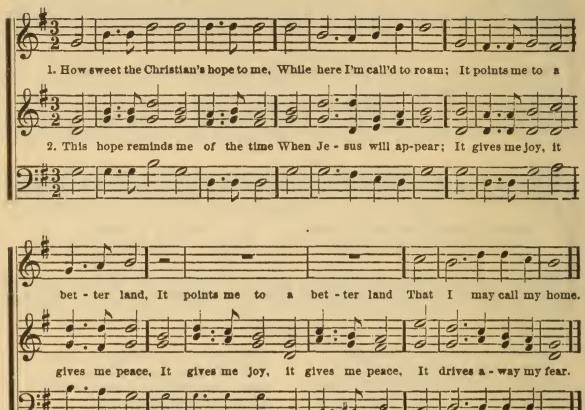
3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd With a revengeful rod;

No hard commission to perform, The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild, And wrath forsook the throne, When Christ on the kind errand came, And brought salvation down.

Words by G. L. TREPLE.

N. D. Gouls.



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- 3 When darkness hovers o'er my path, And I no light can see, This hope sustains my drooping heart, And bids me joyful be.
- 4 When friends that once I loved so well, 6 The day is near—O joyful thought, Leave me alone to sigh, This hope bids me rejoice and sing. For my redemption's nigh.
- 5 This hope—it purifies my heart, And turns my night to day; It plants my feet upon the Rock, And keeps me in the way.
- When I shall gain the prize; This hope will then be turned to sight Before my wondering eyes.

65

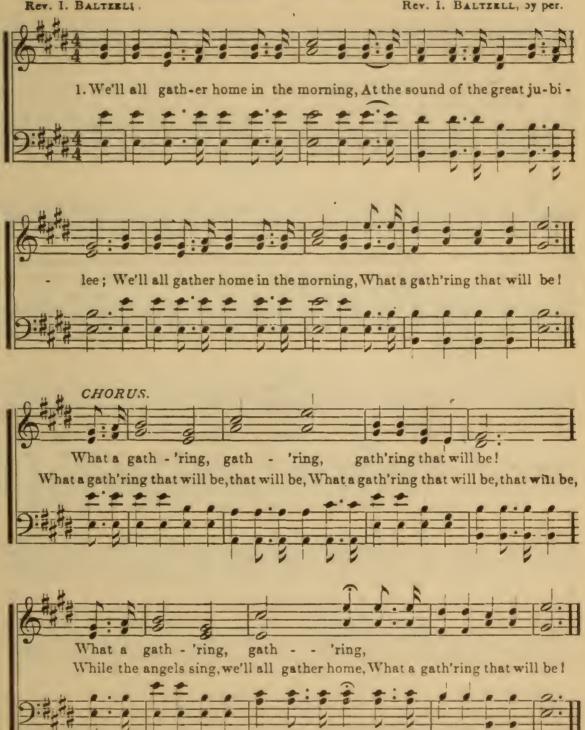
- 1 O glorious day of heavenly rest! We hail each sign of thee; With eager hearts and longing eyes We wait thy dawn to see.
- 2 Those gilded rays of glory bright, Resplendent as the sun, Must soon to every eye make known The holy, coming One.
- 3 With cheerful hope and earnest prayer, Still trusting in thy word, We long to see the eastern skies Reveal thy advent, Lord.
- 4 Then would our waiting souls rejoice, Could we thy face behold; In ages of triumphant bliss Our joys could ne'er be told.

- 1 O happy they who know the Lord, With whom he deigns to dwell! He feeds and cheers them with his word, His arm supports them well.
- I 'To them, in each distressing hour, His throne of grace is near; And when they plead his love and power He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares, And makes our burdens light;
 - A word from him dispels our fears. And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Lord, we expect to suffer here, Nor would we dare repine, But give us still to find thee near And own us still for thine.

Gathering Home.

Rev. I. BALTEBLI.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.



We'll all gather home in the morning, Cur L'essed Redeemer to see;

We'll meet with the true and the faithful, Thy glorious light, earth adorning-What a gath'ring that will be! - Cho.

We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper sea, We'll meet all the pure and redeemed ones; When the captives all are returning,

What a gath'ring that will be! - Cho.

Oh, hasten thou bright, coming morning, We're waiting and longing for thee; What a morning that will be! - Cho.

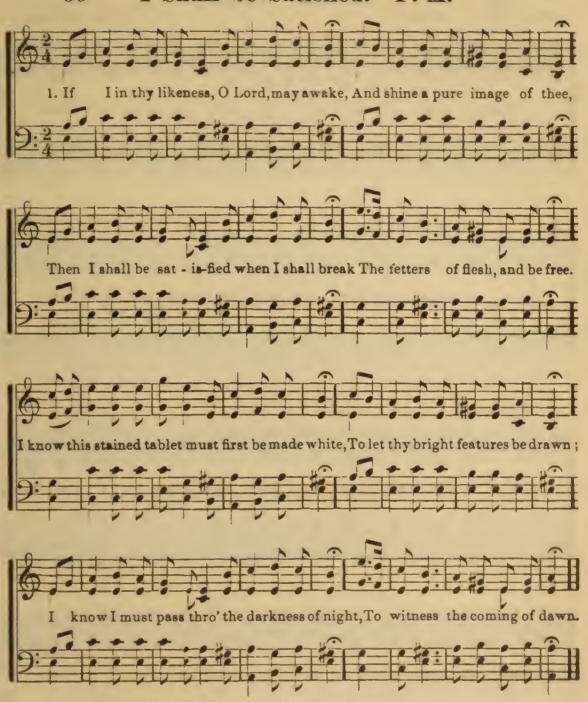
We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great jubilee;

What a gath'ring that will be!- Ch

68 We'll Stand the Storm. C. M.



- 2 The trumpet sounds! its awful voice
 Is heard o'er land and sea:
 And saints arising now rejoice,
- To live eternally.—Cho.
- 3 Yes, they shall live forevermore, Secure from toil and pain;
- And on that bright and happy shore With their Redeemer reign.— Cho.
- 4 All hail that bright, eternal day,
 When David's rightful heir
 Shall take the throne, and hold the sway
 In glorious triumph there.— Cho.



2 O, I shall be satisfied when I can cast

The shadows of nature all by;

Whe this dreary scene from my vision has pass'd,

And there is an unclouded sky.

I feel that bright morning is now drawing near,

When earth's fairest objects will fade;

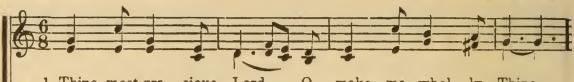
'Tis then in thy likeness, O let me appear,

In glory and beauty arrayed.

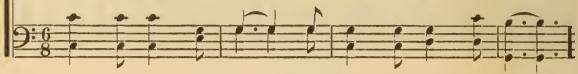
8 To see thee in glory, dear Lord, as thou art,
When freed from this wearisome clay,
My spirit is longing—and ever my heart,
It sighs for the dawn of that day.
Then when on thine image in me thou hast smiled,
Within those blest mansions, and when
The arms of my Father encircle his child,
O. I shall be satisfied then.

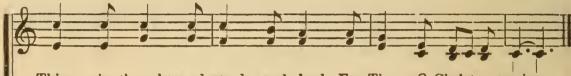
MRS. ANNA S. HAWES.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per

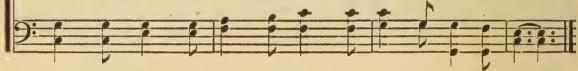


1. Thine, most gra - cious Lord,.. O make me whol - ly Thine-





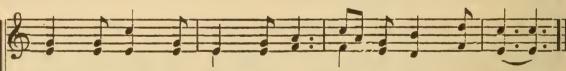
Thine in thought, and word, and deed, For Thou, O Christ, art mine.





Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thiue;





Bless - ed Saviour, Thou art mine; Make me whol - ly Thine.



Wholly Thine, my Lord,
To go when Thou dost call;
Thine to yield my very self
In all things, great and small.
Refrain.—Wholly Thine, &c.

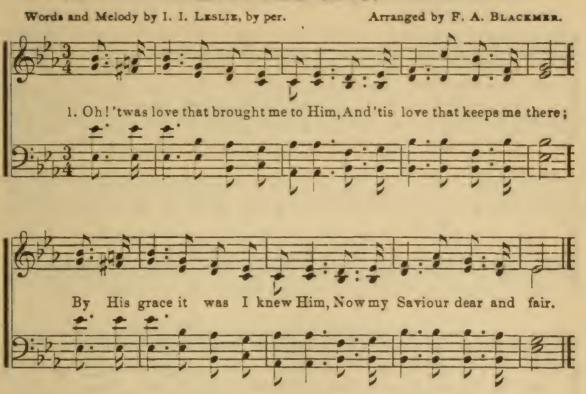
Wholly Thine, O Lord,
In every passing hour;
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,
As Thou dost grant the power.

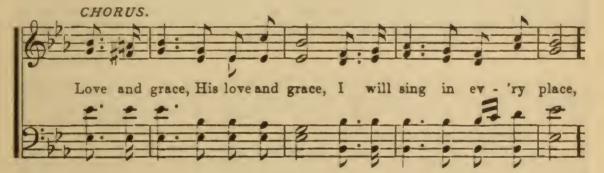
Refrais.—Wholly Thine, &c.

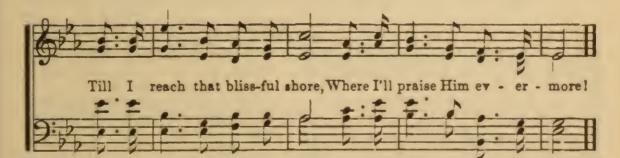
Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast sav'd from guilt
Refrain.—Wholly Thine, &c.

Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
Forever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love
Abiding, sure and free.
Refrais.—Wholly Thine, &c.

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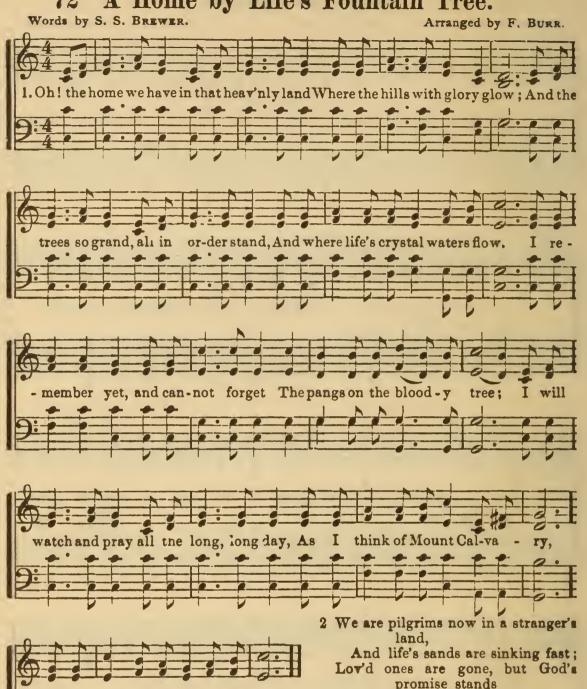
Dark it was before I found Him,
And the way I could not see;
Now the light that shines around Him,
As I follow, falls on me.
Cho.—Love and grace, &c.

O how blest to walk with Jesus!
Joy we never knew before;
From our fears His presence frees us,
While we trust Him more and more.
Cho.—Love and grace, &c.

Now it is by faith I view Him,
As I walk this narrow way;
But He soon will call me to Him,
In that bright approaching day.
Cho.—Love and grace, &c.

Then my joy will be forever,
There no clouds will intervene;
And the darkness comes there never
I shall see Him as I'm seen.
Cho.—Love and grace, &c.





As I think of Mount Calva - ry.

promise stands

Untouch'd by sin's withering blast. Let us pray and sing to our coming King,

That we soon may his glory see, Where forever blest in that land of rest. tree: !: Is our home by life's clear fountain

3 Ah! the years roll on, and we all grow old 4 Many friends we low'd from their homes [pass'd; In this land that gave us birth; are gone;

Through earth's fitful scenes they've And the warm heart chilled, and the

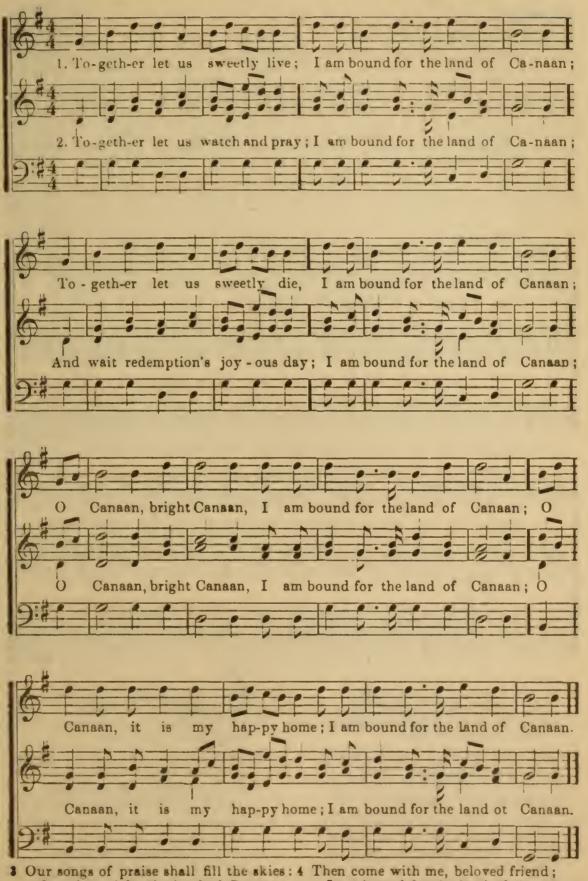
kind voice stilled

By death with his icy blast. [awake, Soon the day will break and they'll all And forever united be: Oh! what holy delight when arrayed in We all meet by life's clear fountain tree

And many we lov'd, in the grave-yard cold Find rest from the ills of earth. Now our heart-strings groan, and we sigh, Lord come!

Oh! that home we long to see, With its sweet fragrant shade, all in [tree.: beauty arrayed, 1: With a home by life's clear fountain

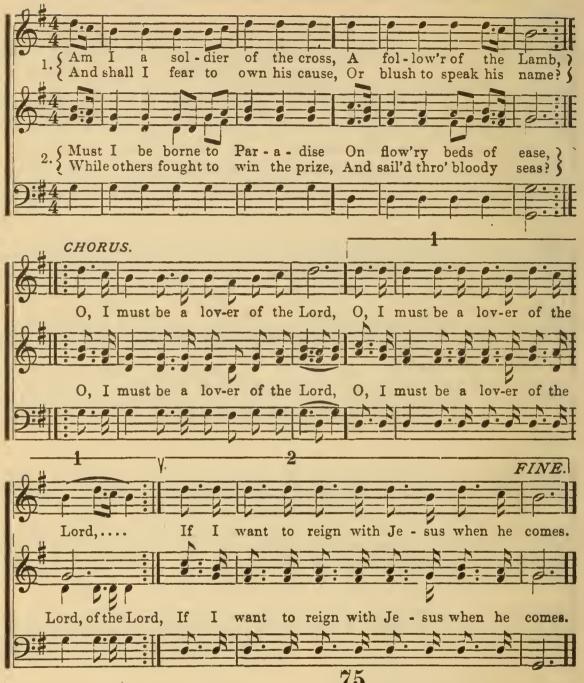
73 I am Bound for the Land of Canaan.



I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys shall rise;
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

Then come with me, beloved friend;
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys to come shall never end;
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

74 O, I must be a Lover of the Lord.



- Must I not stem the flood?

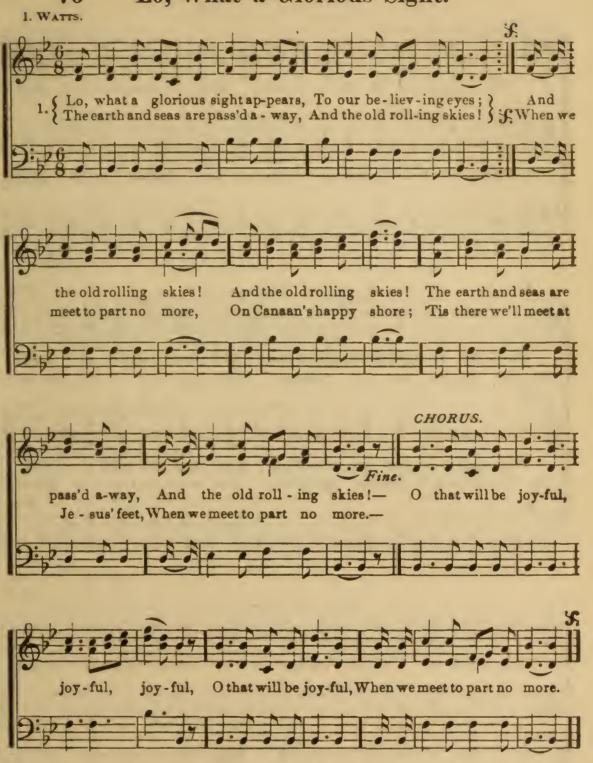
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,

 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

- When I can read my title clear
 To promised mansions fair,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And banish every care.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled:
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all;—
- In seas of heavenly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

48





2 From the third heaven, where God resides,

That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.—Cho.

- Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King!—Cho.
- "The God of glory down to men Removes his blest abode;

Men are the objects of his love, And he their gracious God.—Cho.

6 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye; And pains, and groans, and griefs, and

fears,

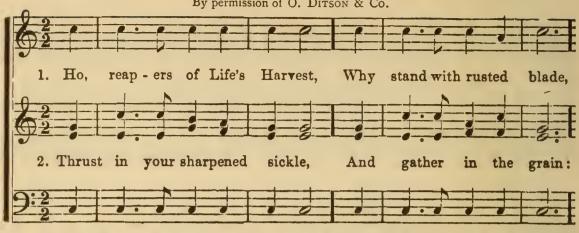
And death itself, shall die. '- cho.

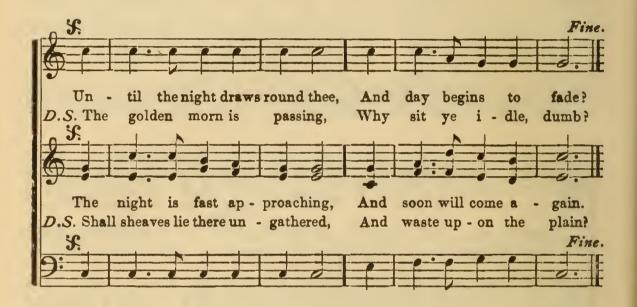
6 How bright the vision! O, how tong
Shall this glad hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!—Che.

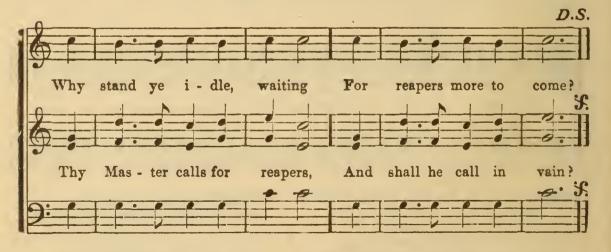
40

Life's Harvest. 78 & 68.

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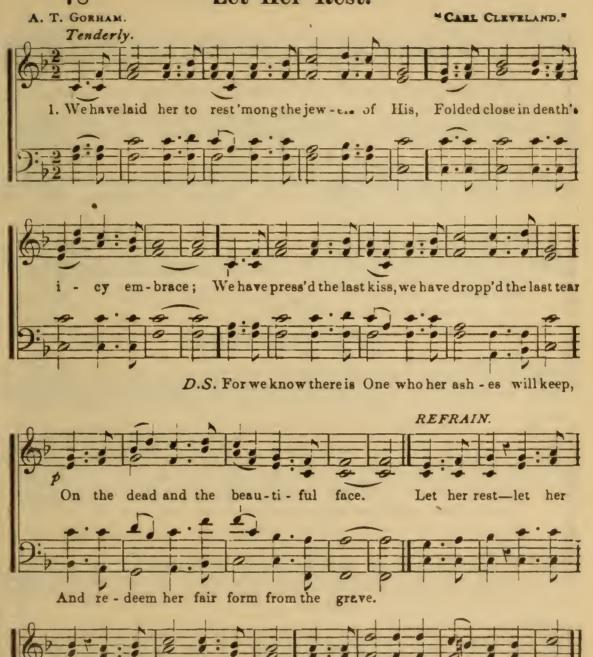






- 8 Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait until the dial Points to the noon below; And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold: And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
- 4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord; And then a golden chaplet Shall be thy just reward.

Let Her Rest.*



sleep where the lone wil-lows weep, And the blossoms of sweet summer wave,



O, soft be her slumber—the young and the fair, Whose life-sands so gently have run;

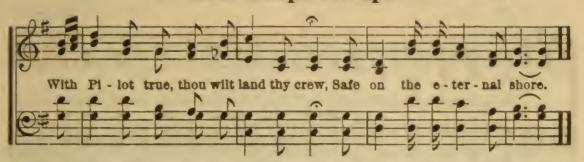
Though the night-dews now cling to her bright, flowing hair, There's a morn for our beautiful one.

Fare you well for a while, faded star of our home; Sweetly rest from all sorrow and pain

Till the Prince of the angels in triumph shall come, And restore your lost glory again.

Sail on, proud ship! tho' thy white sails dip, And the tempests loudly roar;

The Gospel Ship. Concluded.



- 4 Long, long she has been out, and now She nears her haven home;
 - A beacon light streams o'er her bow, And bids her hither come;
 - And voices joyful oft are heard, And music swelling high;
 - "The land! the land! the land ahead!"
 With rapture now they cry.
- 5 Now soon will she be safely moored, Fast anchored in the bay;
 - And all her gallant crew on shore, Will keep a festal day;
- And long their songs of joy will rise, Beneath high heaven's dome—
- They've passed the stormy sea of time, They've reached their haven home.

80 Come and Reign.



- 8 Here disease invades our frame, We sicken, droop and die; But there eternal youth shall bloom, And bright shall beam each eye. Come, and reign, &c.
- 4 Here we meet and part again,
 As far and near we roam;
 But there we'll meet to part no more,
 And sweetly rest at home.
 Come, and reign, &c.



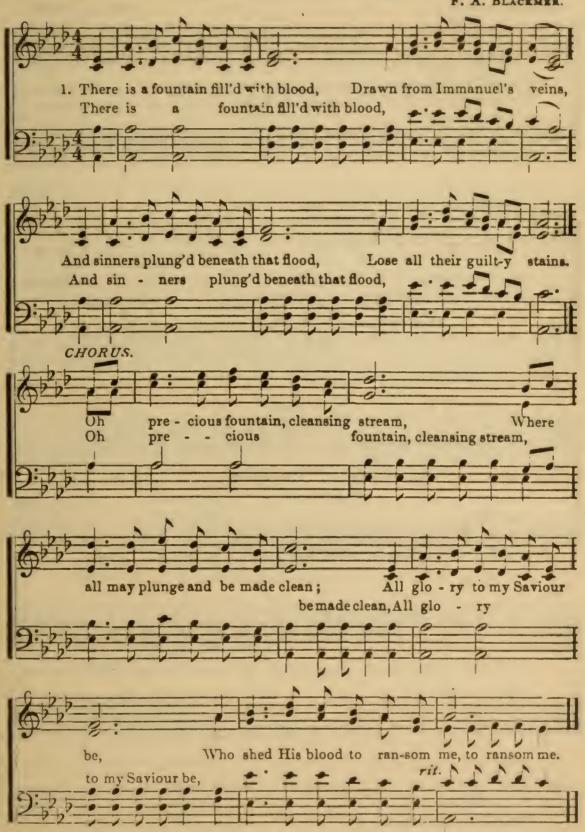
2 Long and weary the journey has been; In our path has been many a sigh; From this dark land of sorrow and sin We are all going home by-and-by.

With the lost ones of earth we shall meet.
When the trumpet of God rends the sky;

Clad in garments of beauty complete, They are all going home by-and-by.

4 Hasten, Saviour, Thy coming we pray, Bid Thy saints upward mount to the

Usher in glad eternity's day, Come and gather us home by-and-by.



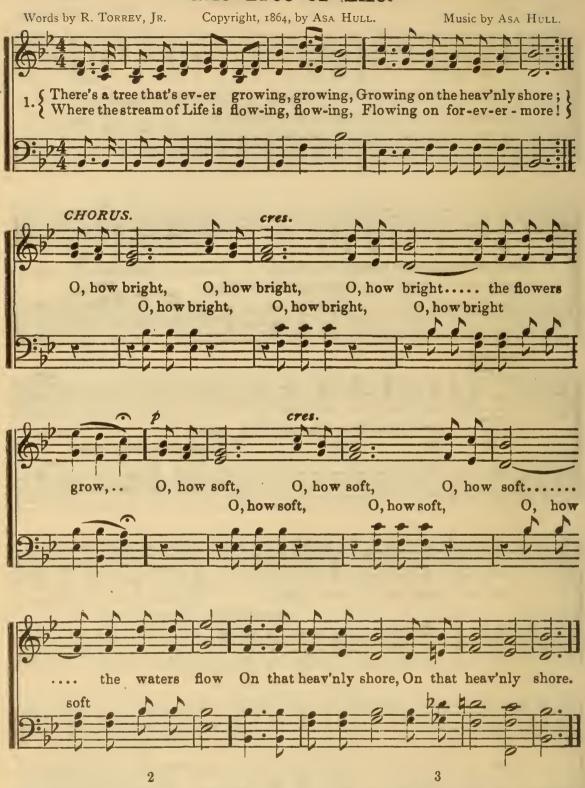
thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Thy flowing wounds supp y,

Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Is ransomed from the grave.

The Tree of Life.



Its bright flowers are ever flinging, flinging,

Flinging perfume on the air,
While angelic harps are ringing, ringing,

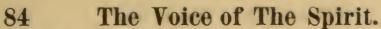
Ringing heav'nly music there!

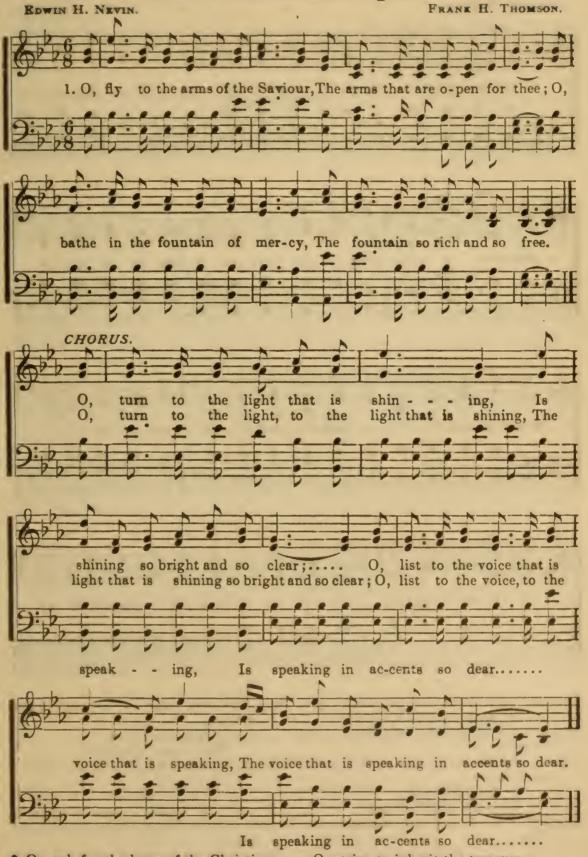
- O, how sweet the angels sing,
- O, how loud their glad harps ring, In those regions fair!

Its green leaves are for the healing, healing,

Healing of the nations all;
Send the glorious tidings pealing, pealing,

Pealing like the trumpet's call!
Tell all men this wondrous tree
From all pain shall set them free,
If on Christ they call!





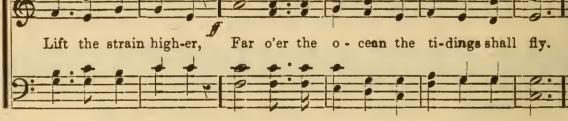
3 O, seek for the hope of the Christian, The hope that will never betray;

O, ever be faithful to duty
And angels will guard all thy way.

8 O, aim to inhabit the city, The city of crystal and gold: O, strive to inherit the treasure,
The treasure whose wealth is untold

4 O, seek for the crown that is promis'd,
The crown that the conquerors win;
The robe and the harp that are given
To those that shall enter therein.





Lift your glad voices ye nations and sing; Let the high anthem re-echo and ring, Sing, for the bright one that slept in the

manger

Comes; and the earth that once pillow'd Life shall endure with Eternity's wave.' the stranger,

In rich adorning, Hails the glad morning,

Blossoms like Eden, and welcomes her Sound out the tidings o'er earth and o'er King.

Lift your glad voices, he conquered the Shout to the Bridegroom with angels grave,

Jesus, Immanuel. Almighty to save; Shout to the tyrant "Thy chains are all broken:"

Sing, for the voice of Jehovah hath spoken,

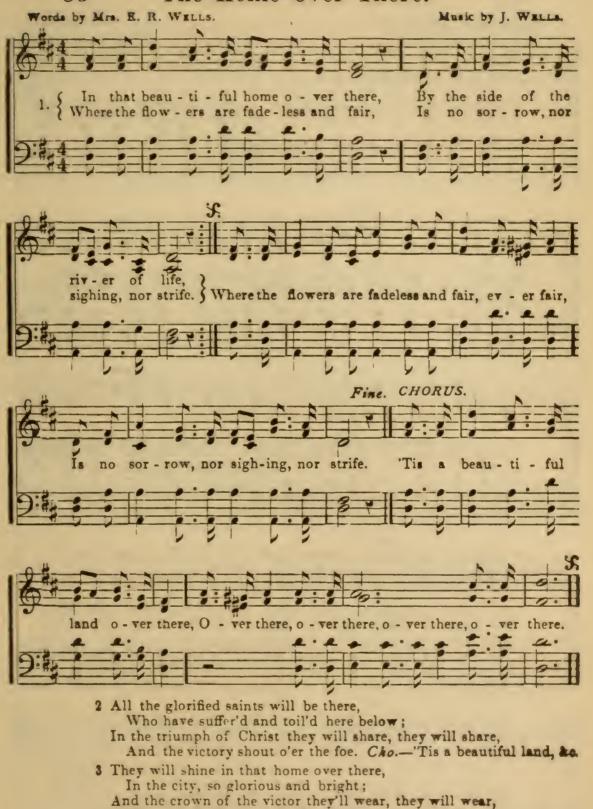
> "Open the portal, Make them immortal;

Lift your glad voices, he cometh again, main!

Sing, for the dark days of evil are ending: descending,

Bride of Jehovah, Welcome thy lover,

Sing, for He cometh, He cometh to reign!



4 To that heavenly land over there,
All the prophets and martyrs will come;
And the ransomed of God everywhere, everywhere,
Will at length reach that beautiful home.—Cho.

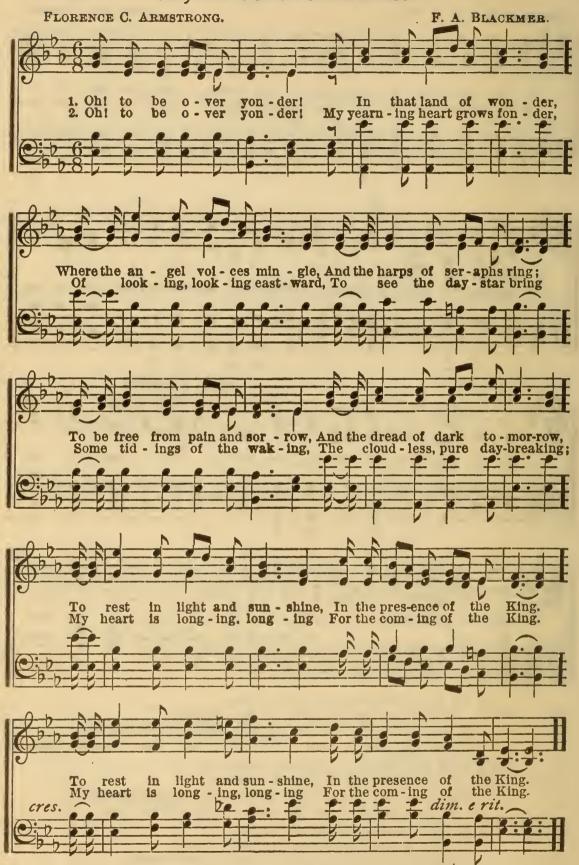
6 Oh! that beautiful home over there!

How I long to behold it, and be

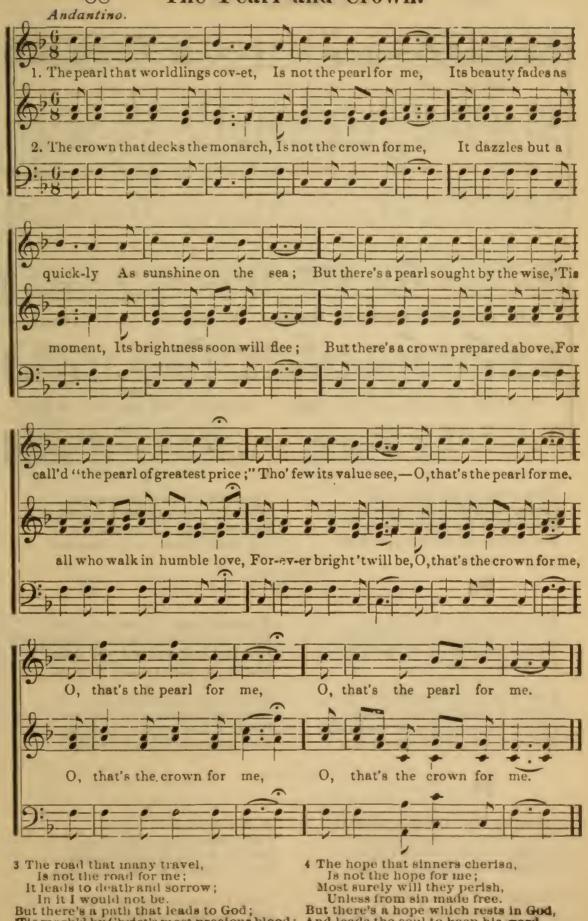
With the One who that home shall prepare, shall prepare

For His loved ones—for you and for me.—Che.

Where their God and the Lamb are the light.—Cho.

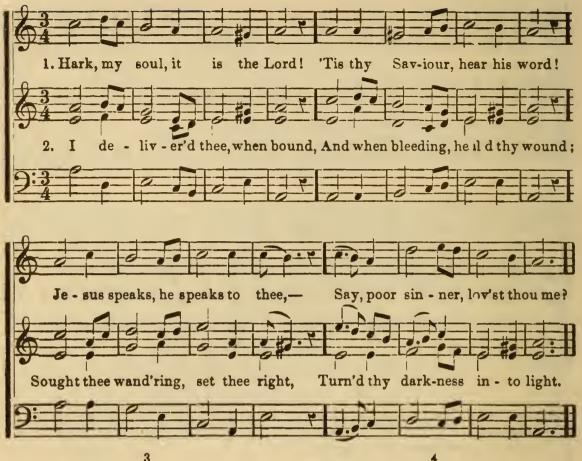


- 3 Oh! to be over yonder!
 Alas! I sigh and wonder
 Why clings my poor heart ever
 To any earthly thing;
 Each tie of earth must sever
 And pass away forever,
 But there's no fading, dying
 In the presence of the King.
- 4 When shall I be o'er yonder?
 My longing groweth stronger
 To join in all the praises
 The ransomed ones will sing—
 Where the pearly gates are gleaming
 And the endless light is streaming;
 Oh! when shall I be yonder
 In the presence of the King?



In it I would not be.
But there's a path that leads to God;
Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood; The way for all is free; .: O, that's the path for me!:

And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures nee;
1: O, that's the hope for me'



Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death. Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of faith is done, Partner of my throne shalt be,— Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

90

Lord, accept our feeble song!
Power and praise to thee belong!
We would all thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Rich in glory, thou didst stoop: Thence is all thy people's hope; Thou wast poor, that we might be Rich in glory, Lord, with thee. When we think of love like this, Joy and shame our hearts possess; Joy, that thou couldst pity thus, Shame, for such returns from us.

Yet we hope the day to see, When we shall from sin be free; When to thee in glory brought, We shall serve thee as we ought.

91

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He himself has bid thee pray; Therefore will not say thee nay.

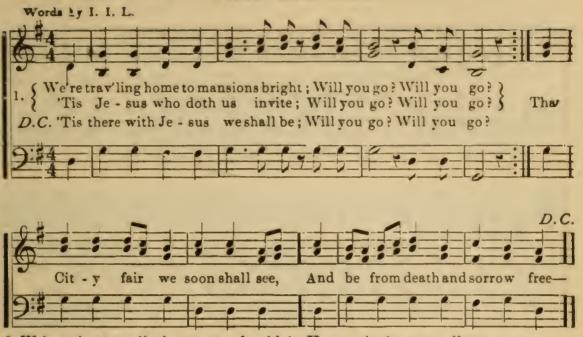
Thou art coming to a King; Large petitions with thee bring; For his grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much. 3 Th

With my burden I begin: Lord, remove this load of sin; Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take possession of my breast; There thy blood-bought right maintain. And without a rival reign.



Will You Go?



We're going to walk the streets of gold;
Will you go? will you go?
And all the glory there behold;
Will you go? will you go?
The tree of life, the river clear,
The pearly gates that open there,
We soon shall see—forever fair;
Will you go? will you go?

Will you go? will you go?
O listen to the Saviour's call;
Will you go? will you go?

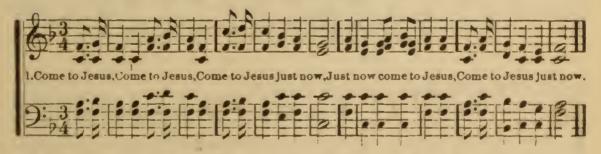
He now invites you all to come, And share with Him that blissful home, Where nevermore your feet shall roam; Will you go? will you go?

4 O could I hear some wand'rer say,
"I will go, I will go,"
"I now will leave destruction's way—
I will go, I will go."

Yes, come dear sinner, wand'rer come, In those bright mansions there is room And you with Christ may have a home; Wand'rer come—wand'rer come.

___0__

93 Come to Jesus Just Now.



2 | He will save you, :|

He will save you just now;

Just now He will save you,

He will save you just now.

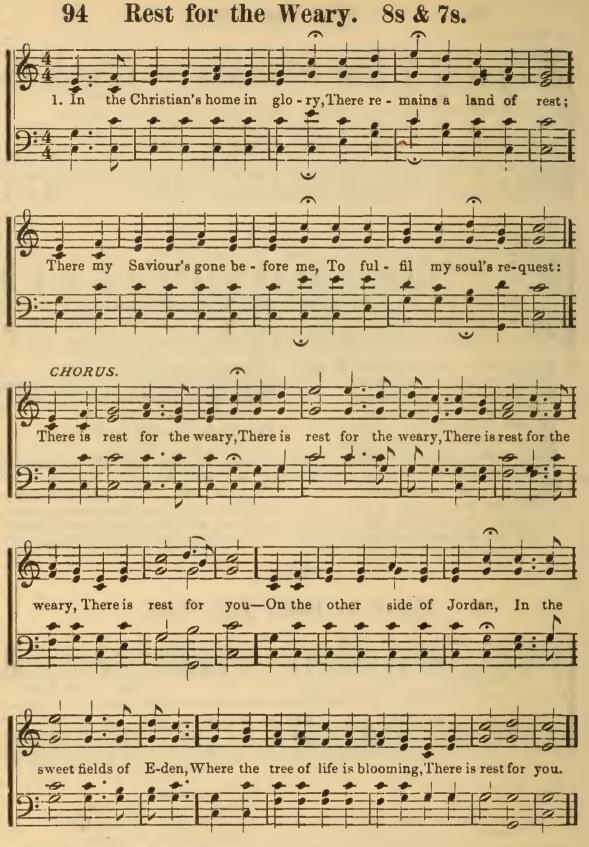
3 |: He is able, :||
He is able just now;
Just now He is able,
He is able just now.

4 |: He is willing: ||
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

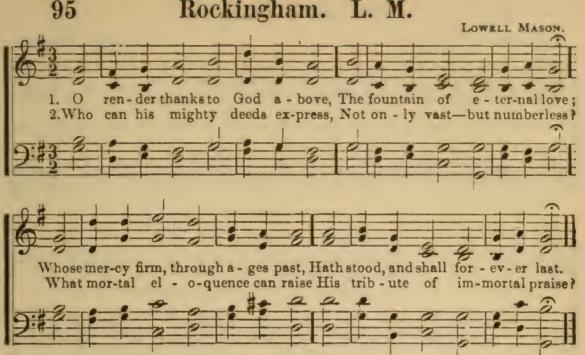
b |: He is waiting,: |
 He is waiting just now;
 Just now He is waiting,
 He is waiting just now.

6 [: O believe Him,:]
O believe Him just now;
Just now O believe Him,
O believe Him just now.

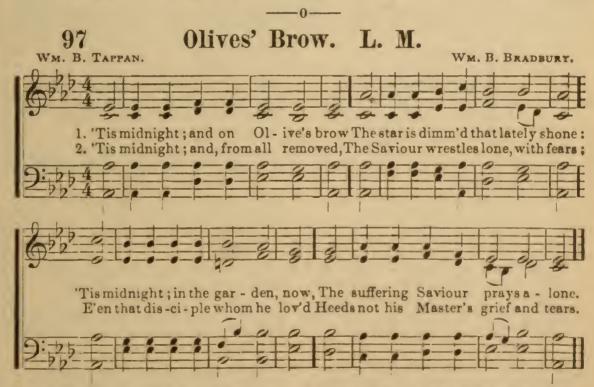
7 ||: He will bless you, :|
He will bless you just now;
Just now He will bless you,
He will bless you just now.



- 2 He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand; For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial centre, I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd And his sting shall be withdrawn Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go,
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through



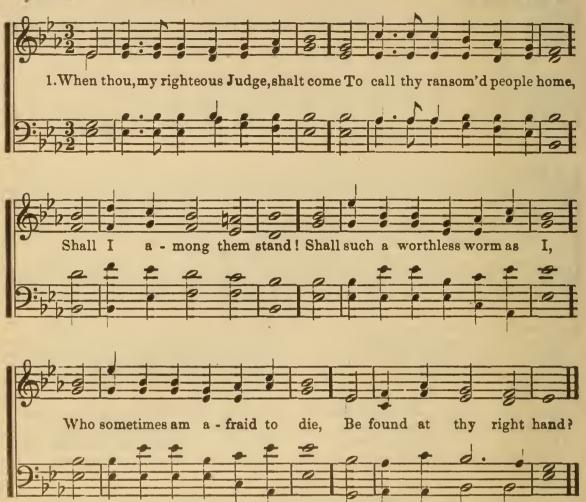
- 1 Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to thy chosen dost afford; When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy salvation visit me.
- 1 The Lord is Judge: before his throne All nations shall his justice own: O, may my soul be found sincere, And stand, approved, with courage there!
- 2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed, Surveys the world his hands have made; Pierces the heart, and tries the reins, And judgment from on high ordains.
- 3 My God, my Shield! around me place The shelter of thy sov'reign grace: That when thine arm the just shall save. I then may triumph o'er the grave.



? 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know; Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woo Countess of Huntingdon.

LOWELL MASON.



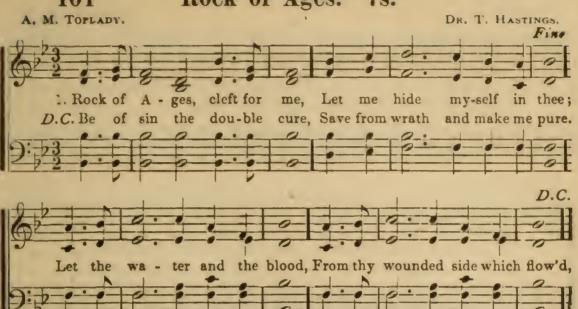
- 2 I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious throne to bow, Though weakest of them all; But can I bear the piercing thought, To have my worthless name left out, When thou for them shalt call?
- **Prevent**, prevent it, by thy grace! Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place, In that expected day: Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still each unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray!
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found, Whene'er the archangel's trump shall 1 That warning voice, O sinner, hear! To see thy smiling face; sound, Then loudest of the throng I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sovereign grace.

How happy are the little flock, Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock, In all commotions rest! When war's and tumult's waves run high, Unmoved above the storm they lie, And lodge in Jesus' breast.

- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we, By mercy gathered into thee Before the floods descend; And while the bursting cloud comes We mark the vengeful day begun, And calmly wait the end.
- 3 The plague, the dearth, and din of war, Our Saviour's swift approach declare, And bid our hearts arise; Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope; Its cities' fall but lifts us up To meet thee in the skies.

And, while salvation lingers near, The heav'nly call obey: Flee from destruction's downward path, Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath, That rises o'er thy way.

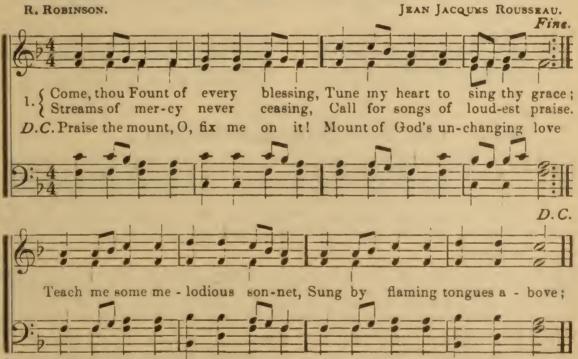
That warning voice, O, sinner, hear! Whose accents linger on thine ear; Thy footsteps now retrace; Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven; Believe, become an heir of heaven, And sing redeeming grace.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I with the throng unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne—Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

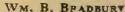
102 Greenville. 8s & 7s.

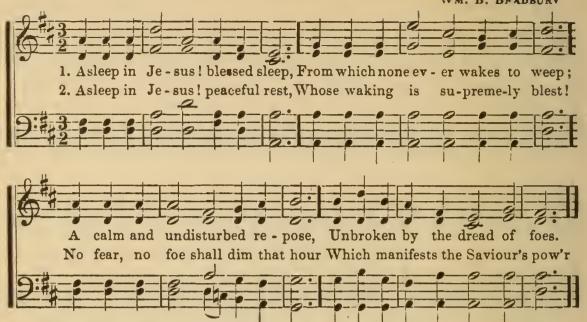


2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

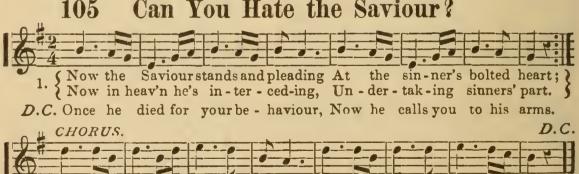
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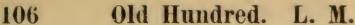
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space Affects this precious hiding-place; On India's plains or Lapland's snows Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.
- 1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near; Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee, That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say, "How shall I stand the trying day?" He has engaged by firm decree That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; And if the contest should be long, Thy Lord will make the tempter flee; For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame, Still trust in thy Redeemer's name; In fiery trials thou shalt see That as thy day thy strength shall be.

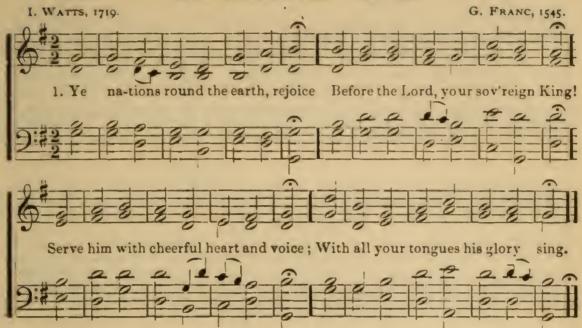
Can You Hate the Saviour?



Sin-ners, can you hate the Saviour? Will you thrust him from your arms.

- 2 Now he's waiting to be gracious, Now he stands and looks on thee; See, what kindness, love and pity, Shine around on you and me. Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- Open now your hearts before him, Bid the Saviour welcome in; Now receive, -and O, adore him, Take a full discharge from sin. Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 4 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour, Hear his gracious voice to-day; Turn from all your vain behaviour, O repent, return, and pray. Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 5 Come, for all things now are ready, Yet there's room for many more; O, ye blind, ye lame and needy, Come to wisdom's boundless store. Sinners, can you hate, &c.

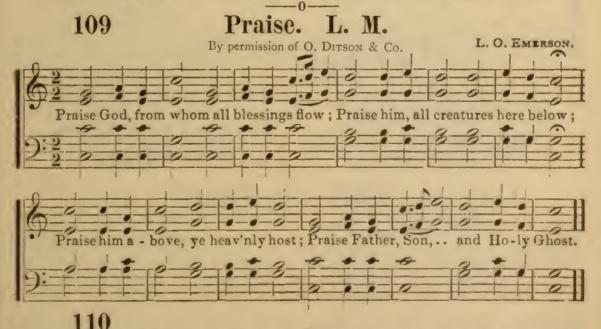




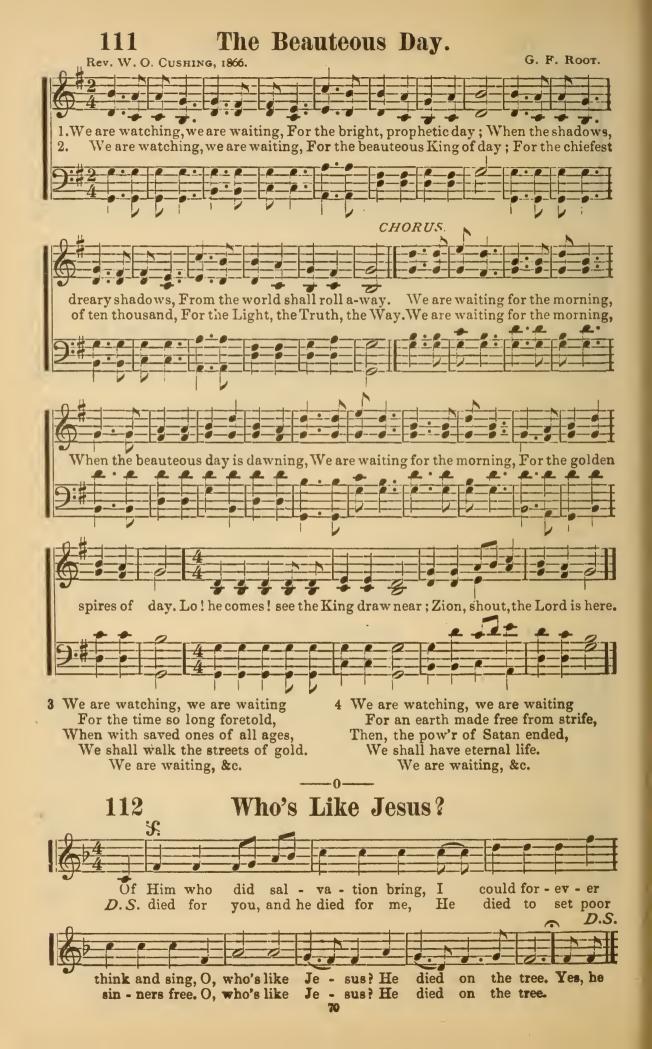
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give;
 We are his work, and not our own—
 The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 1 Here, in thy name, eternal God,
 We build this earthly house for thee;
 O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
 And guard it long from error free.
- When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- When here thy messengers proclaim
 The gracious Gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

108

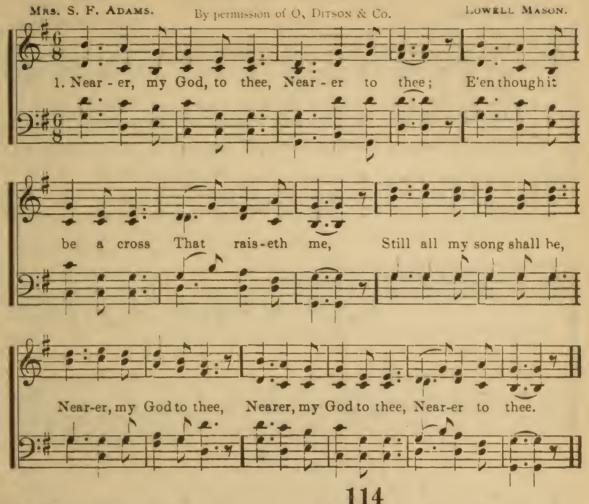
Be thou, O God, exalted high, And, as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.



- Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord; Help us to feed upon thy word; All that has been amiss, forgive, And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good; Wash all our works in Jesus' blood; Give every burdened soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.



Nearer to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be : Nearer, my God, to thee, : Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear, Onward to heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given: Angels to beckon me

1: Nearer, my God, to thee, : Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise, So by my woes to be

1: Nearer, my God, to thee,: Nearer to thee.

5 And when the trumpet sounds, May I still wear The righteousness of Christ, My garment fair: Caught up with Him to be

1: Nearer, my God, to thee, : Nearer to thee.

1 More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee; This is my earnest plea,

11: More love, O Christ, to thee,: More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee alone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,

1: More love, O Christ, to thee, :1 More love to thee!

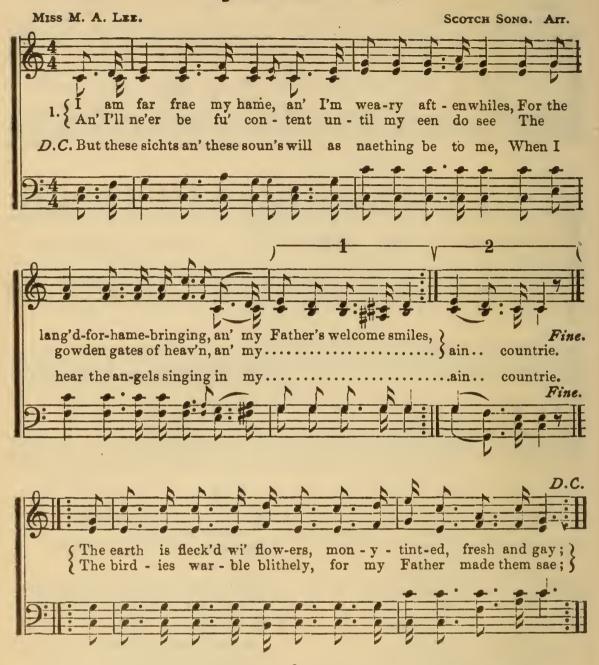
3 Then in my latest day, I will thee praise; This be the constant cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be, !: More love, O Christ, to thee, :

More love to thee!

4 Then when thou com'st again, Thy saints to greet, May I with all the blest Thee gladly meet: And when thy face I see, !: More love I'll have to thee, .

> More love to thee. MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

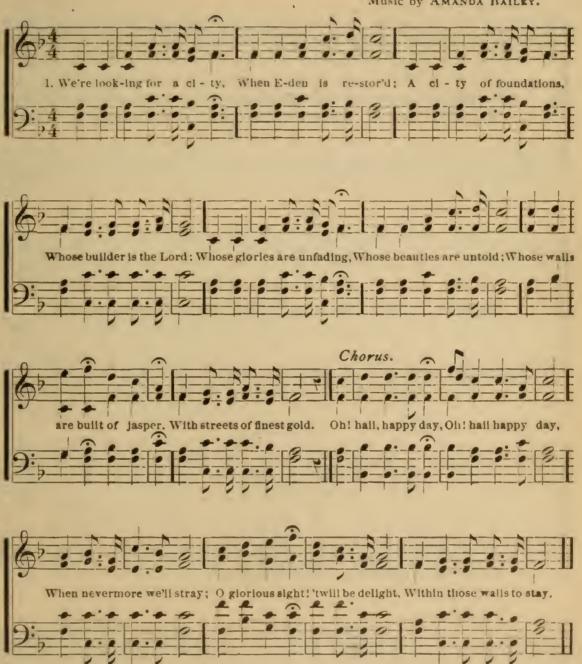
71



I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie. My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair; But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair. For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e, When he brings me hame at last to my am countrie.

He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again, He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be, To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie. So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate... God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me, That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

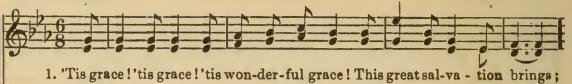
Music by AMANDA BAILEY.



- 2 The length and breadth are equal, Twelve thousand furlongs square; And nought unclean or hateful Shall ever enter there: The kings of earth their glory And honor well may bring, Within thy massy portals,-Great city of our King. - Cho.
- 3 No need of any temple, Or sun or moon to shine; The Lord will it enlighten With glory all divine; The nations of the saved Shall walk in glory bright With Christ, the Son of David, Their everlasting light.—Cho.
- 4 The towering arches glitter With many a radiant stone; And water, clear as crystal, Flows out from 'neath the throne; The trees of life for healing, On either side are there, Their leaves and branches waving, All stately, grand and fair. - Cho.
- 5 Ho, all ye weary, fainting, To this fair city come; Come, drink from living fountains, And thirst no more nor roam: O be constrained to enter Through Christ, the only Way, And you he there will welcome, And bid you ever stay. - Cho.

W. H. BURRELL.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



2. 'Tis grace!'tis grace!'tis won-der-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;

3. 'Tis grace!'tis grace!'tis won-der-ful grace! Its streams are full and free;





The soul, de - liv - er'd of its load, In sweetest rap-ture sings. The pow'r of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with-in. all the race—Theyev - en flow to And flow - ing now for





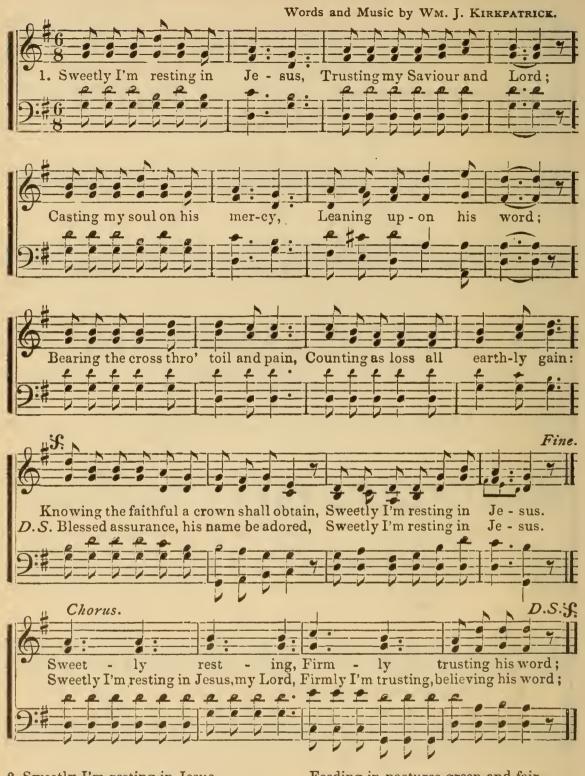




'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! 'Tis grace that will me save; Will take me from Death's cold embrace, And bring me from the grave.—Che.



119 Sweetly I'm Resting in Jesus.



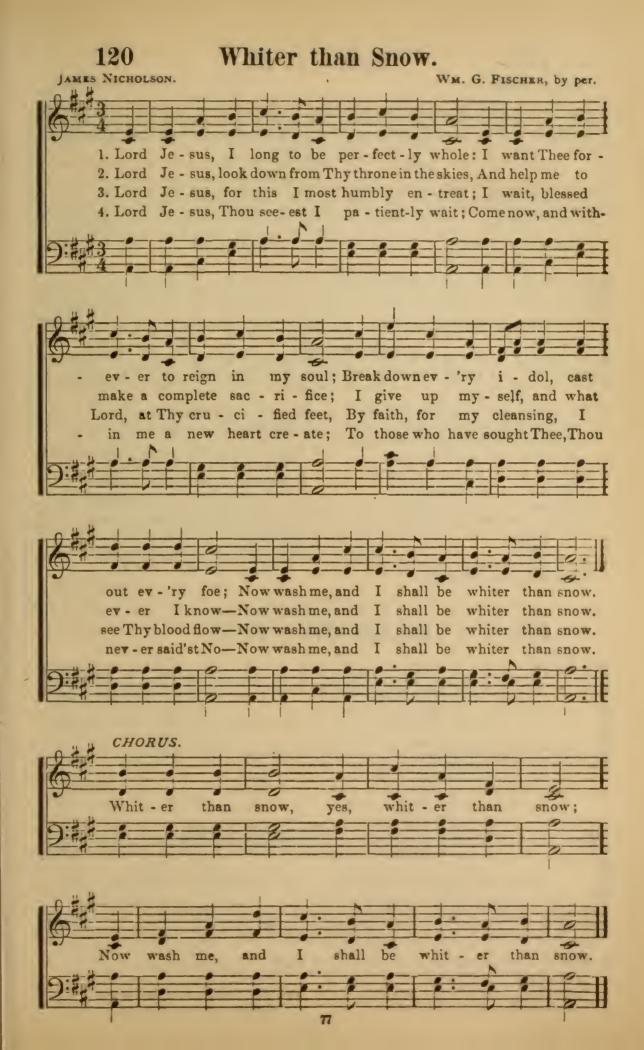
2 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,
Plunged in the life-giving flood,
Bathed in the sea of redemption,
Washed in the cleansing blood;
Passively lying at his feet.
Learning the bliss of love complete;
Waiting his pleasure, whatever is meet,
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—Cho.

Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus;
 Glory-light beams on my way,
 Bright'ning my path thro' the darkness,
 Chasing the clouds away,

Feeding in pastures green and fair, Drinking from fountains flowing there, Tenderly guarded by his loving care, Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—Cho.

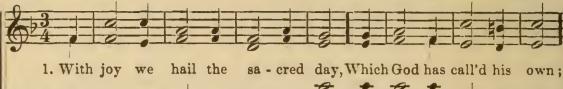
4 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,
Safe on his bosom reclined;
Tokens of perfect salvation,
Fullness of joy I find.

Purer and clearer all the way, Shineth the light of perfect day; Holy the rapture, triumphant the lay, Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—Cho.

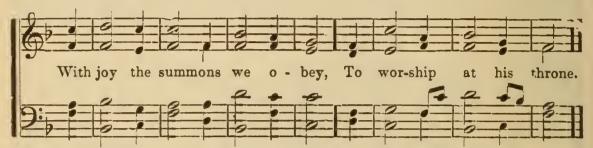


HARRIET AUBER.

WELSH AIR, AARON WILLIAMS.







- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
 As here thy servants throng
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
 And pour the grateful song.
- Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell Within thy Church below;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

122

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;

To thee will I direct my prayer; To thee lift up mine eye:

- Up to the heavens where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness:
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face!

ISAAC WATTS.

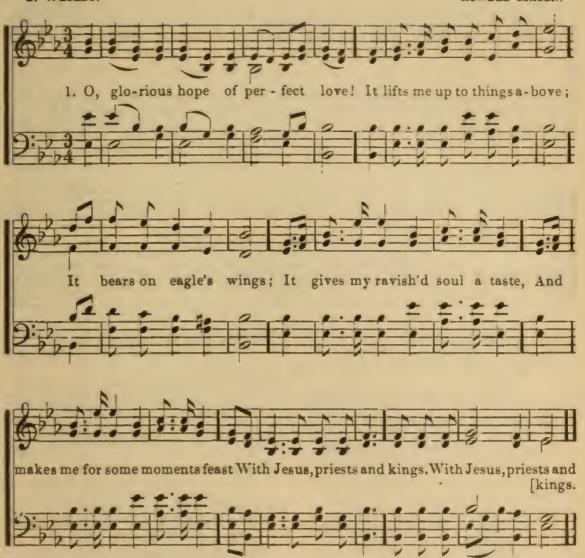


2 Now is th'accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why will you delay?

3 Now is th'accepted time;
The Spirit bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

C. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



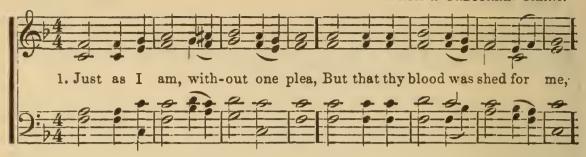
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise
 In endless plenty grow.
- 8 A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favored with God's peculiar smile, With every blessing blest; There dwells the Lord our righteousness, And keeps his own in perfect peace And everlasting rest.
- 4 O, that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess!
 This moment end my toilsome years,
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears, 4
 A howling wilderness!

125

O could we speak the matchless worth, O, could we sound the glories forth, Which in our Saviour shine!
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

- We'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine;
 We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect heavenly dress,
 We shall forever shine.
- We'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
 We would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known.
- Yes, the delightful day will come,
 When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
 And we shall see his face!
 Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity we'll spend,
 Triumphant through his grace.

FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.





- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each
 spot,
 - O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need in thee to find,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

127

- We come to eat with sweet accord;
 And thus obey his loving word,
 Until he come, until he come.
- * "Do this," he said: "Remember me:
 My grief and pain are all for thee;
 And this example thine shall be,
 Until I come, until I come."
- In the lone garden, there he prayed;
 Upon the cross he bowed his head:
 Let us remember what he said,
 Until he come, until he come.
- And when no more we gather here, Nor to this table may draw near, May we sit down with him so dear, When he shall come, when he shall come!

128

l 'Twas on that dark and doleful night,
The powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

- 2 Before the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
 - What love through all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "In memory of your dying Lord,
 Do this," he said, "till time shall end.

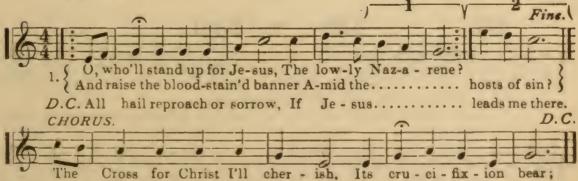
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Friend."
- Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

129

- 1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye nations, in your song; His wondrous name and power rehearse, His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 2 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest, He's your defence, your joy, your rest; When terrors rise, when nations faint, God is the strength of every saint.
- 3 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
- b Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King! Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen.

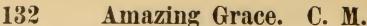
94

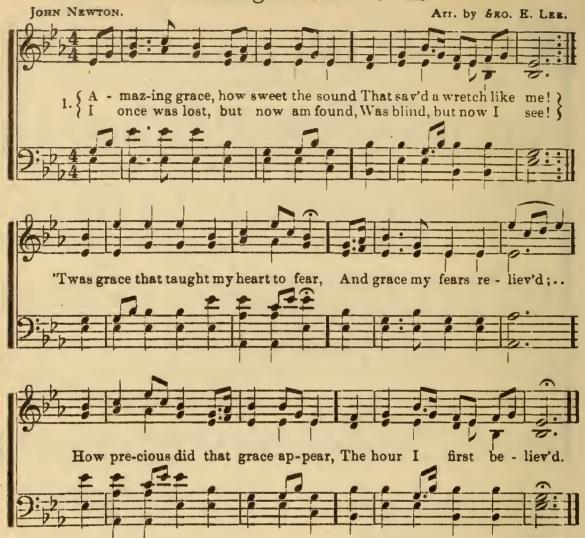




2 O, who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in his name?
The Cross for Christ, &c.

3 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.
The Cross for Christ, &c.





2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

The Lord hath promised good to me, His word my hope secures;

He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,

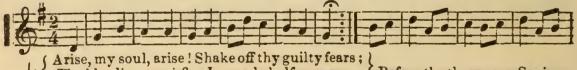
I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

This earth will soon dissolve like snow,

The sun forbear to shine;

But God, who called me here below, Will be forever mine.





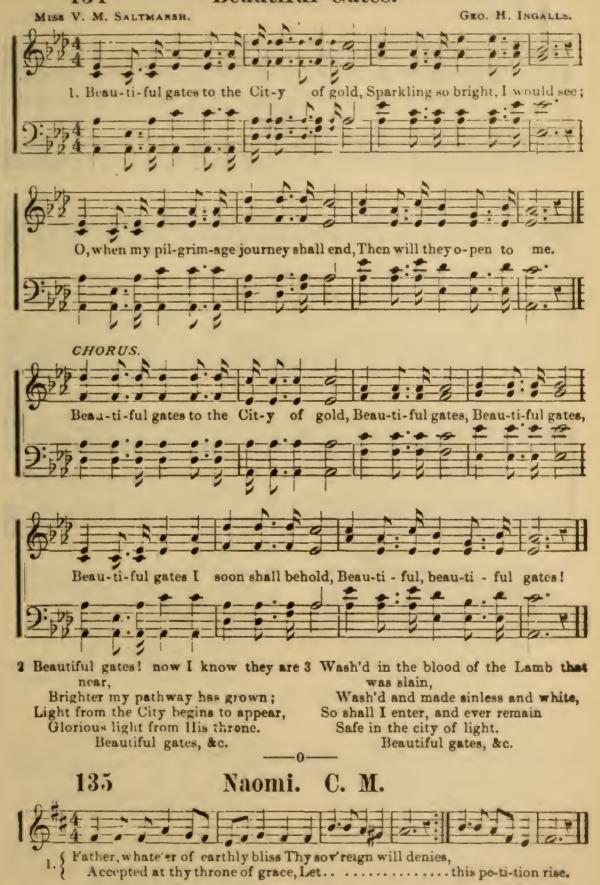
Arise, my soul, arise! Shake off thy guilty fears; }
The bleeding sacri-fice In my behalf appears; } Before the throne my Saviour



2 To God I'm reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for his child;

I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Beautiful Gates.

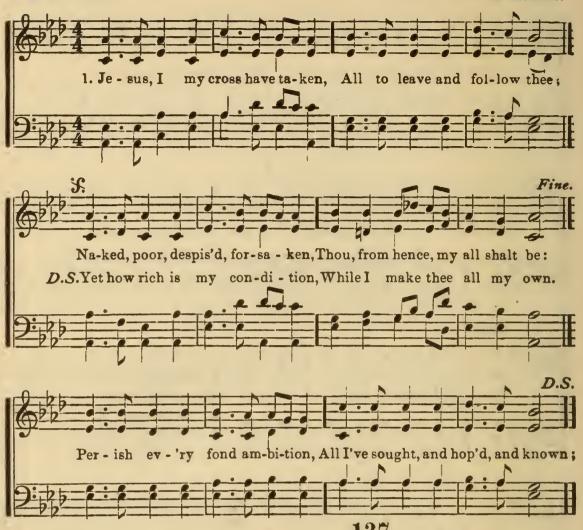


2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Oh, l
Me
Thy l

3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine, Me everywhere attend; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. H. F. LYTE.

C. W. A. MOZART.



2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art faithful, thou art true. O, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me! O, 'twere not in joy to charm me, If that love were hid from me!

Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of God, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged by 3 Every fresh alarming token
prayer;
An eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall bring thee there;

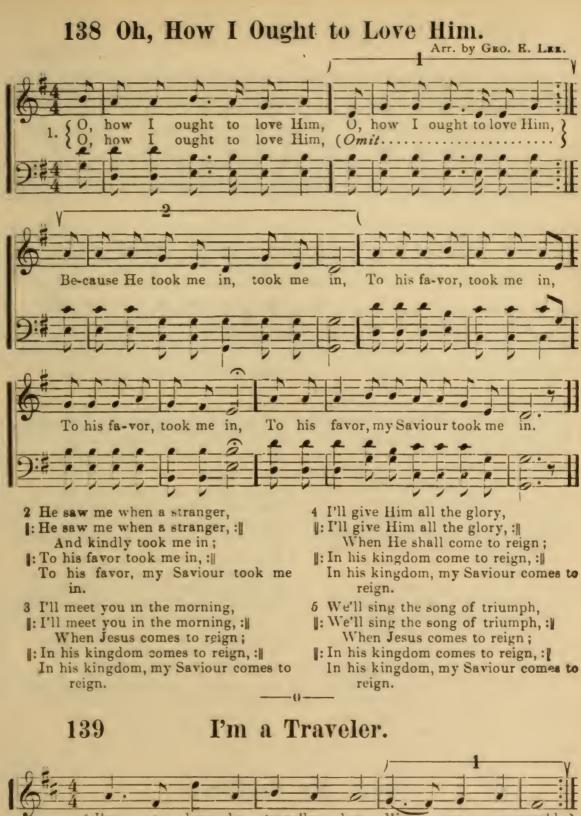
Must be suddenly restored.

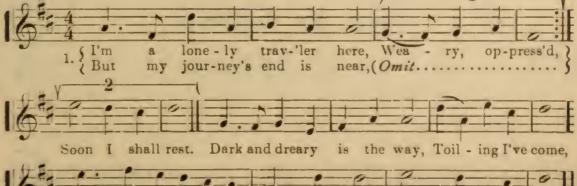
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

1 Righteous God! whose vengeful vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead thy cause with sword and fire;
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the saints' desire,
Crowning them with perfect love.

Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the written word;
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
Must be suddenly restored.
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

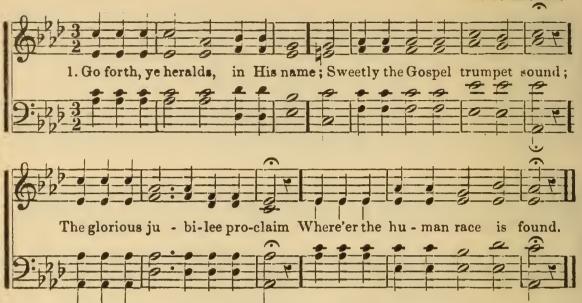




to

stav. You - der's my home





2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the wounded heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

Be wise as serpents, as you go,
But harmless as the the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

Freely from Him ye do receive,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus they your doctrines will believe,
And, by the gospel they may live.

141

1 Shall I, for fcar of feeble man, The Spirit's course in me restrain? Or undismayed in deed and word Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I Conceal the word of God Most High? How, then, before Him shall I dare To stand, or how his anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th'unholy throng, Soften his truth, or smooth my tongue? Shall I to gain earth's trifles, flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
What, then, is he whose scorn I dread?

Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid? A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

142

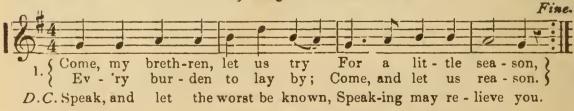
1 Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Come and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call obey, And cast your doubts and fears away.

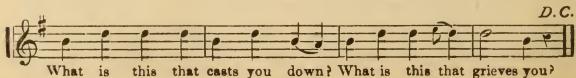
2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes; Pardon and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!

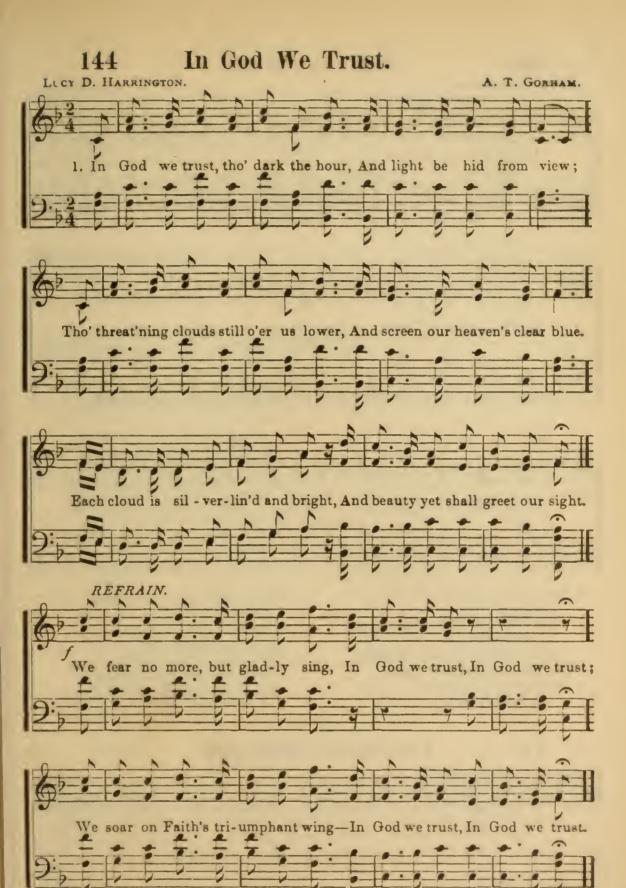
3 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! by thy power and love, Confirm our faith—our fears remove; O sweetly reign in every breast, And guide us to eternal rest.

143 Come, My Brethren.





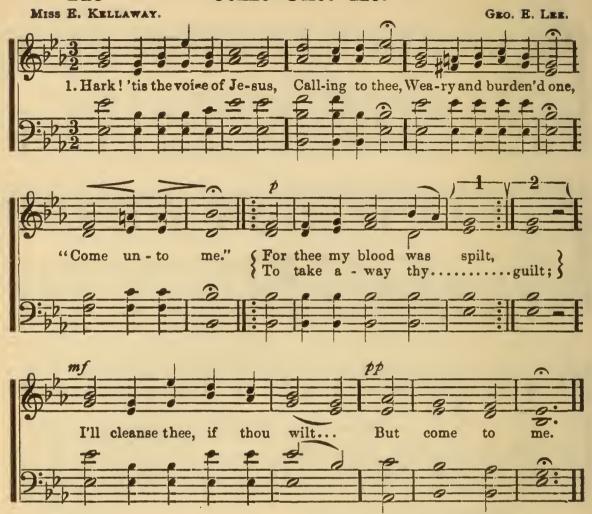


Deep calleth unto deep, O Lord,
The waves almost o'erwhelm;
Sweet comfort doth this thought afford,
That thou dost guide the helm,

And angry waves shall cease to be, For Jesus walks the raging sea. Faith stronger grows in midnight hour,
And waits the dawn of day;
Dark unbelief shall lose its pow'r,
The shadows flee away.
His voice so sweet hids. (Peace, be still!

His voice so sweet bids—'Peace, be still,' And mountain waves obey His will.

Come Unto Me.



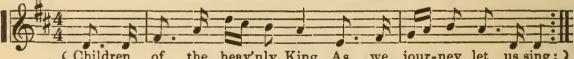
- 2 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus, Calling to thee; "Speak for me while thou may'st;
 - In me be free. The world may mock and sneer,

But thou need'st never fear, For I am always near;

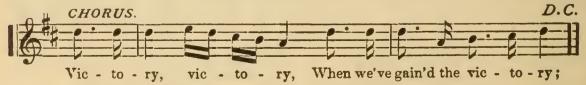
So speak for me."

3 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus, Calling to thee; "I come again that thou Mayst come to me. And when I come again, Thou shalt be freed from pain, And in my kingdom reign Eternally."

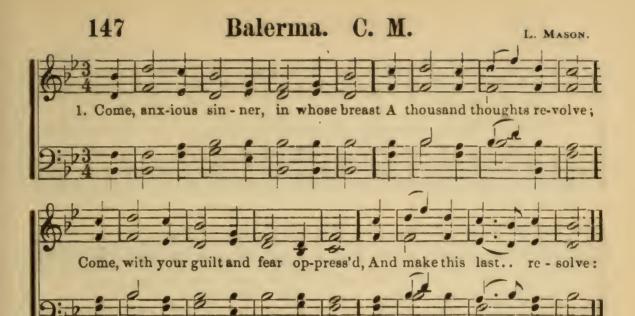
Christian's Triumph. 146



1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we jour-ney, let us sing; Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways. D.C. Oh, how hap - py we shall be. When we've gain'd the vic - to-ry.



- 2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on.
- 3 Lord! obediently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.



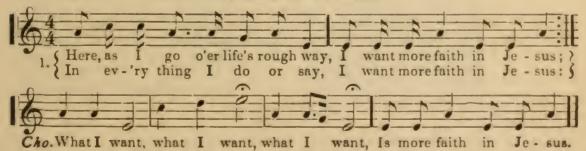
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone Without his pard'ning grace.
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will go,
 And perish only there."
- Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay;
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of rising day.
- With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and, O, amazing love!
 He flew to our relief.

3 O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

149

- 1 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
 And seek thy Father's face;
 These new desires that in thee burn
 Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wand'rer, now return, He hears thy humble sigh; He sees thy softened spirit mourn, When no one else is nigh.
- Return, O wand'rer, now return;
 Thy Saviour bids thee live;
 Go to his feet, and gladly learn
 How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
 And dry the falling tear;
 Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
 'Tis love invites thee near.

What I Want.



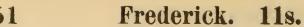
- 2 When trials come, and troubles rise, I want more faith, &c.
 - 'Neath cloudless heav'ns or stormy skies, 4 I want more love for Jesus near, I want more faith, &c.— Cho.

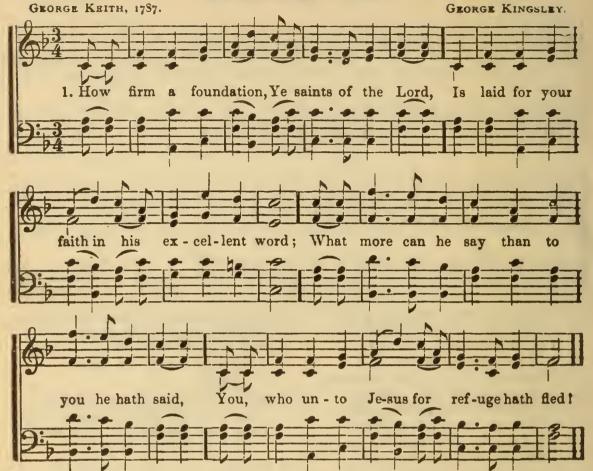
 I want more faith in Jesus
- 3 While here the cross I have to bear, I want more faith, &c.

And at all times and everywhere I want more faith, &c.—Cho.

I want more love for Jesus near,
I want more faith in Jesus,
To wait for him till he appear,
I want more faith in Jesus.--Cho-

85

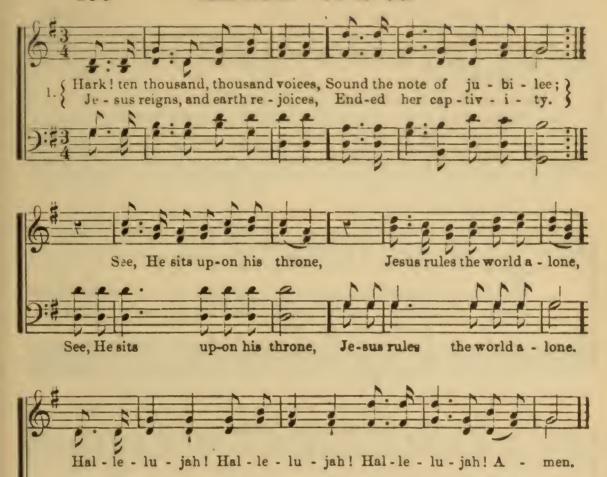




- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my gracious omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

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- 1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, The Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray, And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot; The theme most transporting to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.



- 2 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou shalt call thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.—
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.
- Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."—
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! &c.

154

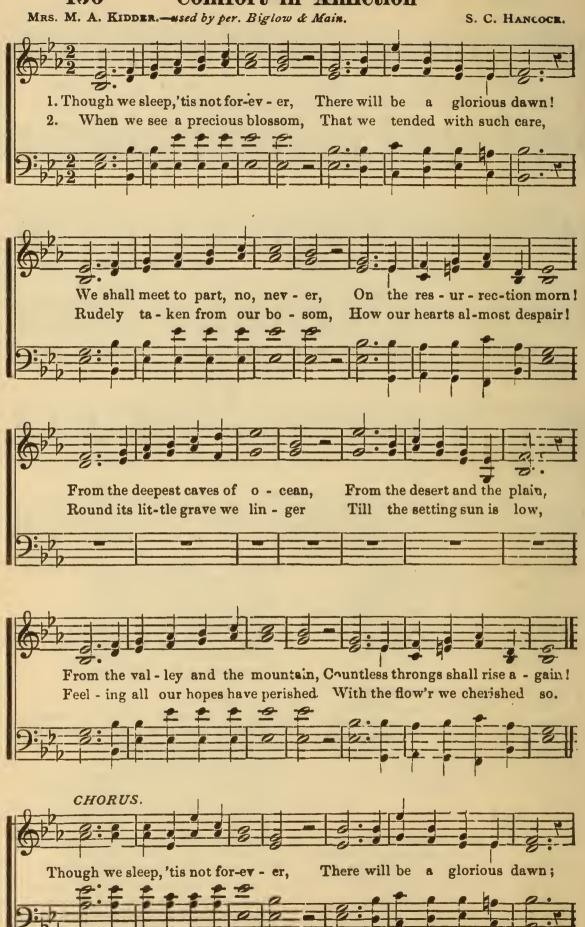
I Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Make with us thy glorious dwelling;
All thy faithful people crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Come, and nevermore depart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy peaceful Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Bring us to the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our doubts and fears away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to th' eternal day.

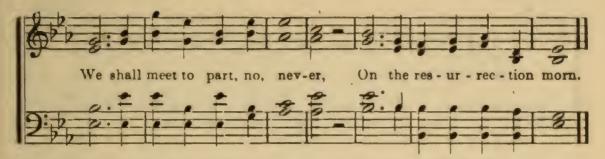
155

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, th'angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

2 "Peace on earth, good will from heav'n,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."
CAWOOD.



Comfort in Affliction. Concluded.

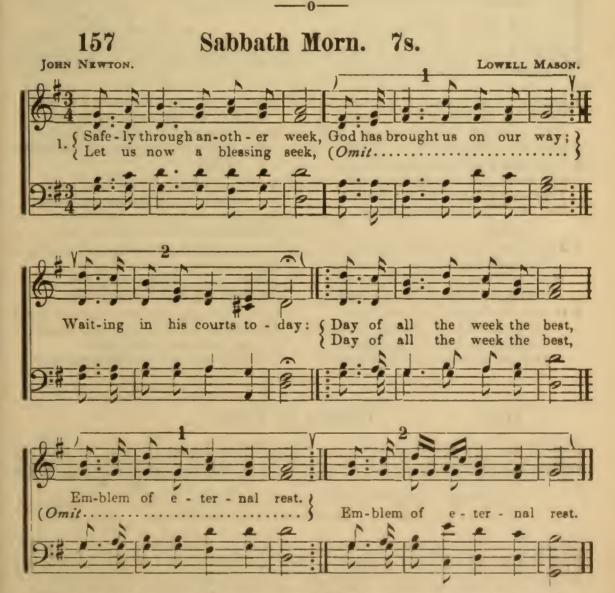


3 Though we sleep, 'tis not forever In the lone and silent grave; Blessed be the Lord that taketh, Blessed be the Lord that gave. In the bright eternal city,

Death can never, never come;

In his own good time he'll call us

From our rest to home, sweet home.



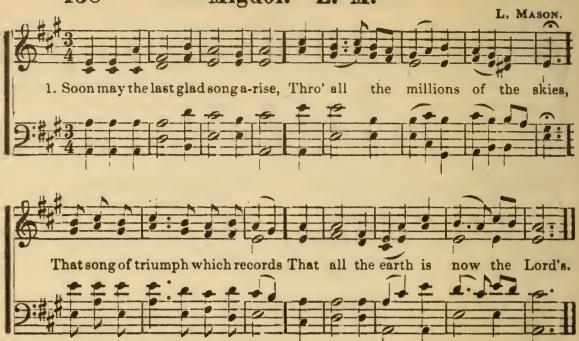
2 While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciling face,

Take away our sin and shame; 1: From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.: 3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
I: Here afford us, Lord, a taste

Of our everlasting feast.:



Migdol. L. M.



- 2 Let thrones and pow'rs and kingdoms be 3 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer. Obedient, mighty God, to thee! And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scepter of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

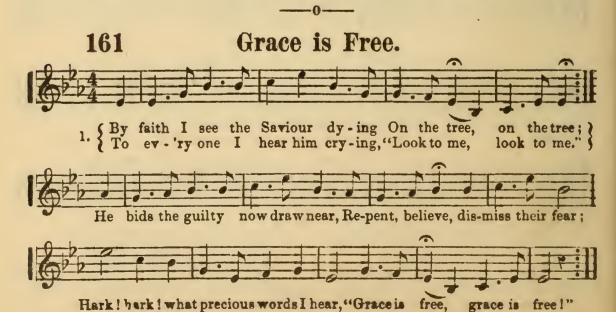
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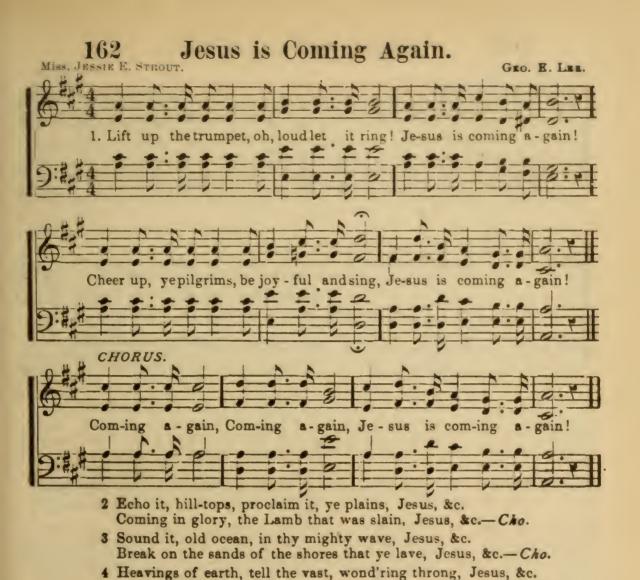
- 1 Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes, For thine expected coming waits; When will the promised light arise, And glory beam on Zion's gates?
- 2 O come and reign o'er every land, Let Satan from his throne be hurled, All nations bow to thy command, And grace revive a dying world.

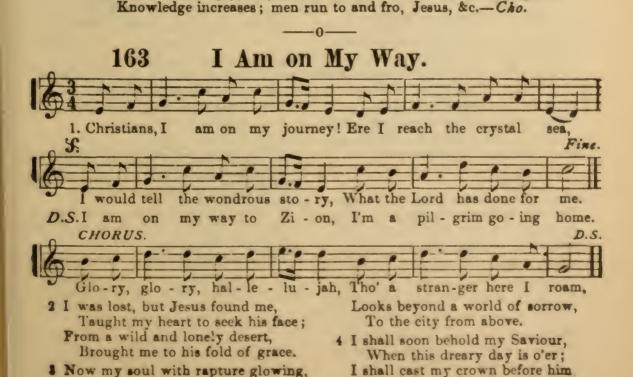
To wait for thine appointed hour; And fit us, by thy grace, to share

The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

- 1 Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes; See where thy foes against thee rise, In long array, a numerous host; Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground; Perils and snares beset thee round; Beware of all, guard every part, But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield The weight of thine immortal shield; Put on the armor from above Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.







Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong, Jesus, &c.—Cho.

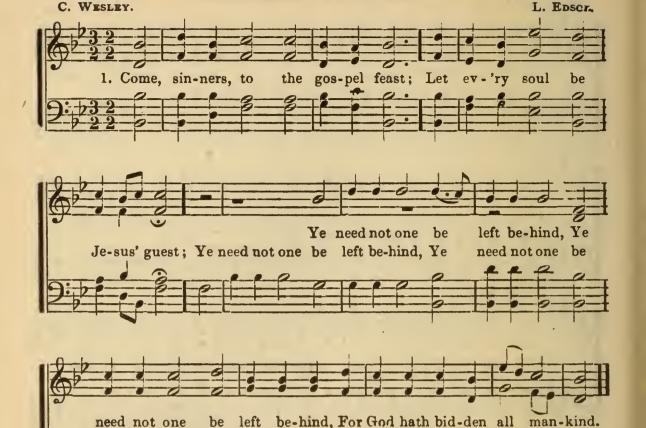
5 Nations are angry,—by this we do know, Jesus is coming again!

I shall praise him evermore.

Sings aloud his pard'ning love;



Bridgewater. L. M.



2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all; Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.

be - hind, For God

- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest. Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, Praise him, all creatures here below; In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive: Ye all may come to Christ and live; O, let his love your hearts constrain, Nor a iffer him to die in vain.

165

- 1 Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease or thrones of power Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- God is our Sun—he makes our day; God is our Shield—he guards our way From all assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory, too; He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls. I. WATTS.

den

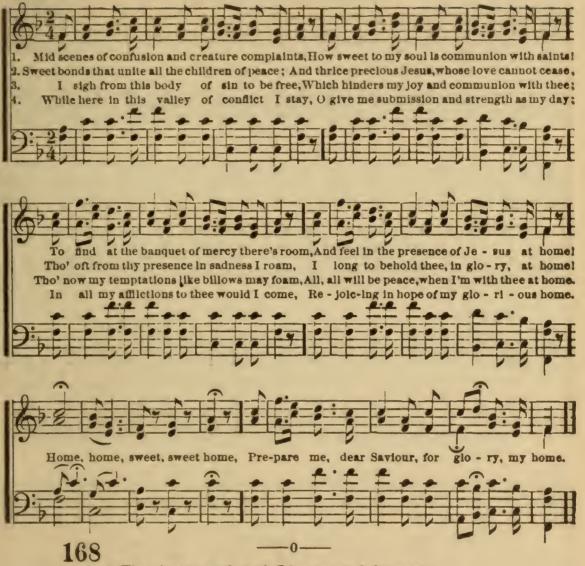
all man-kind.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

hath bid - .. -

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully, through thee, absolved I am From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears When ruined nature sinks in years; No age can change its glorious hue; The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 O, let the dead now hear thy voice! Now bid thy banished ones rejoice! Their beauty this, their glorious dress, "Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness."

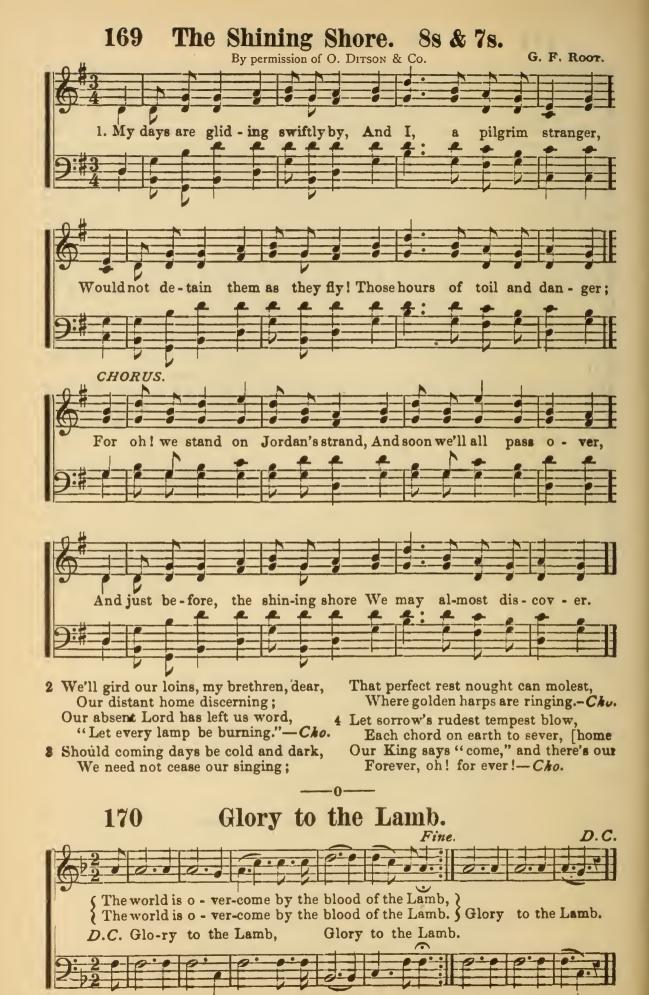


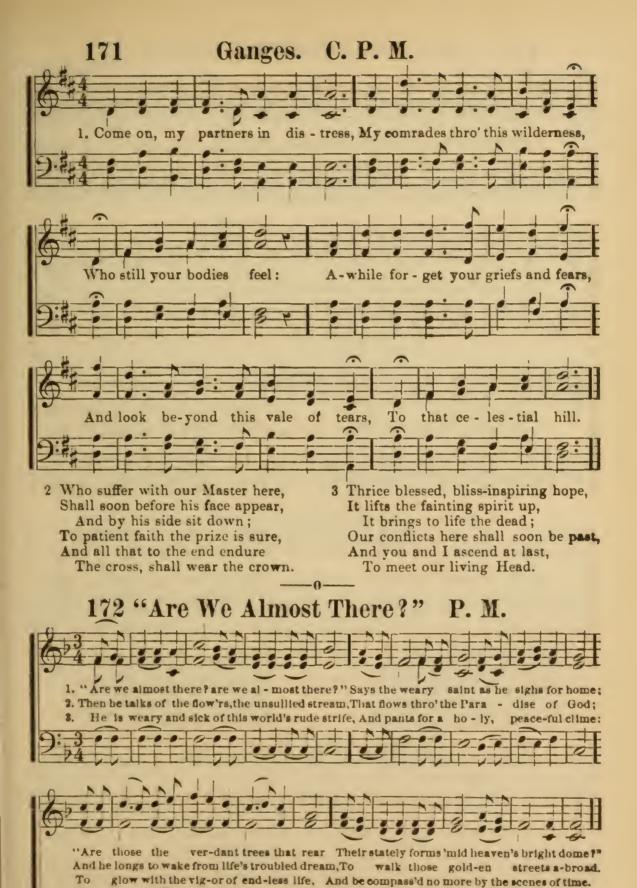
1 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and the kingdom of heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

- 2 Allure me no longer, ye false, glowing charms;
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
 O there may I feast with his children at home!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
 O Jesus, conduct me, I pray, to my home!
- 3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu, While Jesus, his kingdom and glory I view; I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne, The foretaste divine of my heavenly home.

 Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
 O when shall I share the fruition of home?
- Affliction and sorrow, and death shall be o'er;
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
 Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome;
 They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
 They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

97



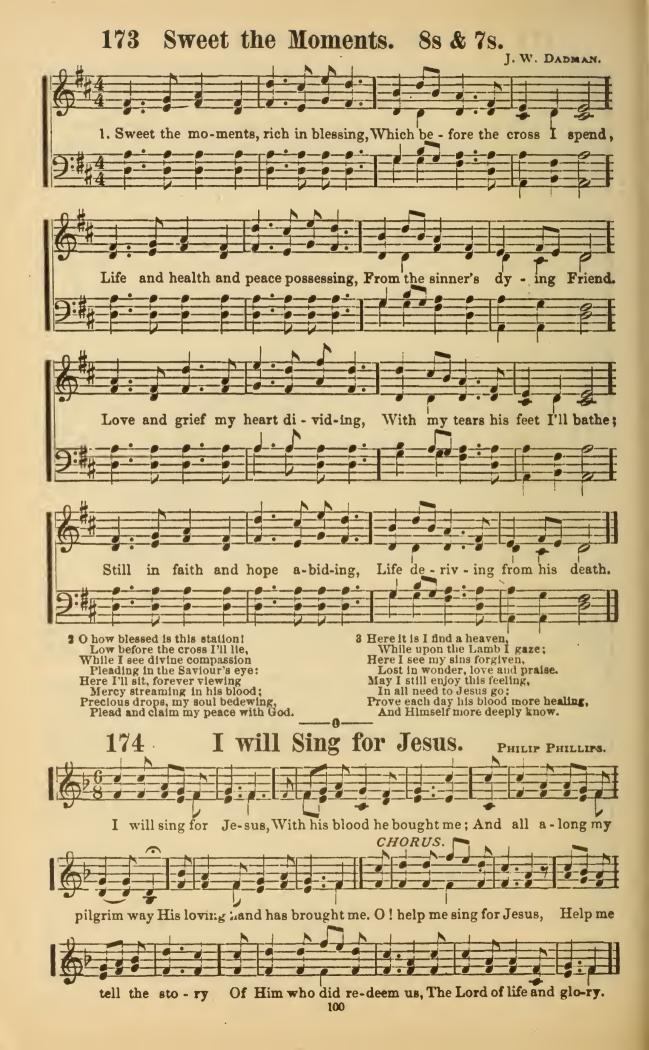


His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of
And to meet his Saviour in the air;

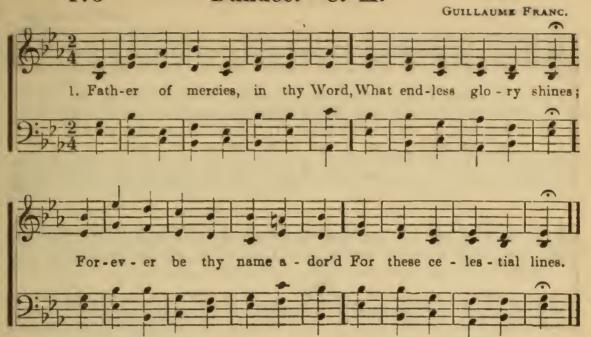
And oft inquires as he draws near home.
With anxious heart, "Are we almost there?"

The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,

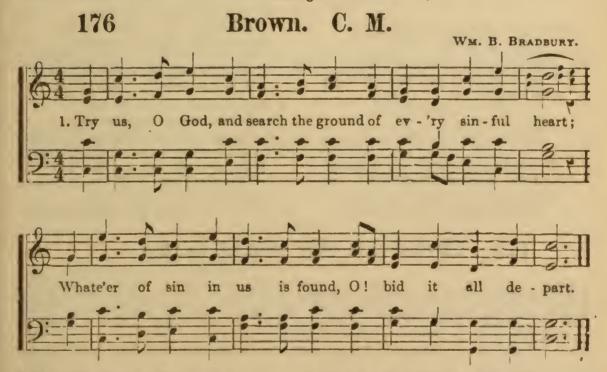
He can say indeed—"We are almost there!"



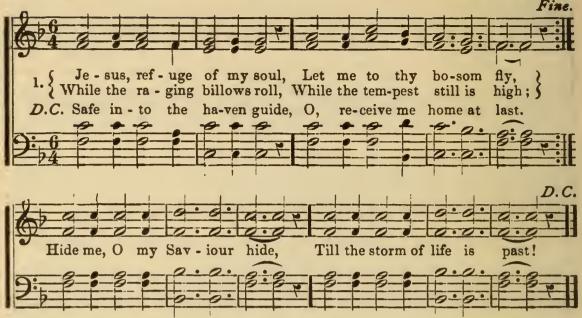
Dundee. C. M.



- 2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice Spreads heavn'ly peace around; And life, and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O, may these heavenly pages be My ever sweet delight;
- And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light!
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour here.



- 2 If to the right or left we stray, Leave us not comfortless, But guide our feet into the way Of everlasting peace.
- 1 Help us to help each other, Lord, Each other's cross to bear; Let each his friendly aid afford, And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up;
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

8 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

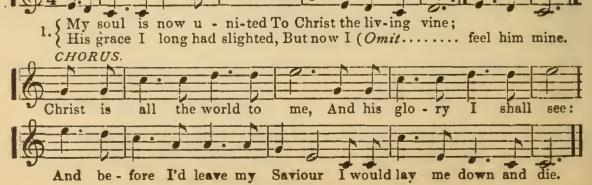
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin: Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

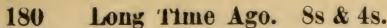
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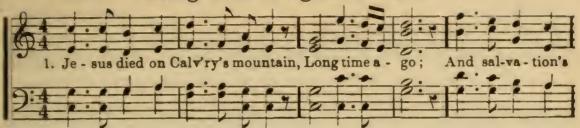
1 Son of God, thy people's shield,
Must we still thine absence mourn?
Let thy promise be fulfilled;
Thou hast said, "I will return."
Gracious Master, soon appear;
Quickly bring thy morning light;
Then will cease the constant tear,
Hope be turned to joyful sight.

2 As a woman counts the days
Till her absent lord she sees,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh,
Then thy sheep shall feed in peace;
Hush forever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumphs cease.

179 Christ All the World to Me.



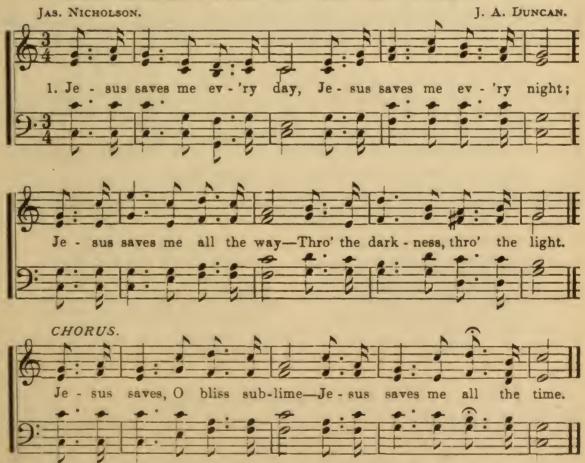






- Once his voice, in tones of pity,
 Was heard below;
 And he wept o'er Judah's city,
 Long time ago.
- 3 Jesus died, but lives forever— No more to die; Blessed Jesus, precious Saviour, Now sits on high.
- 4 Now in heav'n he's interceding
 For dying men;
 Soon he'll finish there his pleading,
 And come again.
- 5 When he comes a voice from heaven
 Shall pierce the tomb:
 "Come ye blessed of my Father,
 Children—come home."

181 Jesus Saves Me All the Time.



- 2 Jesus saves when I repine, Jesus saves when I rejoice; Jesus saves when hopes decline— Faith can always hear his voice.
- 3 Jesus saves me, He is mine; Jesus saves me, I am His;
- Jesus saves while I recline— On his precious promises.
- 4 Jesus saves, He saves from sin, Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh, Jesus saves, He dwells within, Gladly do I testify.

182 What a Friend We Have.



2 Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,

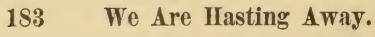
Who will all our sorrows share,

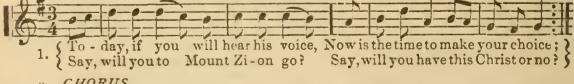
1: Jesus knows our every weakness,

Take it to the Lord in prayer.:

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,

I: In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.:

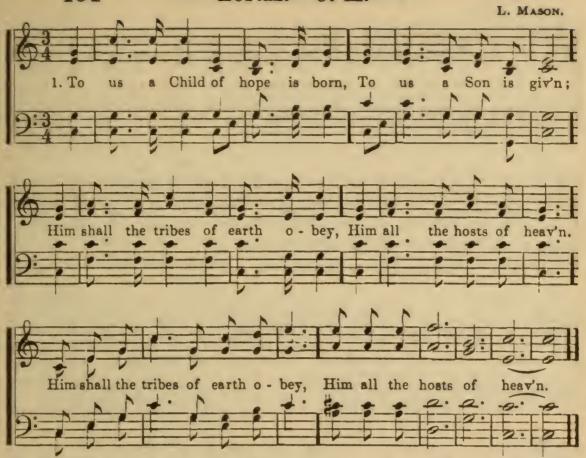




We are hasting away, we are hasting away, We are hasting away to the great



Zerah. C. M.



2 His name shall be the Prince of peace, Forevermore ador'd;

I: The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.:

3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;

|: Justice shall guard his throne of love,
And peace abound below.:|

4 To us a Child of hope is born; To us a Son is given;

The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty Lord of heaven.:

185

1 Soon all shall hear our Jesus' name, Angels shall prostrate fall; : For him the brightest glory claim, And hail him Lord of all.:

2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre, And, as they sound it, fall

: Before his face, who formed their choir, And hail him Lord of all.:

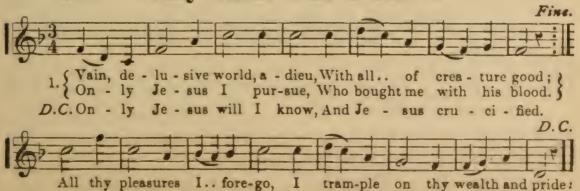
3 The remnant saved from Israel's race, Redeemed from Israel's fall,

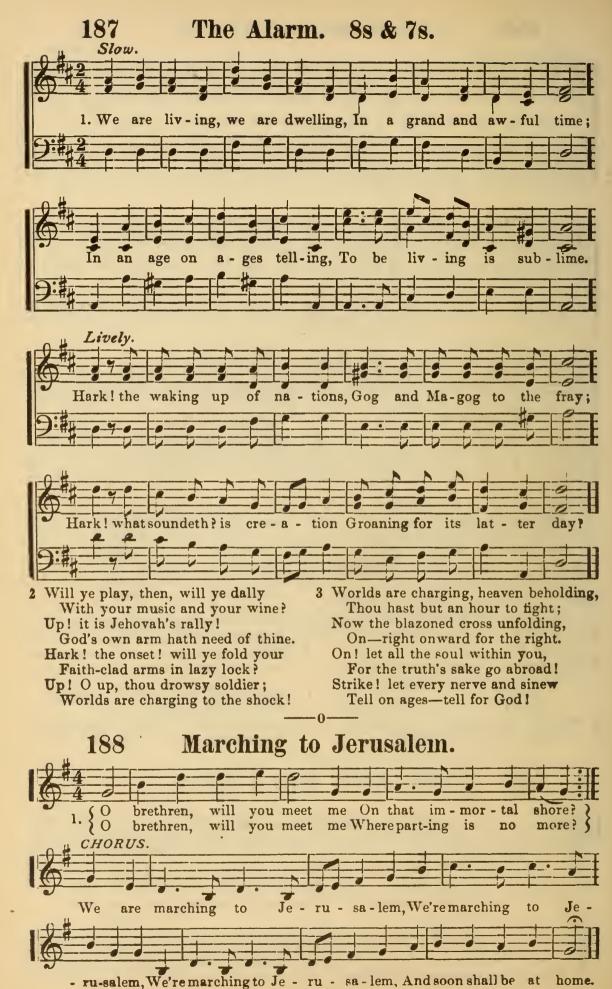
Shall praise him for his wondrous grace,
And hail him Lord of all.:

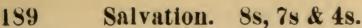
4 Gentiles shall come from every land, O'er all this earthly ball—

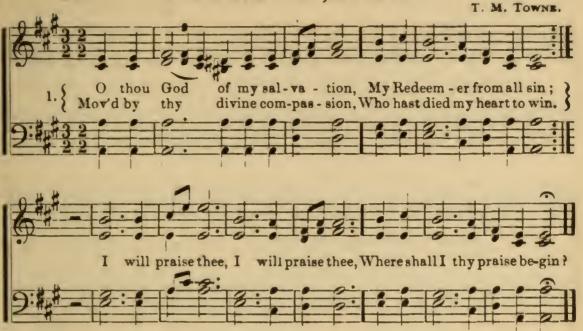
: Shall come, and on Mount Zion stand, And hail him Lord of all.:

186 Only Jesus Will I Know.

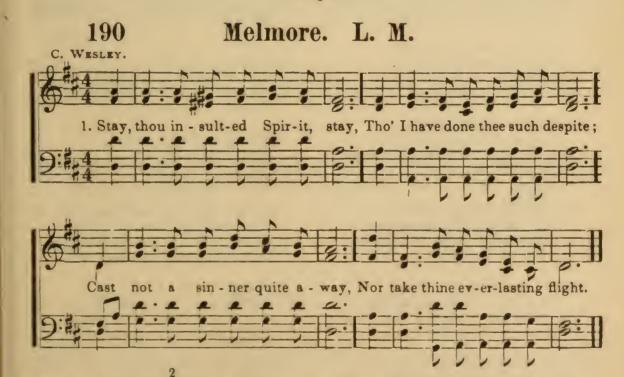








- While the angel choirs are crying, Glory to the great I AM, I with them will still be vieing, Glory, Glory to the Lamb.
 - O how precious, O how precious, Is the sound of Jesus' name.
- 3 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceived they near us throng,
 Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
 Glad to join us in our song.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong.



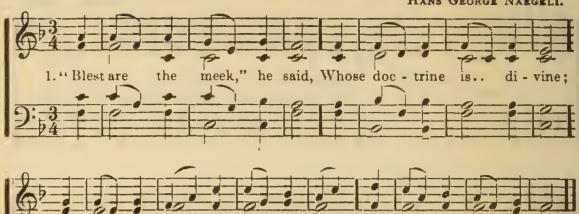
Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,

Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd. My weary soul, O God, release;

Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare, In honor of my great High Priest; Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear, I shall not see thy people's rest.

'd. My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HANS GEORGE NAEGELL.





2

"While on this earth they stay,
Sweet peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

"The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And, yielding all their wills to him,
His sov'reign laws obey.

"No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest."

O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

192

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

193 JOHN FAWCETT.

And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

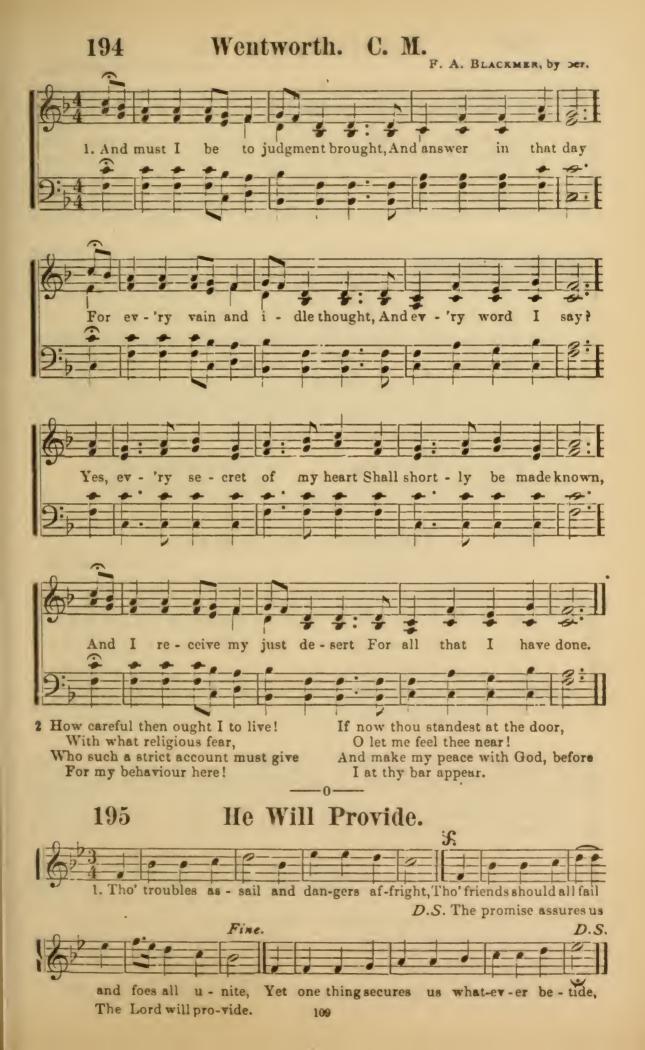
Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

Let us take up the cross,

Till we the crown obtain;

And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

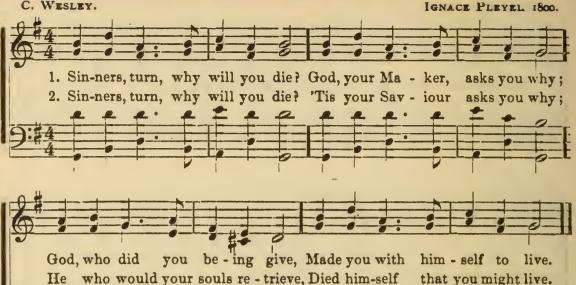
C. WESLEY.





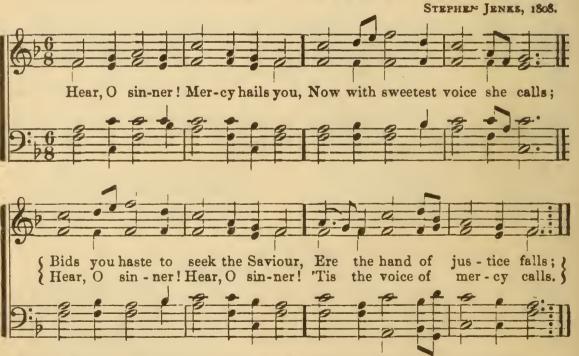
Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.





3 Will you let him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again? Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why, Will ye slight his grace, and die? 4 Will you not his grace receive? Will you still refuse to live? O ye dying sinners, why, Why will ye forever die?

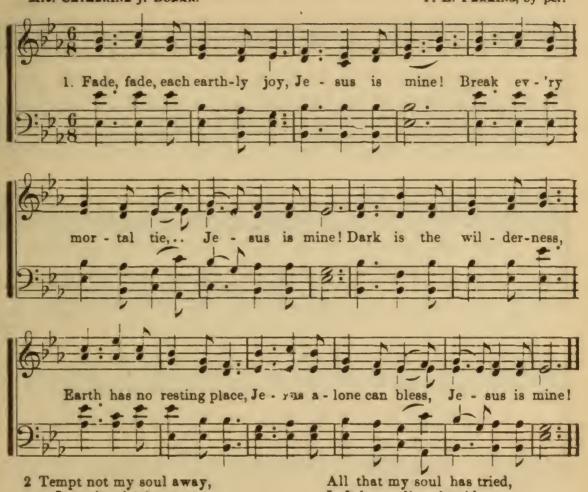
197 Entreaty. 8s. 7s & 4s.



2 See the storm of vengeance gathering O'er the path you dare to tread; Hark! the awful thunders rolling Loud, and louder o'er your head; :Turn, O sinner!: Dost thou not His vengeance dread? 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour, Seek his mercy while you may; Soon the day of grace is over; Soon your life will pass away! : Haste, O sinner!: You must perish—if you stay!

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.



2 Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine! Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine! Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Jesus is mine!

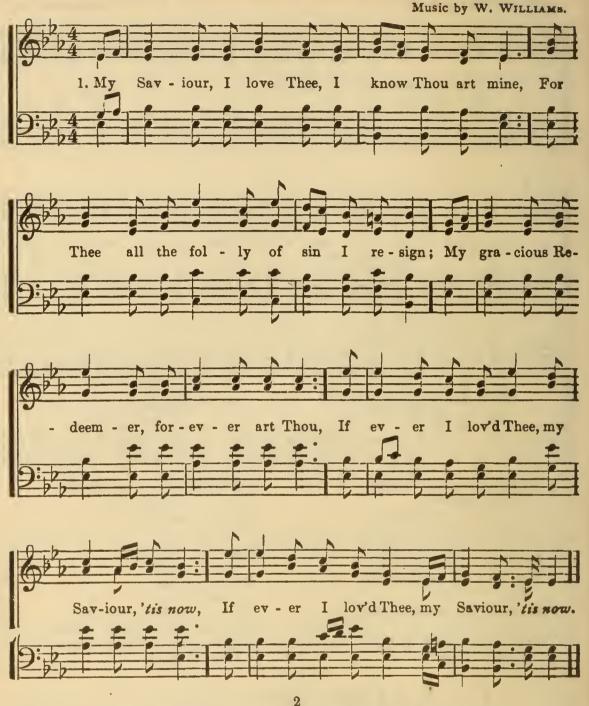
8 Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine! Lost in this dawning light, Jesus is mine! All that my soul has tried, Left but a dismal void, Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

Lord, Revive Us.

| Saviour, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain; | All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re-turn a - gain. | CHORUS.

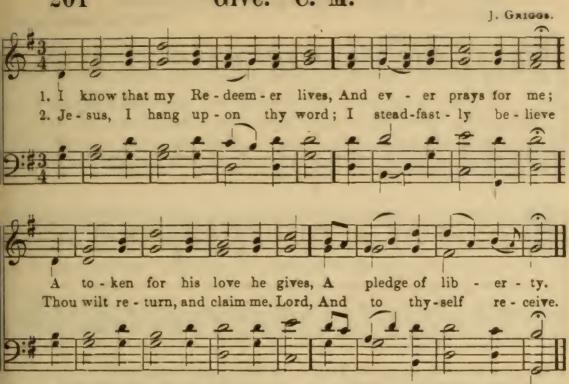
| Lord, re - vive us, O re - vive us; Lord, re - vive thy work in me; Good



I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
I: If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.:

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee till death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
I: "If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.":

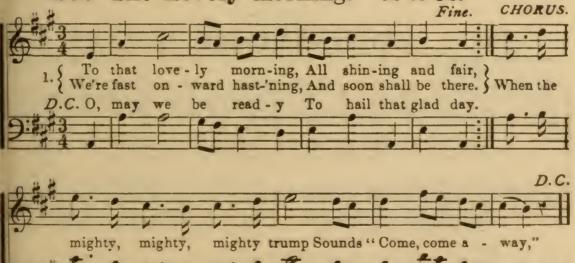
In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee, entranced with the sight;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
""If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now."



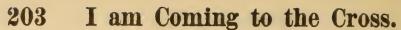
3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.

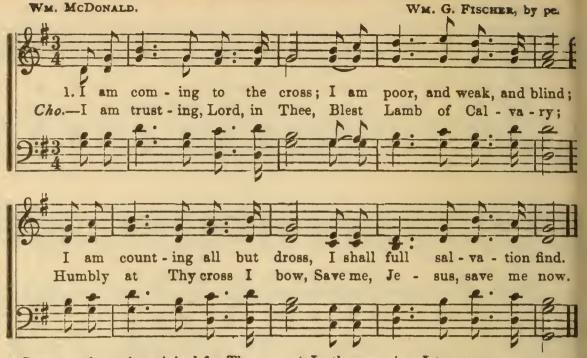
4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

202 The Lovely Morning. 6s & 5s.

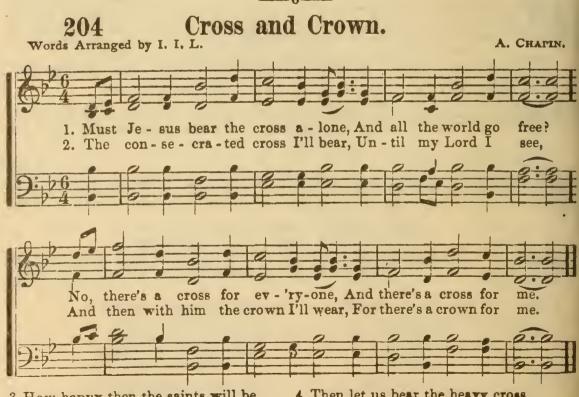


- 2 And when that bright morning
 In splendor shall dawn,
 Our toil will be ended,
 Our sorrows all gone.
 When the mighty, &c.
- The Bridegroom from glory
 To earth shall descend;
 Ten thousand bright angels
 Around him attend.
 When the mighty, &c.
- 4 The graves will be open'd,
 The dead will arise.
 And with the Redeemer
 Mount up to the skies.
 When the mighty, &c.
- The saints then immortal,
 In glory shall reign;
 The Bride with the Bridegroom
 Forever remain.
 When the mighty, &c.



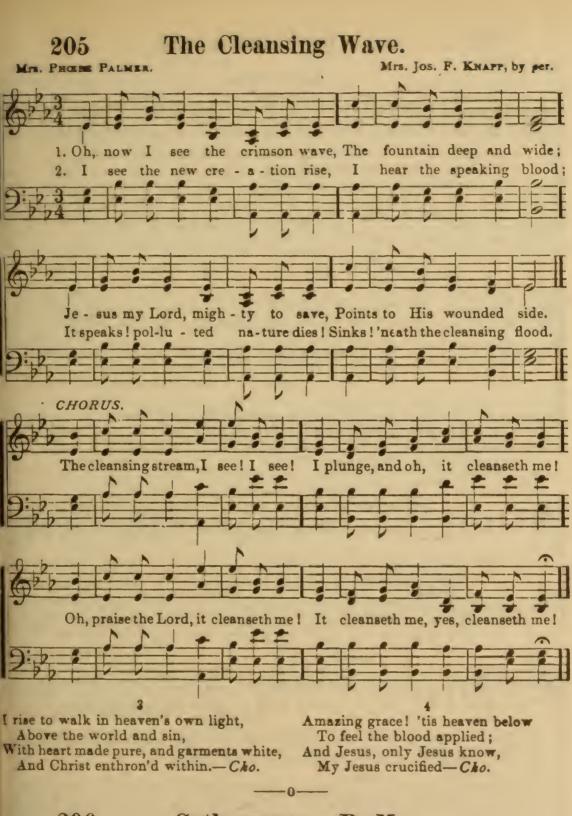


- Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."—Cko.
- Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and body Thine to be,— Wholly Thine for evermore.—Cko.
- 4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.—Cko.
- 5 Jesus' love—it fills my soul!
 Perfected in Him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—Cho.



3 How happy then the saints will be,
Who now are sorrowing here!
Joy will be theirs eternally,
Without a sigh or tear.

4 Then let us bear the heavy cross,
Till from the cross we're free;
Then when He comes, we'll wear the
The crown for you and me. [crown

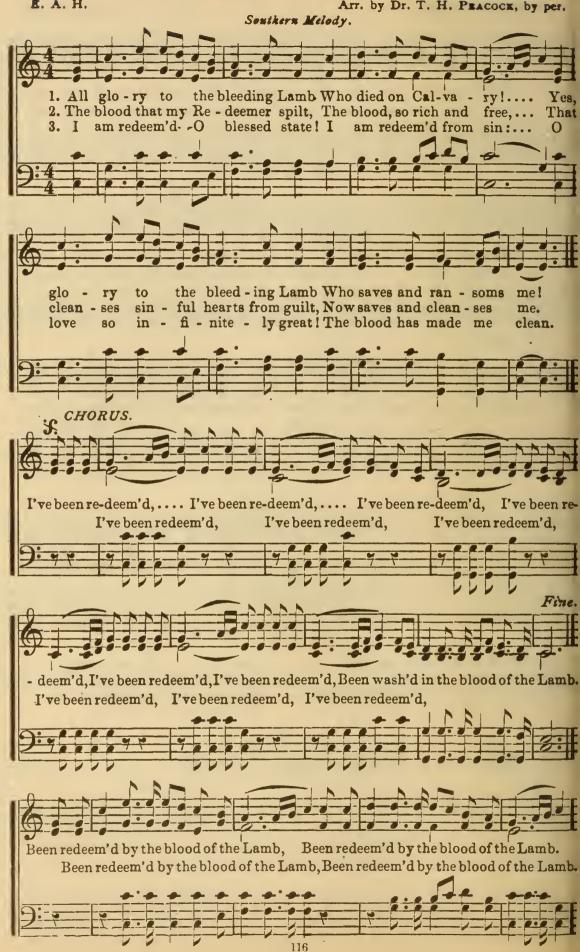


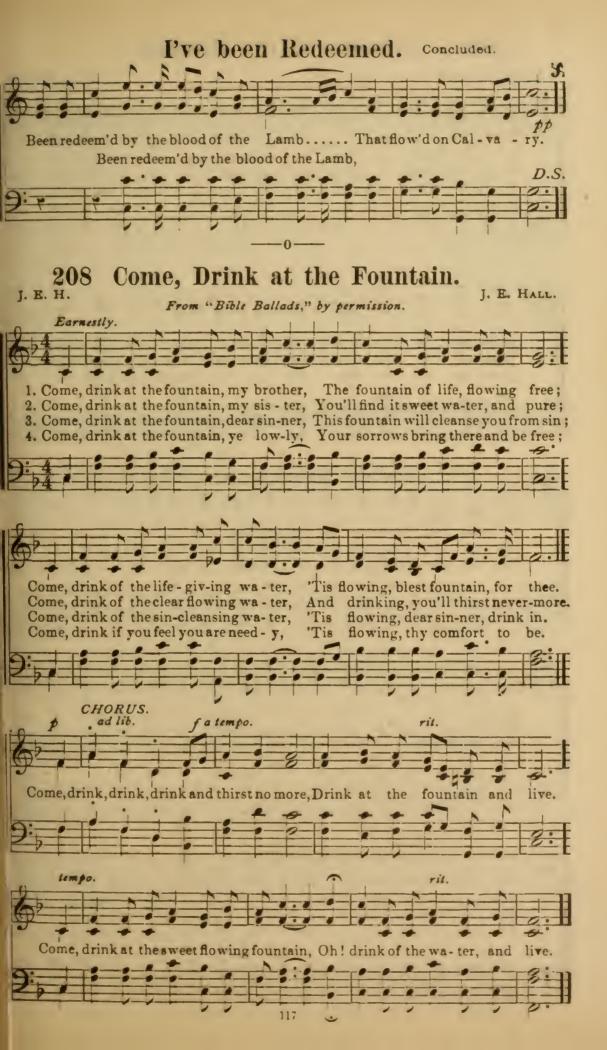
The day of bright glo-ry is roll-ing a - round, When Je-sus de - D.C. To gaze on the Saviour with unclouded eyes.

D.C.

E. A. H.

Arr. by Dr. T. H. PRACOCK, by per.

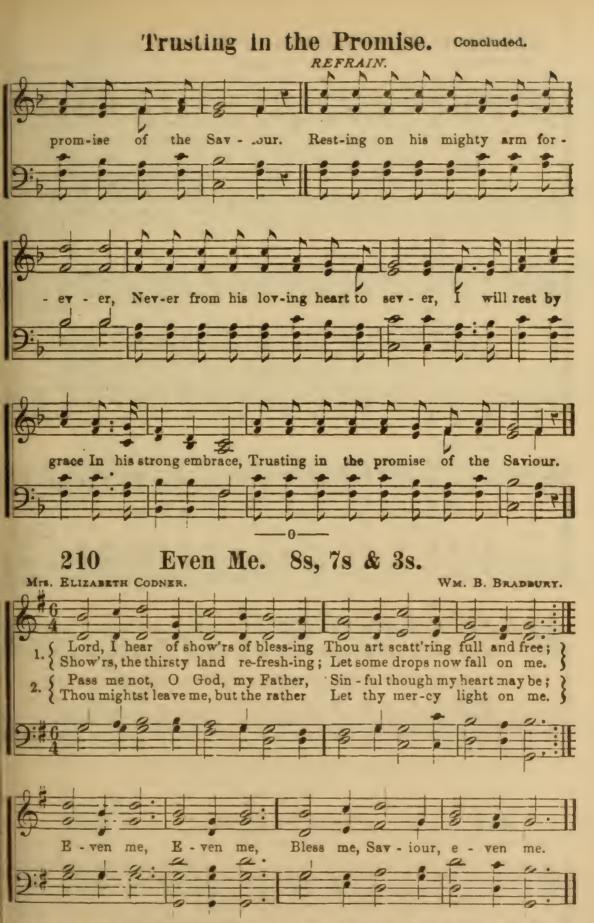




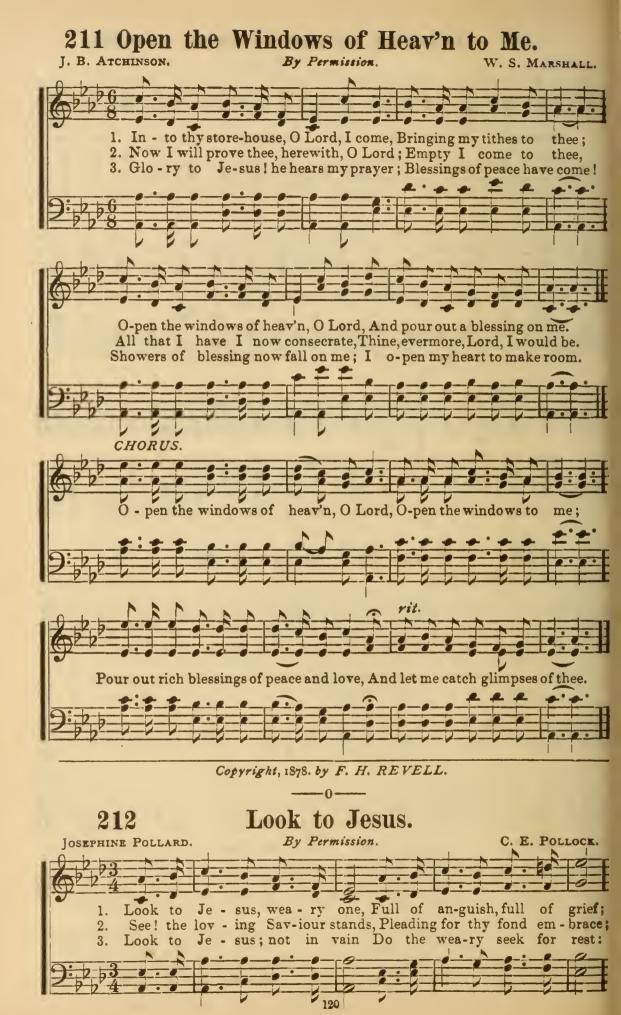
Trusting in the Promise.

H. B. HARTZLER. E. S. LORENE. From "Songs of Grace," by per. havefound re - pose for soul, Trusting in my wea - ry the Ι will sing my song the days go Trusting as the by, 3. O, the peace and joy the life live, Trusting in the prom-ise of Sav - iour; And a the har - bor safe when the prom-ise Sav - iour; And re - joice in hope, while of the prom-ise of the Sav - iour; O, the strength and grace on - ly bil-lows roll, Trust-ing in live or die, Trust-ing in God can give, Trust-ing in the promise of Sav - iour. I the Sav - iour. I the promise of the the promise of the Sav - iour. Who-so fear no foe in the dead-ly strife, Trusting in smile at grief, and a - bide in pain, Trusting in - ev - er will may be sav'd to - day, Trusting in the promise of the the promise of the promise the Sav-iour; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in Sav-iour; And the loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trusting in the Trusting in · Sav-iour; And be - gin to walk in the way, ho - ly the

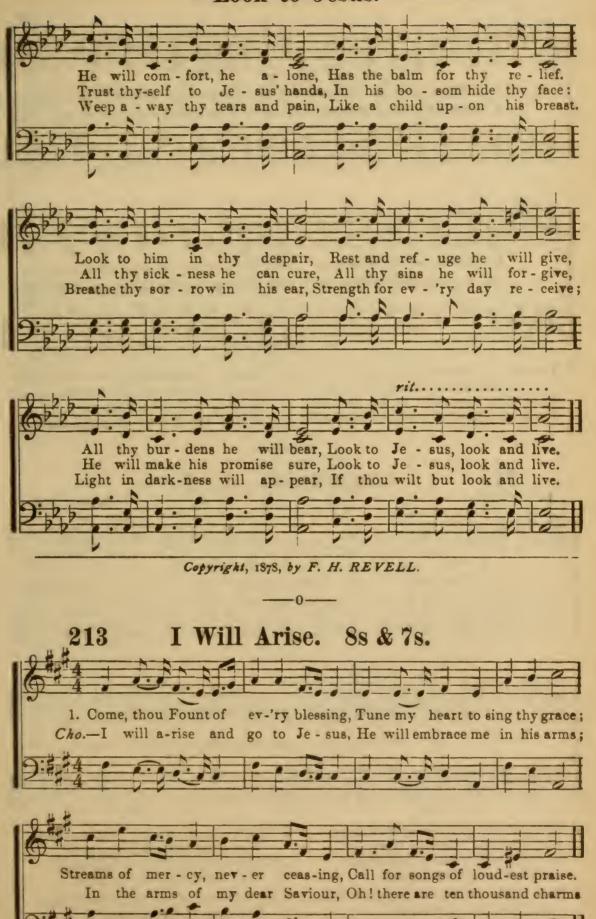
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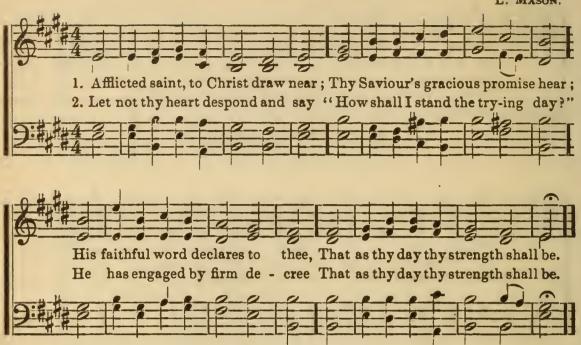


3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to thee; I am longing for thy favor; Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me. 4 Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free, Grace of God, so strong and bound-Magnify them all in me. [less.



Look to Jesus. Concluded.



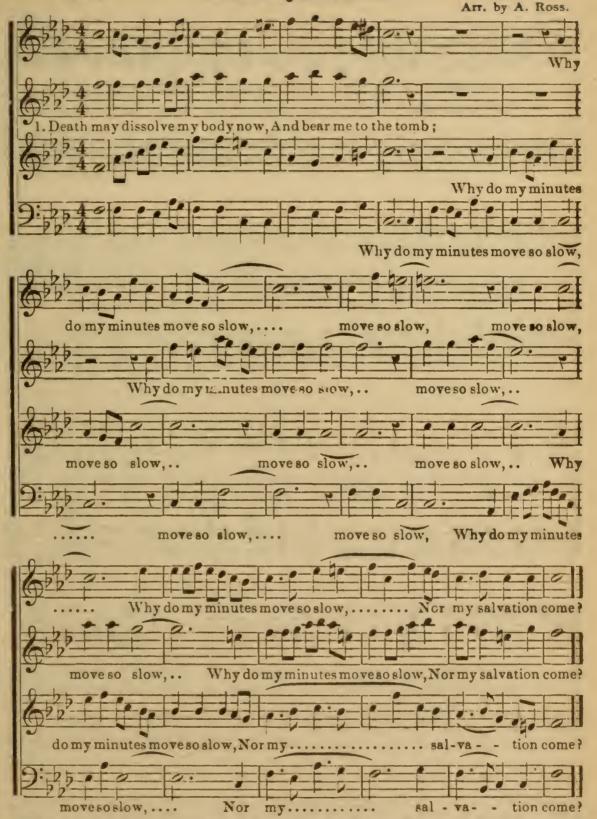


- Though thou be weak, and foes be strong, 4 Though persecution, flood and flame The conflict fierce, the contest long, Thou shalt o'ercome, the foe shall flee, For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- Arise, and thou shouldst suffer shame, In every trial thou shalt see That as thy day thy strength shall be.

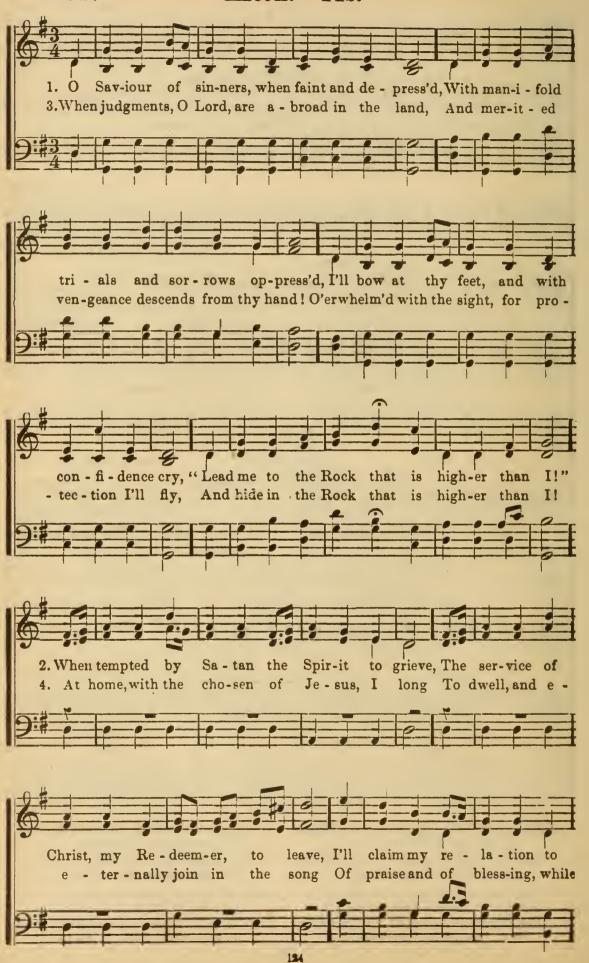


- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away,-'Tis all that I can do

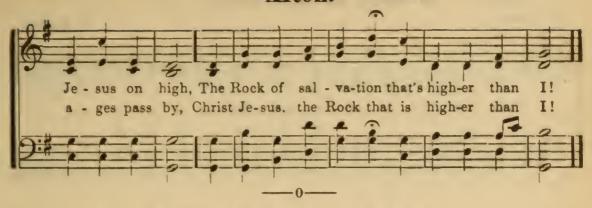




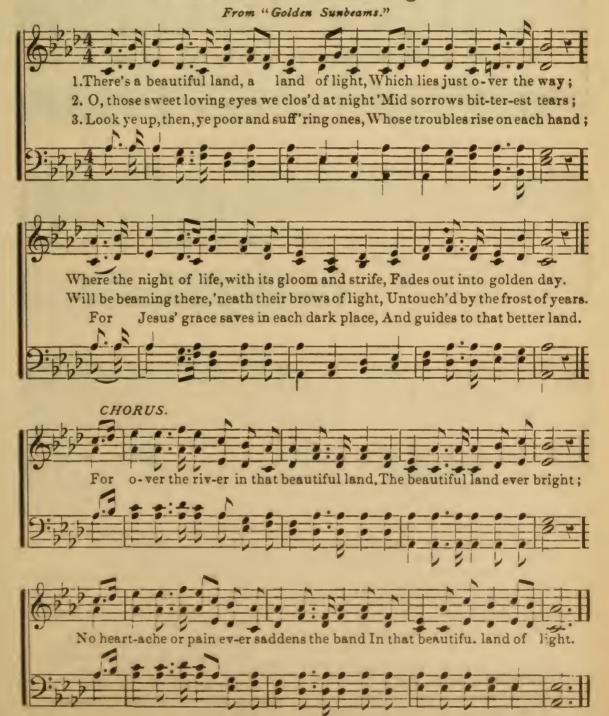
- With heav'nly weapons I have fought The battles of the Lord; Finish'd my course, and kept the faith, And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
 A crown which cannot fade;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day
 Shall place it on my head!
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone;
 But all that love and long to see
 Th'appearance of his Son!
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain:
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise.—Amen

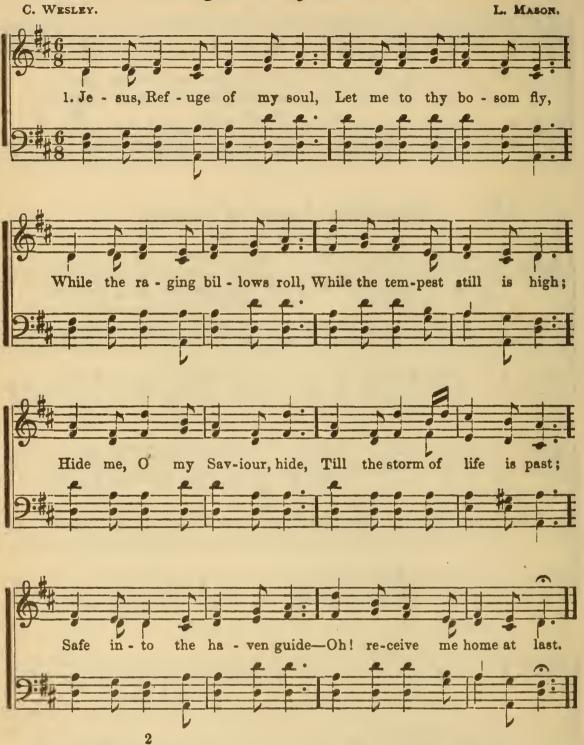






218 Beautiful Land of Light.





Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name—
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art—
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

My Mission Field. W. O. CUSHING. B. S LORENZ. From "Heavenly 'Carols," by permission. 1. I would toil in the field where he calleth me to go, Tho' hum-ble my I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know, 'Tis the work may be; I wowid ask no mors: I on - ly care to know,' Tis the CHORUS. Fine. 'Tis the way.... my way my Lord lead - eth me. Lord 'Tis the way my way my Lord lead - eth me. D.S. my Lord lead eth me, 'Tis the way..... eth me; 'Tis the way my Lord lead-eth me; Lord lead-eth me,

I would walk in the path where it leadeth unto day,
Though lonely the path might be:

Though lonely the path might be;
I would take my staff and follow all the way,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.—Cho. 'Tis the way, &c.

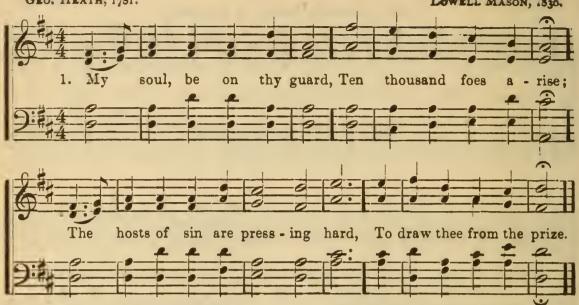
I would toil in the field where he calleth me to go,
Though barren the soil might be;
Though the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know,

'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.—Cho. 'Tis the way, &c.

Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH, 1781.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



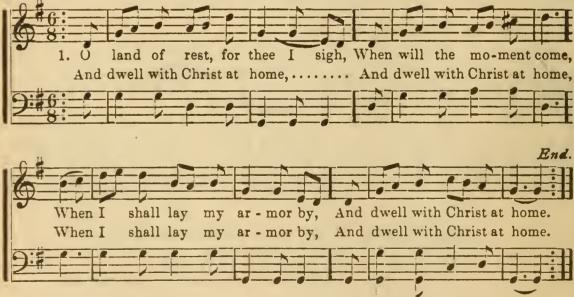
2 O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down: The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.

1 In every trying hour My soul to Jesus flies; I trust in his Almighty power When swelling billows rise.

- 2 His comforts bear me up; I trust a faithful God; The sure foundation of my hope Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing To our Redeemer's name; In joy or sorrow, life or death, His love is still the same.

Land of Rest. C. M.



2 No tranquil joys on earth I know; No peaceful, sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woe; This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam;

And fly for succor to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave the unhallow'd ground,

And dwell with Christ at lome.

He Will Gather the Wheat.

JNO. R. SWENEY. HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. From " The Garner," by per. When Je-sus shall gath-er the na - tions Be-fore him at last to ap-pear, Then, oh! how shall we stand in the judgment, When summon'd our sentence to hear? CHORUS. He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a - way; Then, oh! how shall we stand in the judgment Of the great Res-ur-rec-tion Day? Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, Then let us be watching and waiting, -The words, "Faithful servant, well done;" Our lamps burning steady and bright,-When the Bridegroom shall come to the Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, marriage, Be banished away from his throne. We'll enter with Him with delight. Cho.-He will gather, &c. Cho.—He will gather, &c.

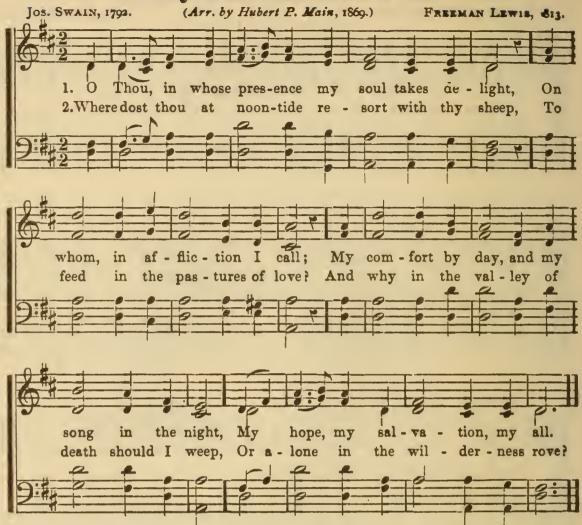
He will smile when he looks on his children, Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus, In patience we wait for the time, He will clothe them in heavenly beauty, When, the days of our pilgrimage ended, We'll bask in his presence divine. Cho.—He will gather, &c.

And sees on the ransomed his seal;

As low at his feet they shall kneel.

Cho.—He will gather, &c.





3 O, why should I wander, an alien from 4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels thee.

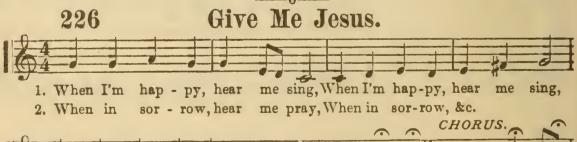
Or cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrow's they see,

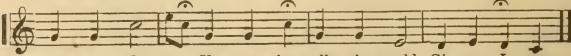
And smile at the tears I have shed.

And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his
voice,

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.



When I'm hap - py, hear me sing, Give me Je - sus. Give me Je - sus,

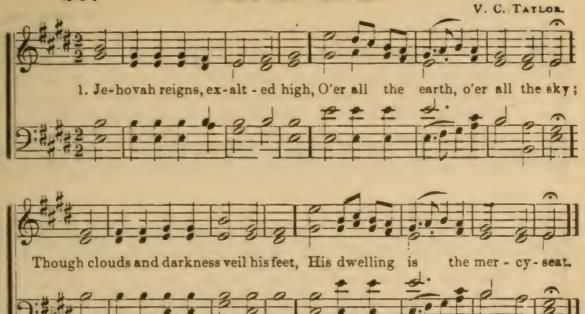


Give me Je - sus: You may have all the world: Give me Je - sus.

- 3 When I'm dying, hear me cry,
- 4 When I'm in the Judgment day,
- 5 When I stand before the throne,
- 6 When among the ransomed throng,



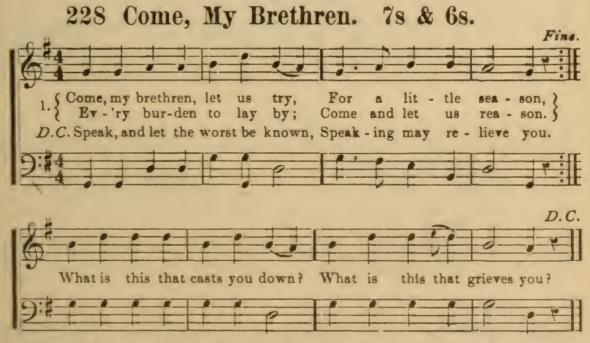
Warren. L. M.



- 2 O ye that love his holy name, Hate every work of sin and shame; He guards the souls of all his friends, And from the snares of sin defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown, Are for the saints in darkness sown;

Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise, And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record The sacred honors of the Lord; None but the soul that feels his grace, Can triumph in his holiness.



- 2 Think on what your Saviour bore, In the gloomy garden; Sweating blood at every pore, To procure thy pardon. See him nailed upon the tree, Bleeding, groaning, dying! See, he suffered this for thee! Therefore be believing.
- 3 Joseph took the Saviour down, Shrouded him in linen: Laid him in the silent tomb! And returned in mourning. Jesus rises from the tomb! Angels come from glory! See! that glory shines around! Hallelujah, glory!



From "The Welcome," by per. of Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons.



When the clouds have left the hill-tops, And the beauty of the day Gleams through shining, golden portals,

Melting all the mists away; Then this earth will be all joy-land,

Blessed day of jubilee!

Oh, for thee our hearts are yearning, Sunshine of Eternity.

When the darkness rolls from ocean, And the light beams brightly o'er Every wave and foaming billow

Dashing 'gainst this mortal shore;
Then the heart will sing with rapture,
And the voice break forth in praise
To the God that rules the tempest.

To the God that rules the tempest: "Just and true are all thy ways."

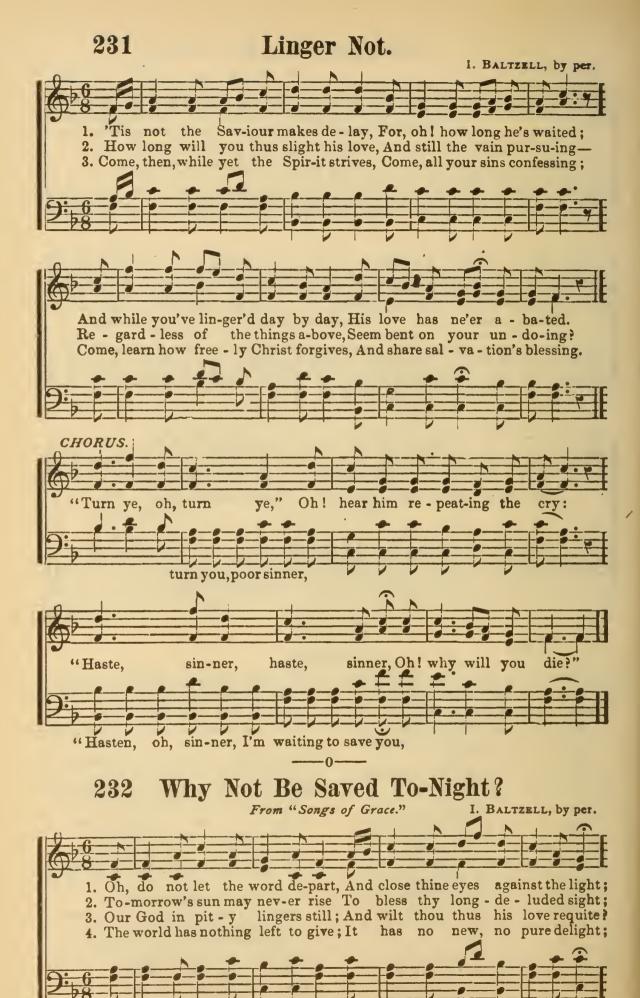
When the pain and wasting fever, And the thousand ills of life All are healed by one Physician, And forever hushed the strife: Then sweet peace and holy comfort
Will possess the inmost soul,
For the weary, homesick pilgrim
Will have reach'd the long'd-for goal

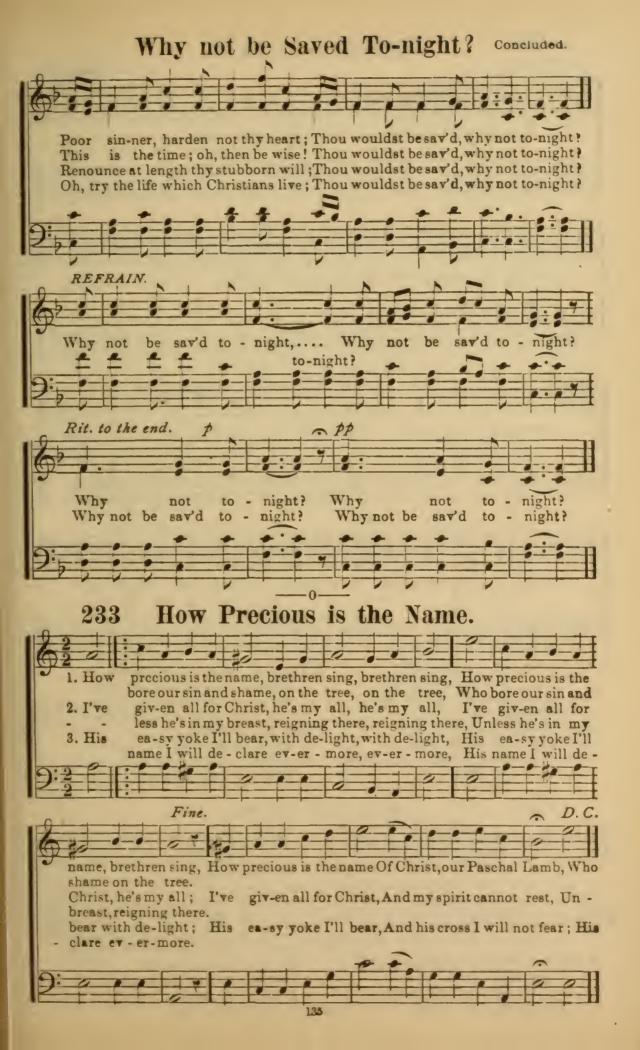
When the graves of earth are opened,
And the fair, lov'd forms arise,
Springing up from dusty chambers,
Soaring upward to the skies;
Then sweet waves of thrilling music
Will entrance the listening car,
"Like the sound of many waters,"
Murmuring gently, soft and clear.

When the city, grand, eternal,
Comes to earth 'mid clouds of light,
And the King bids saints to enter
Mansions filled with holy light;
Then the life-work of all ages
Will receive a just reward—
Home with Jesus, sweet rest given,
In the kingdom of our Lord.

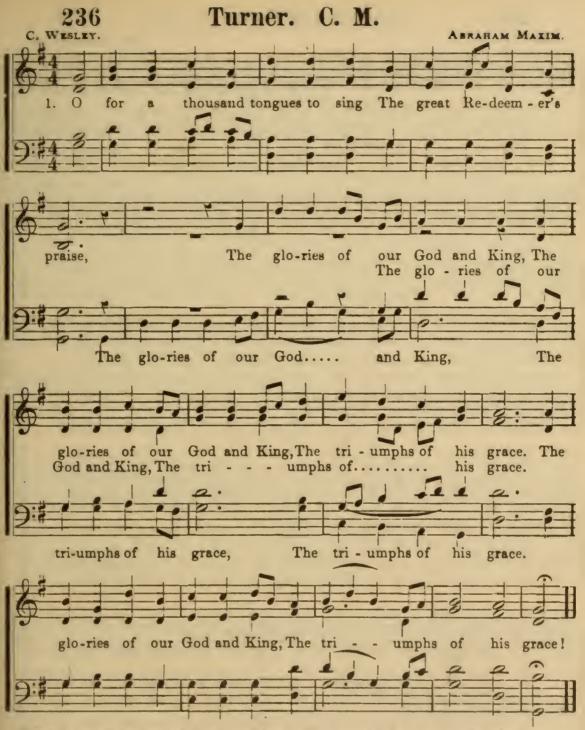
ADVENT REVIEW.

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2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,

'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 And sets the prisoners free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice, New life the dead receive; The broken, contrite hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

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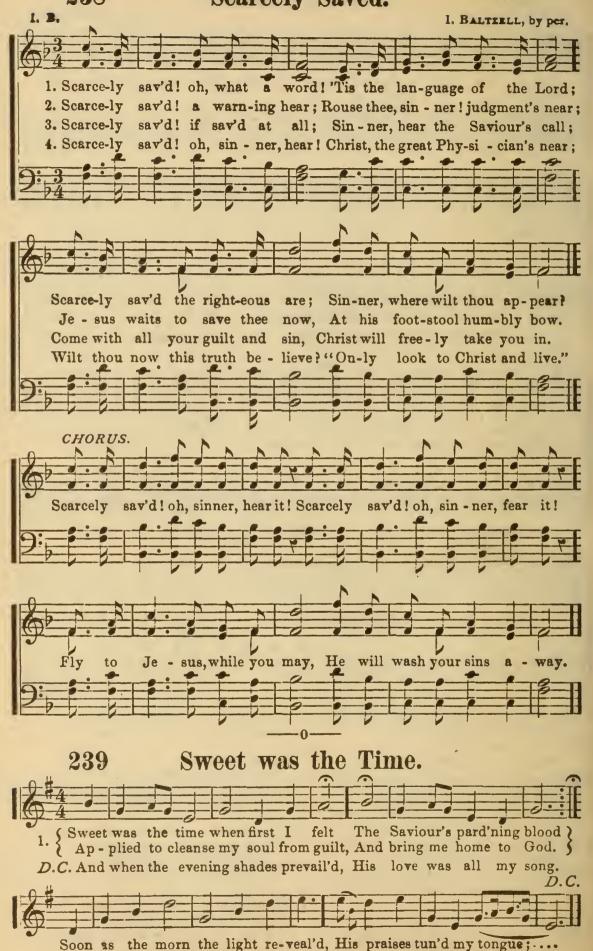
1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!

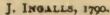
2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

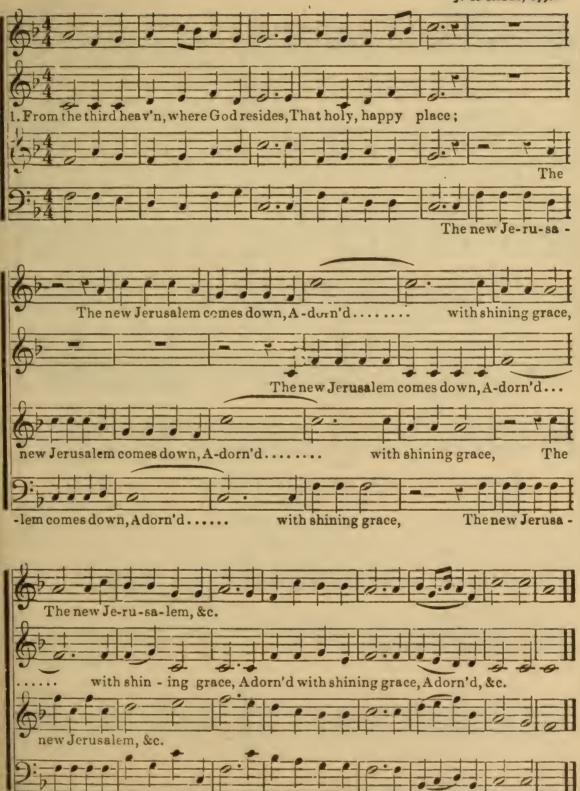
3 The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, If Jesus shows his mercy mine, And whispers I am his.

At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.







2 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing,—

-lem comes down, Adorn'd, &c.

- "Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending King.
- I "The God of glory down to men Removes his blest abode; Men are the objects of his grace,

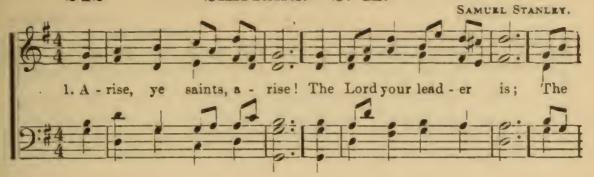
And he their gracious God.

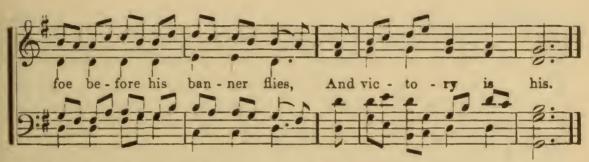
- 4 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye; [fears, And pains, and groans, and griefs, and And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.





Shirland. S. M.

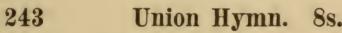


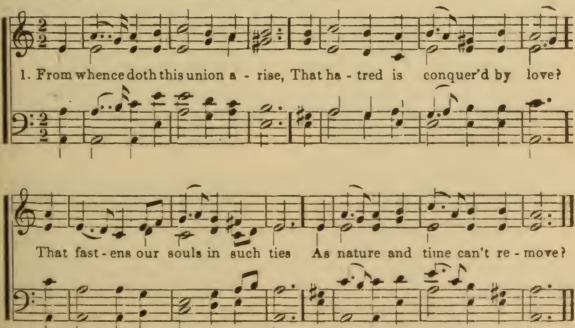


We follow him, our Guide, Our Captain, and our King; We follow him, through grace supplied 4 This hope supports us here; From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease; When we can cast our cares away, And dwell in endless peace.

It makes our burden light; 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer Till faith shall end in sight.



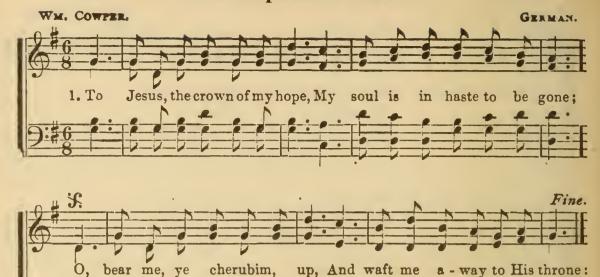


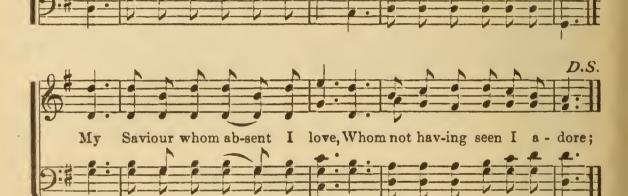
2 It cannot in Eden be found, Nor yet in a paradise lost; It grows on Immanuel's ground, And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

I The saints are so dear unto me-Our hearts all united in love;

When Jesus shall come we shall see Those bright shining mansions above.

4 Then with Him forever we'll reign, And all his great glory behold; We'll never be parted again, But live through the ages untold. D.S. Whosename is





ex - al - ted a - bove, With glo - ry, do-min-ion and pow'r.

O, come! break these bonds that detain 2 His name yields the richest perfume, My soul from its portion in thee; Come, break off this wearisome chain, And make me eternally free. When that happy era begins, Arrayed in thy glories I'll shine, Nor grieve any more by my sins The bosom on which I recline.

3 O, then shall the veil be removed, And round me thy brightness be pour'd; 3 Content with beholding his face, I'll meet thee whom, absent, I loved, Whom having not seen, I adored. O, then nevermore shall the fears, The trials, temptations and woes, Now dark'ning this valley of tears, Intrude on that blissful repose.

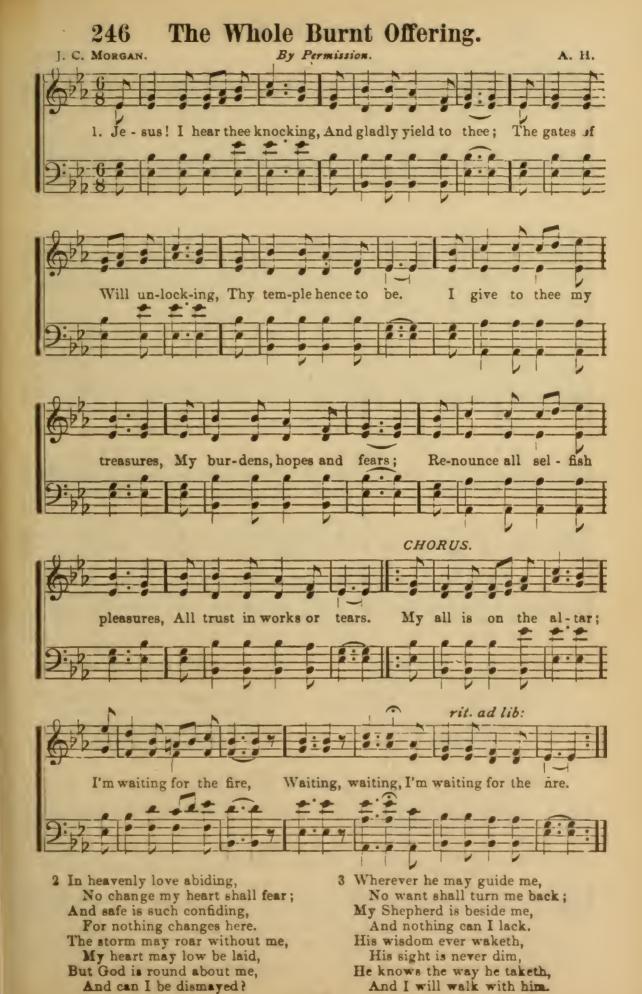
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,

Have lost all their sweetness to me; The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay: But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

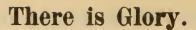
And sweeter than music his voice; His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice; I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.

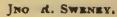
My all to his pleasure resigned; No changes of season or place Would make any change in my mind; While blest with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would appear; And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

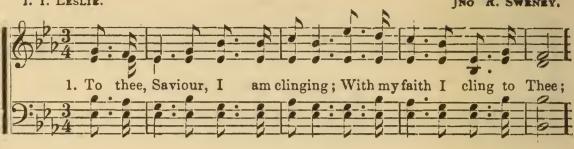
4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song, Say, why do I languish and pine? And why is the winter so long? O, drive these dark clouds from the sky Thy soul-cheering presence restore; Come, Saviour, to me from on high; Let winter and clouds be no more.



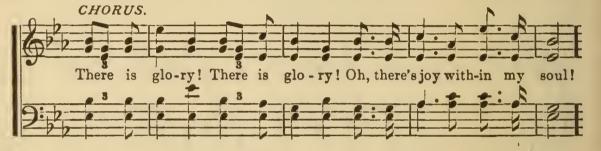










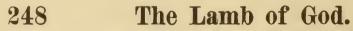




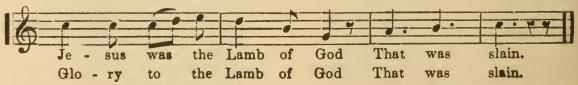
2 All unworthy of the calling, Without merit, without plea; But Thy grace, upon me falling, Draws my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Now I'm trusting—now believing That however weak I be,

- Of Thy strength and grace receiving, I shall gain the victory.
- 4 Yes, dear Saviour, I am clinging, Clinging closely to Thy side; All my joy from Thee is springing, And with Thee I will abide.



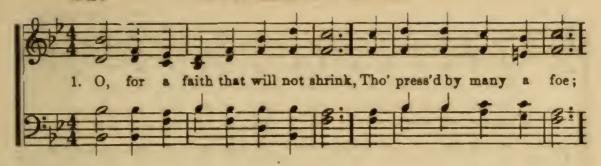


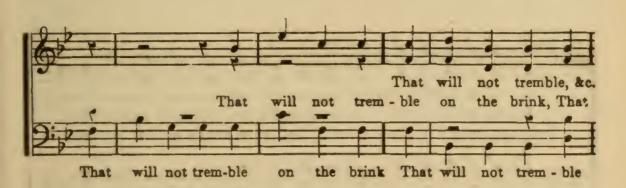


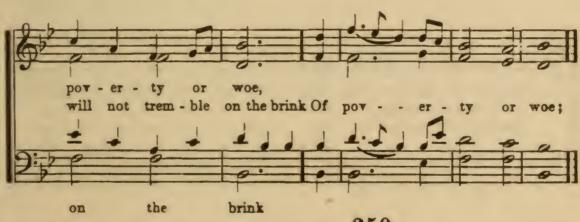
I believe in that dea Lar The \was slair.

4 He will take my sins away, That dear Lamb









That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chastening rod; But in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean upon its God;

3

A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;

4

A faith that keeps the narrow way, By truth restrained and led, And with a pure and heavenly ray Lights up a dying bed.

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

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O, glorious day of endless rest!
We hail each sign of thee,
With longing hearts and waiting eyes,
We pray, expecting thee.

2

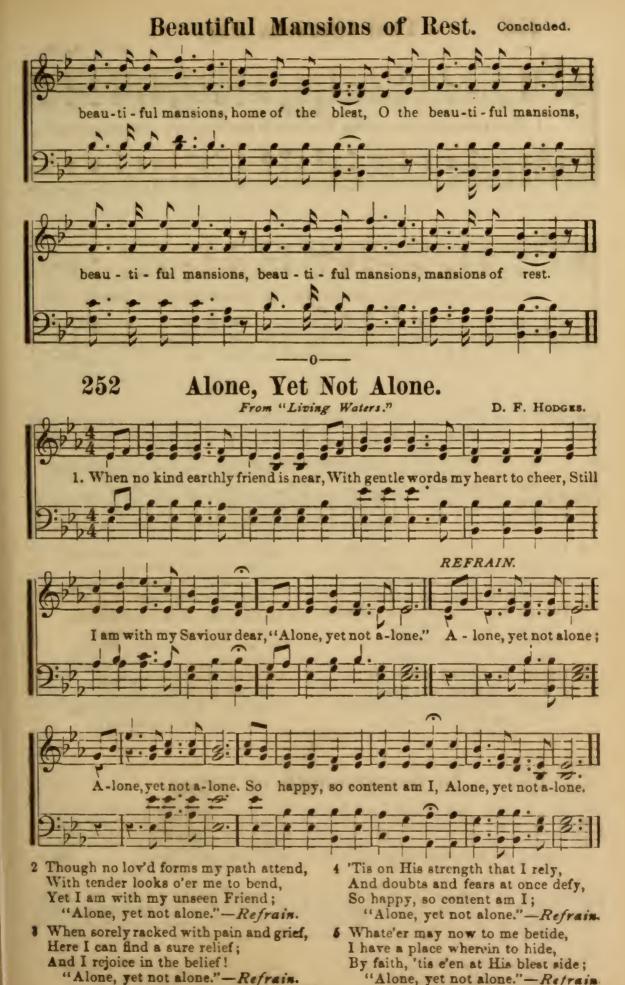
Thy piercing rays of glory, bright Beyond the mid-day sun, Will soon to every eye reveal The mighty, coming One.

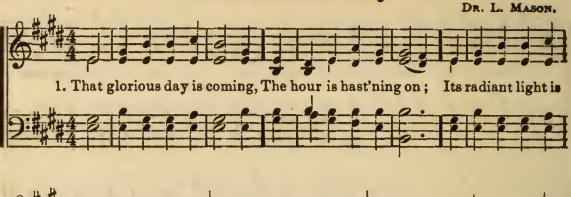
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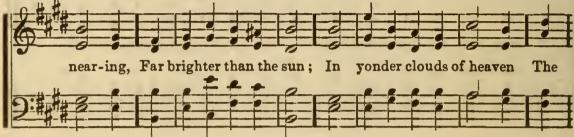
With cheerful hope and earnest prayer, Confiding in His word. We look to see thy morning awn, Which brings our absent Lord.

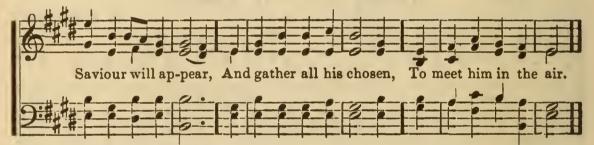
O, blissful day of promised rest!
We yet shall share thy peace;
And every sorrow, pain and care
Shall in thy radiance cease.

Beautiful Mansions of Rest. 251 "CARL CLEVELAND." 1. Beau-ti-ful mansions of Home of the spot-less and rest. fair! 2. Beau-ti - ful mansions of Joy of the cit - v rest. gold. 3. Beau-ti-ful mansions of Ev - er I'm sigh-ing for rest. thee-O, to be far from this wild un-rest, And dwell with my Saviour there! Endless a-bode of the vic-tor blest, Ere long may those gates un-fold! Longing to reign with the white-rob'd blest, From sorrow and sin set free: Glad-ly I haste on my Care-worn, with way, sor-row op - prest, Pil-grim and stranger I roam On the Master's be - hest. When welcome be - hest, Saviour, oh, hasten the day at thy the beau - ti - ful mansions, the beau - ti - ful mansions, the To the beau - ti - ful mansions, the beau - ti - ful mansions, the the mansions, shall meet in We shall meet in the mansions, the REFRAIN. beau-ti-ful mansions of rest. Beautiful mansions, beautiful mansions,









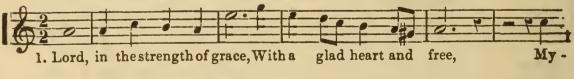
2 Then fire, from heav'n descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er;
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more—
Though tears with prayers are blended,
In vain, in vain they cry:
The day of grace is ended,
The sinner now must die.

The saints, then all victorious, Will go to meet their Lord; An earth both bright and glorious, Will then be their reward; And God himself there reigning, Will wipe all tears away; Nor clouds nor night remaining, But one eternal day.

4 O, Christian; keep from sleeping,
And let your love abound;
Be watchful, prayerful, faithful,
The trumpet soon will sound!
O, sinner, hear the warning!
To Jesus quickly fly!
Then you, in that blest morning,

May meet Him in the sky.

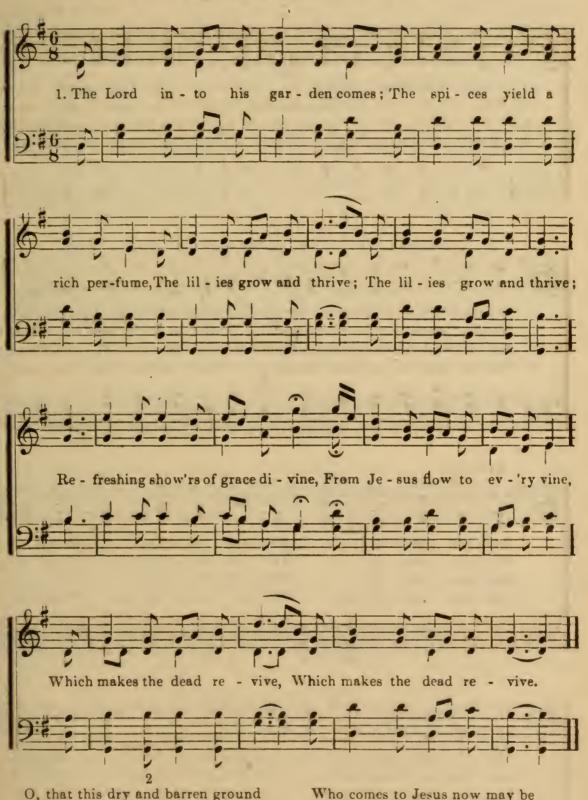
254 In the Strength of Grace.





2 Thy ransomed servant, I Restore to thee thine own; And from this moment live or die 1: To serve my God alone.:

255 The Garden Hymn. C. P. M.



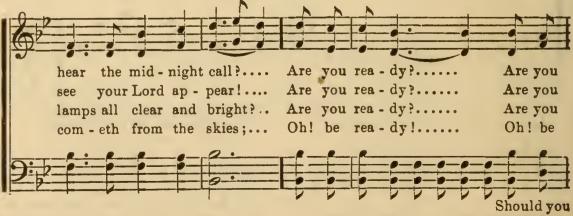
O, that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound,

||: A fruitful soil become!:||
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
||: And brings his people home.:||

That glorious time is hast'ning on,
The mighty work will be begun,
1: When all the saints shall live.:

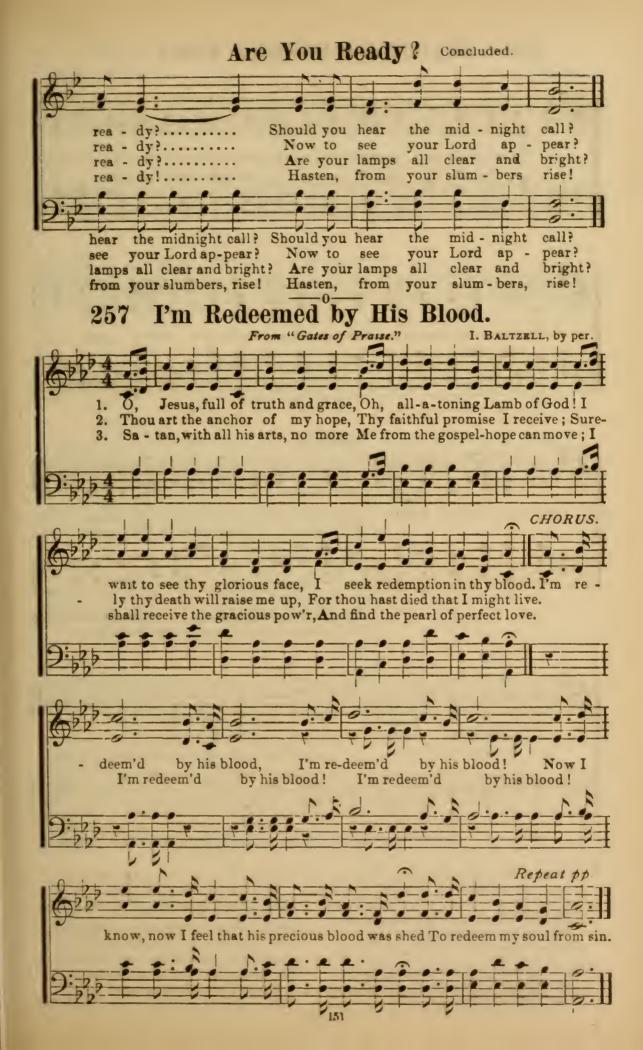
Who comes to Jesus now may be From death and sorrow ever free, #: For he them life will give.:

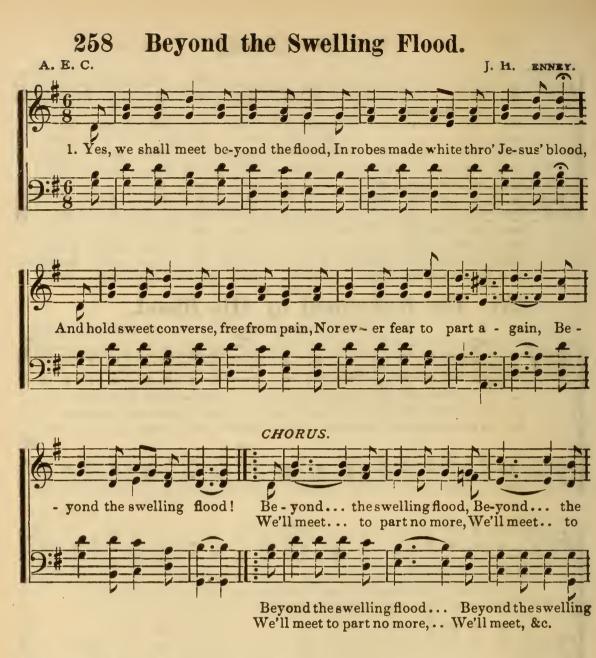
Amen, amen, my soul replies,
We soon shall meet in paradise,
||: And claim our mansions there;:||
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
||: And all its glories share.:||

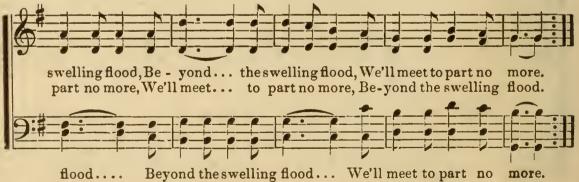


By Permission of JOHN J. HOOD.

Now to Are your Hasten.







2 I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this thought of home, And God's own word doth plainly say "Thy God shall wipe all tears away Beyond the swelling flood!" Cho.—Beyond the swelling flood, &c.

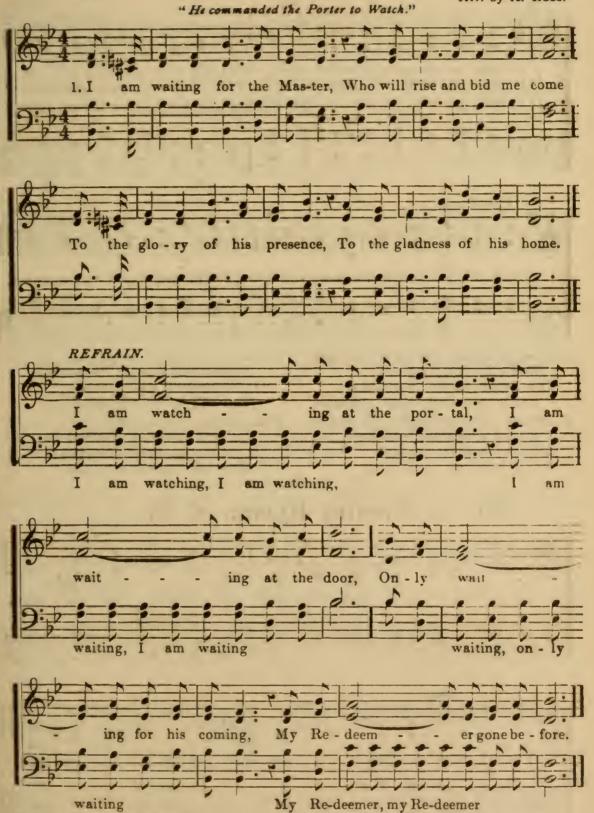
That meeting, O, how sweetly dear!
What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear!
What thrills of rapture wake the soul.

As back those pearly gates shall roll,
Beyond the swelling flood.
Cho.—We'll meet to part no more, &c.

4 Dear Saviour! guide my willing feet, That I may have that joy complete; And live to praise thro' endless day The love that dries all tears away, Beyond the swelling flood.

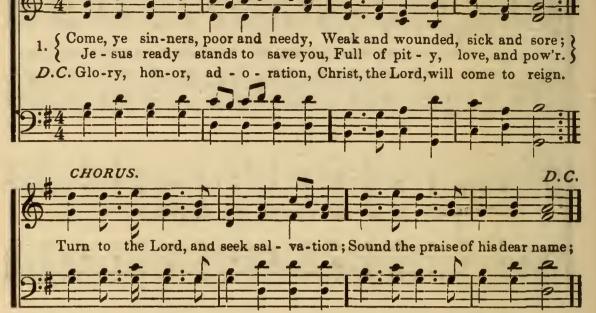
Cho.—We'll meet to part no more, &c.

Arr. by A. Ross.



- 2 Many a weary path I've travelled In the darkness, storm and strife, Bearing many a heavy burden, Often struggling for my life.
- Many friends, who travelled with me, Reached the valley long ago; One by one they left me battling With the dark and crafty foe.
- 4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter, And their journey sooner done; O, how lovingly they'll greet me, When the battle shall be won.
- 6 I shall soon be there and with Him, I shall join the glorious throng, There to mingle in his worship, And help swell the mighty song.

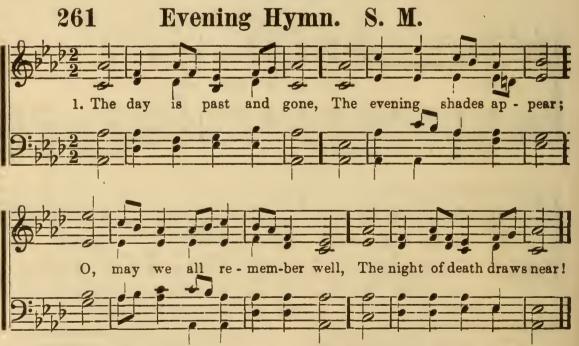




- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance— Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him.
- . 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall, If you tarry till your better, You will never come at all.

Fine.

5 Agonizing in the garden, Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies; On the bloody tree behold him; Hear him cry before he dies.



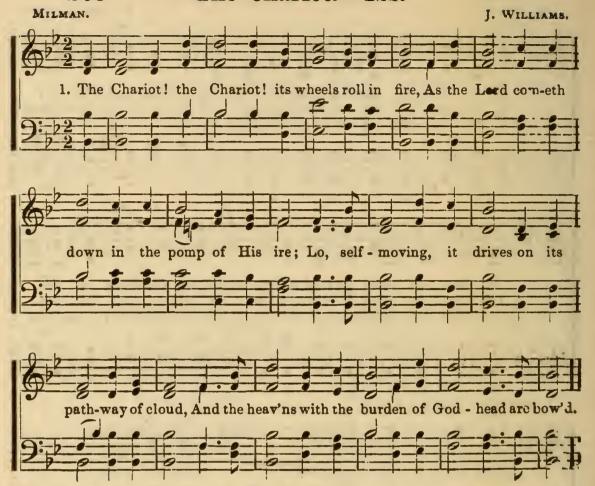
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure and free from fear; May angels guard us till the light Of morning shall appear.
- 3 And then when we arise And view the unwearied sun,

May we press on to win the prize-For heavenly glory run.

4 And when life's day is past, And time shall be no more, O, may we in thy presence rest,

Where night will come no more.

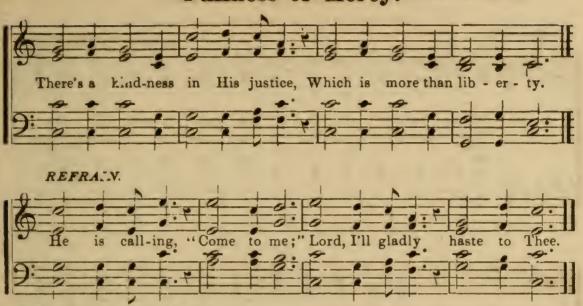




- 2 The glory! the glory! around Him are poured Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord; And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard; Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred! From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north, All the vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met; There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord, And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.
- 5 In mercy, in mercy, look down from above, Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love! When the wicked away from thy glory are driven, May we find in thy presence a home and a heaven.



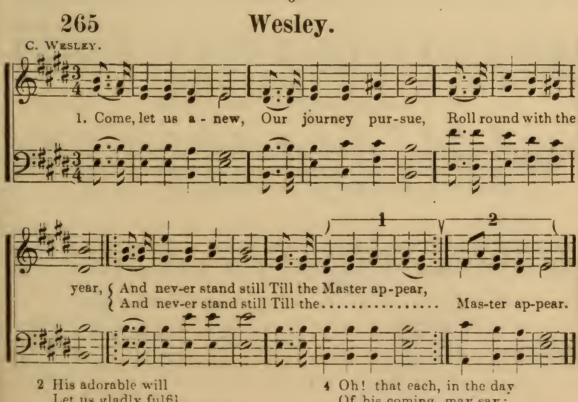
Fullness of Mercy. Concluded.



2 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind; And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.—Refr.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus; Come, but come not doubting thus. Come with faith that trusts more freely His great tenderness for us.—Refr.

4 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.-Refr.



2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
[: By the patience of hope
And the labor of love.:

3 Our life as a dream,
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
1: And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.:

4 Oh! that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say:
I have fought my way through,
I: I have finished the work

Thou didst give me to do.:

 6 Oh! that each from the Lord May receive the glad word: Well and faithfully done!
 1: Enter into my joy

And sit down on my throne!:

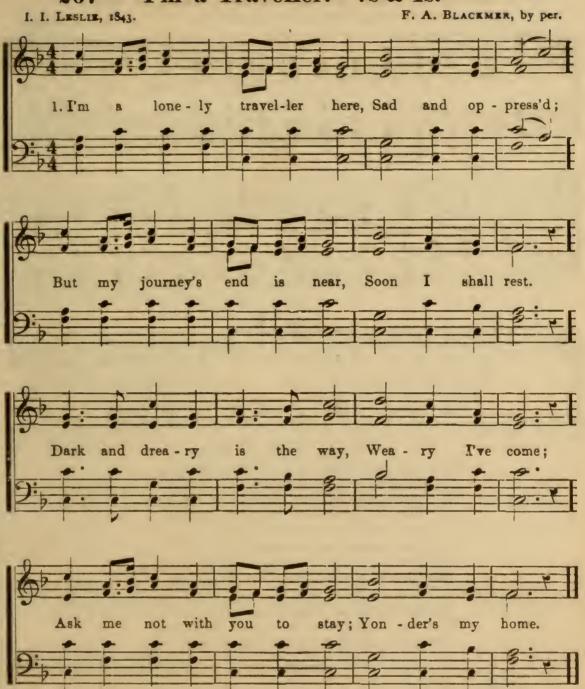




the gloom, Fear not, tremb-ling one,"It

3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die;
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear
By the life-giving word, "It is I."—Cho.

When the Judgment is nearing, and dark is the day;
When clouds have o'er-shaded the sky;
In the darkness and gloom, unto thee He will say,
"Fear not now, look and see, "It is I."—Cho.



I'm a weary traveller here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near;
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live;
I cannot stay.

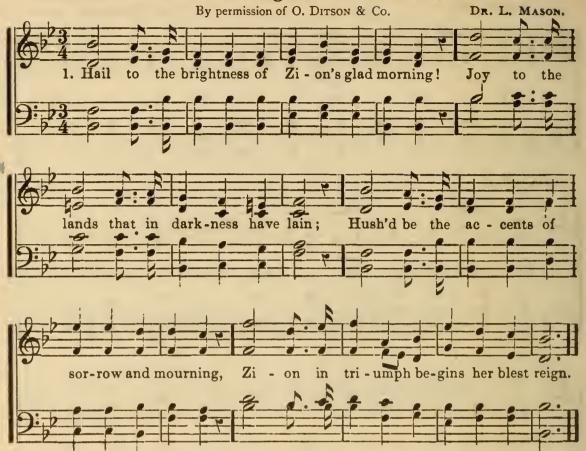
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band;
All, all are there.—
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, loss and pain,
If Christ be mine.

5 I'm a traveller—call me not—

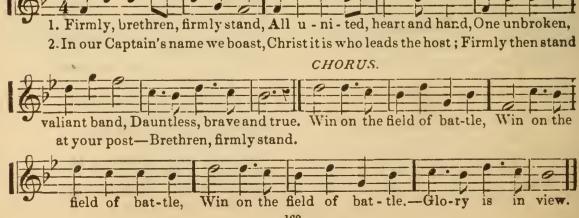
Onward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
I'arewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call,
Yonder's my home.

268 Hail to the Brightness. 11s & 10s.



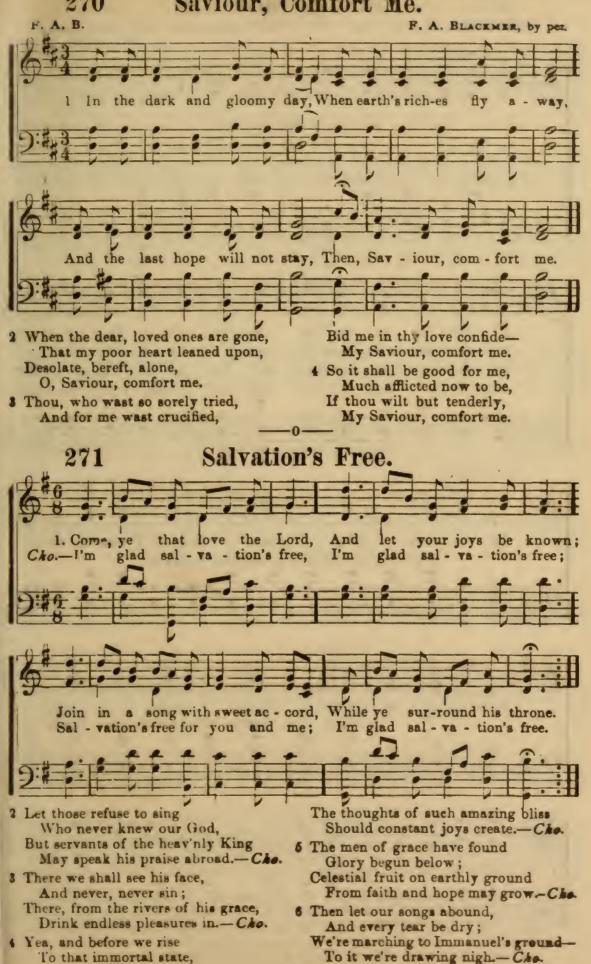
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 Hear, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean, Praise to Jehovah ascending on high; Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion; Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Win on the Field of Battle.

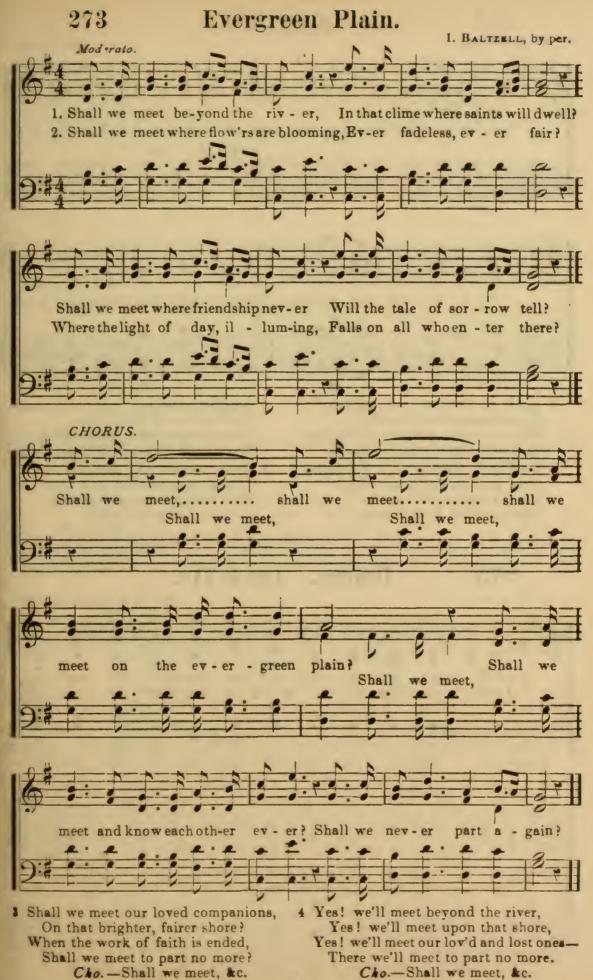




Saviour, Comfort Me.

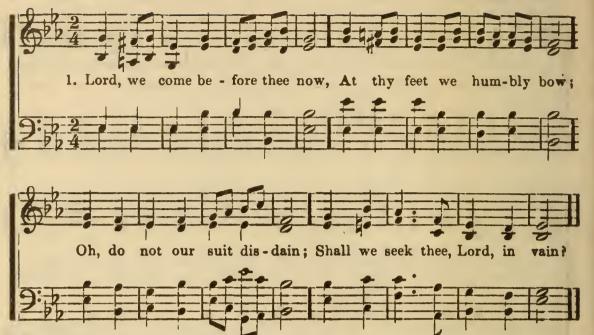




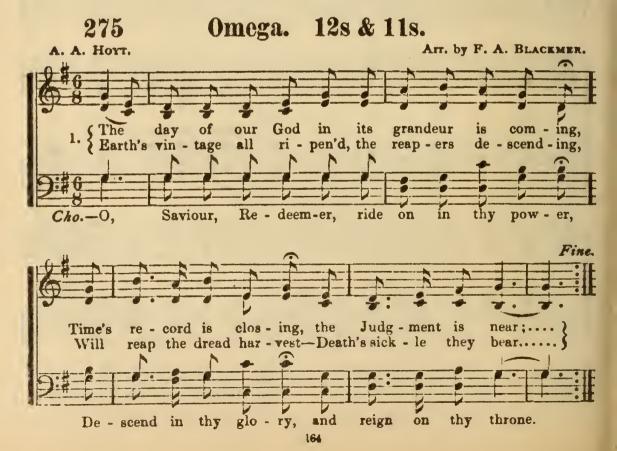


W. HAMMOND.

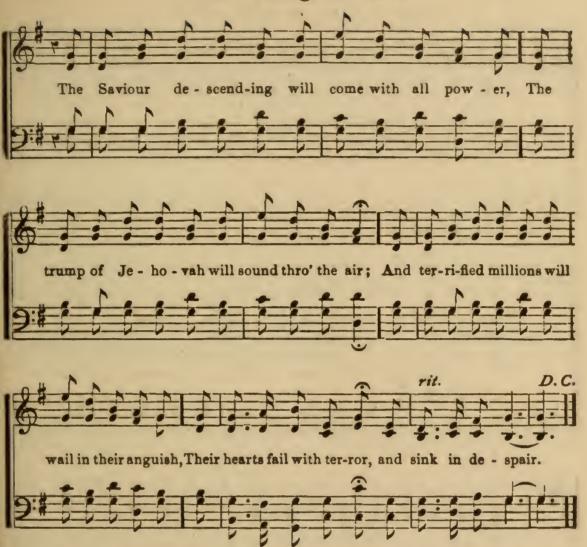
GEO. HEWS.



- In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast down, lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope,
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gracious God, and kind: Heal the sick, the captive free; Let us all rejoice in thee.



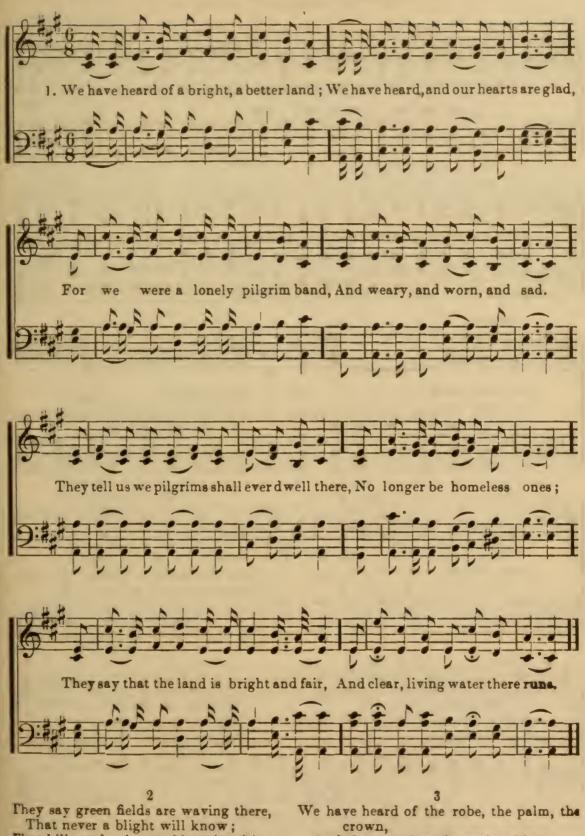
Omega. Concluded.



- 2 Then will the great Judge on his throne be exalted,
 While heaven and earth see his banner unfurled;
 The saints stand rejoicing, their vict'ry completed—
 Their mighty Deliv'rer is King of the world.
 Oh, glorious day of the saints' resurrection!
 From land and from ocean again they will come,
 And greet one another in holy relation,
 And then dwell, forever, in Eden, their home,
- The "wise" see its peril, and look for the end;
 The "wise" see its peril, and look for the end;
 The Bride is in exile, a pilgrim and stranger,
 Expecting the Bridegroom will soon her defend.
 She longs to lay by her sad garments of mourning,
 And put on the robe which her Lover will bring;
 To strike the key-hote of the loud, choral anthem
 At the coronation of Jesus, her King.
- 4 Our Father in heaven, we pray for the Kingdom
 Appointed to Jesus, our Saviour and Lord;
 Where all thy redeemed ones will eat at his table,
 And dwell in his presence, their glorious reward.
 Then come, O thou Blessed! with that shining city,
 Whose walls are of jasper, whose streets are of gold;
 O, come with the mansions, for us, thou didst promise—
 We're watching and longing thy face to behold!

276 Waiting For Thee. "To wait for his Son from Heaven."-1 Thess. i; 10. I. I. LESLIE. I. BALTZELL, by per. Saviour, we are long-ing, waiting, For the com-ing of the day, All our earthly name and treasure We have left to wel-come thee, 3. Lov-ing Saviour, come and save us, Save us from our dreadful foe; Je - sus, come! O, bring thy glo-ry! We are look-ing it to When thou wilt re - turn and bless us, Taking all our pains a - way. do thy will and pleasure, Waiting till thy face we In this des-ert do not leave us-Here we know not where to go. are tell-ing o'er the sto-ry, While we're waiting, Lord, for thee. CHORUS. waiting now for thee, We are wait-ing now for thee, We are we are waiting for thee; We are waiting now for thee, We are

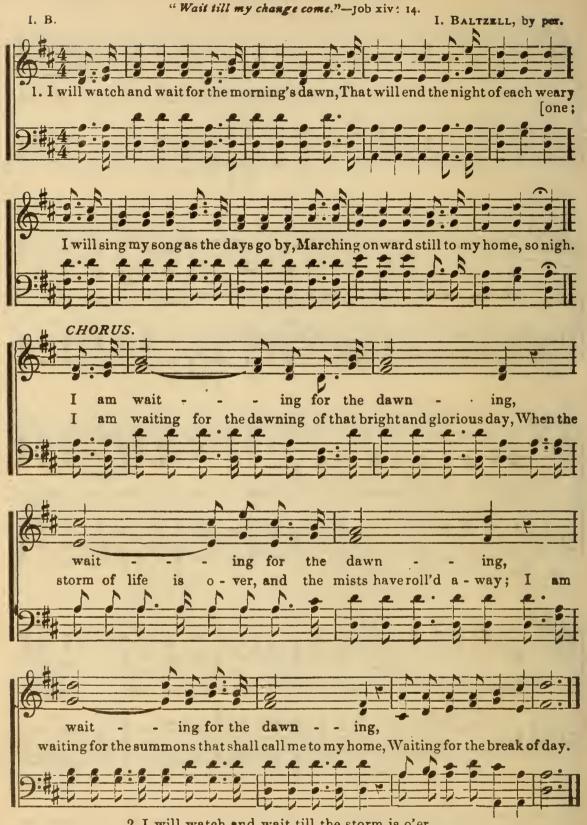
for thee. We are waiting, we are wait-ing for thee.



They say green fields are waving there
That never a blight will know;
That hills and vales are blooming fair,
And flowers, unfading, grow
And lovely birds in bowers green,
Their melodies ever repeat;
While voices mingle in every scene

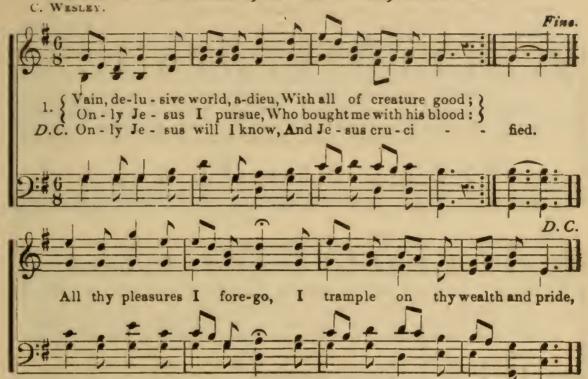
With harpings of seraphim sweet!

And the countless throng in white;
The city of gems of a high renown,
Illumin'd with heavenly light.
The King in his beauty there will be,
His presence the joy of the land;
A little while, and his face we'll see,
And be with that beautiful band.



- 2 I will watch and wait till the storm is o'er, And a light shines out from the golden shore; Then the Lord will say, "Weary wand'rer, come To the land of rest, to thy blissful home."
- 3 I will watch and wait, for 'twill not be long
 Ere I strike glad hands with the blood-washed throng;
 Then I'll shout and sing while the ages roll,
 Hallelujah! Christ hath redeemed my soul!

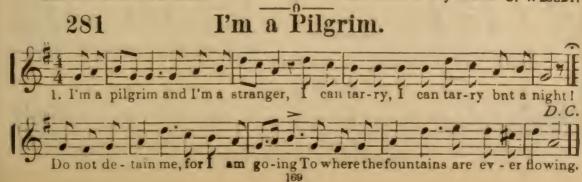
279 Vain World, Adieu. 78, 68 & 8s.



- 2 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his love abide,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!
- 8 O, that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love;
 Fain I would to sinners show,
 His blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

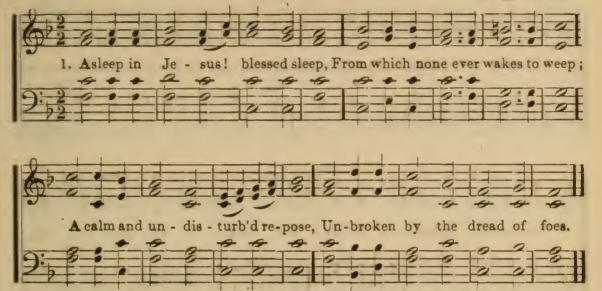
 280
- 1 To the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly!
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For, O! the storm is high;
 Save me from the furious blast;
 A covert from the tempest be;
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of wrath I see.

- Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry and barren place;
 O, descend to me and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace;
 O'er a parched and weary land,
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
 And screen my naked head.
- Thou hast my succor been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin;
 O, how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.
- The work thou hast begun;
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun;
 Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death. C. WESLEY.



282 We'll Await His Coming.



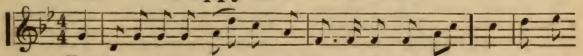


- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest! No fear, no foe shall dim that hour Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space Affects this precious hiding-place; On India's plains or Lapland's snows Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

- 1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive! Let a repenting rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of thy grace;

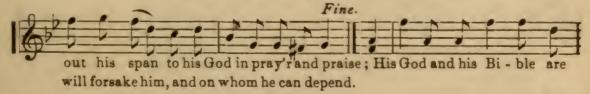
- Great God, thy nature hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here, on my heart, the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess, Against thy law, against thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- Should sudd'n vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death; And if on thy left hand I stand, It will be by thy just command.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

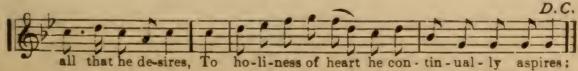
285 Happy Man. 6s & 7s.

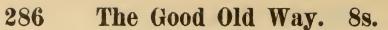


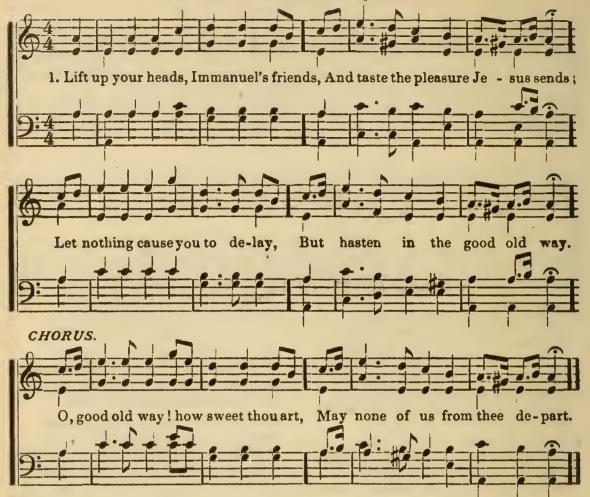
-0-

1. How happy is the man who has cho-sen wisdom's ways, And measur'd D.C. In pov-er-ty he's happy, for he knows he has a Friend Who nev-er









2 Our conflicts here, though great they be, Shall not prevent our victory; If we but watch, and strive, and pray, Like soldiers in the good old way.

Chorus.

O, praise the Lord! we shall gain the day,
By marching in the good old way.

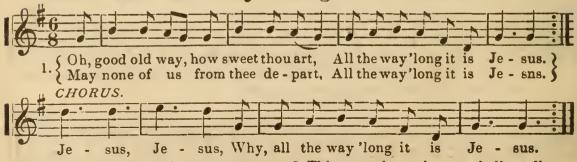
Ye valiant souls, for Christ contend,
Remember glory's at the ond:

- 3 O, good old way! how sweet thou art, May none of us from thee depart, But may our actions always say, We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Though Satan may his arts employ, Our heavenly prospects to destroy,

Yet never fear, we'll gain the day, By marching in the good old way.

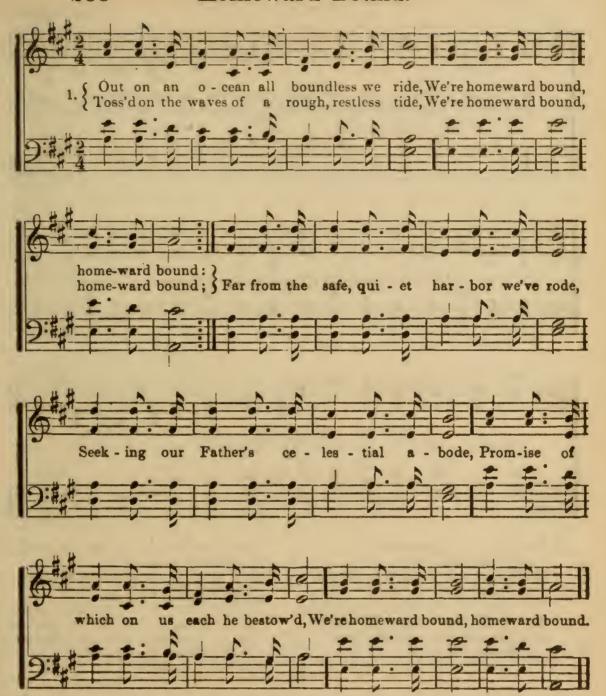
- 6 And when on Pisgah's top we stand, And view by faith the promised land, Then we will sing, and shout, and pray, And march along the good old way.
 - Remember glory's at the end; Our God will wipe all tears away, When we have run the good old way.
- 7 When far beyond this mortal shore, We meet with those we've loved before, We'll shout to think we've gain'd the day, By marching in the good old way.

287 All the Way 'Long it is Jesus.

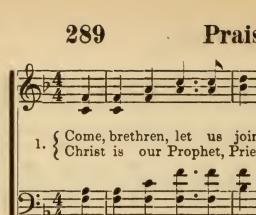


2 But may our actions always say

We're marching in the good old way. [172] That Jesus doeth all things well.



- Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
 Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
 O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of Eden now we glide,
 We're home at last, home at last;
 Softly we drift on its bright, silver tide,
 We're home at last, home at last.
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore.
 Glory to God we shall shout evermore,
 We're home at last, home at last.



Praise the Lord.

Come, brethren, let us join and sing, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! our Prophet, Priest and King, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

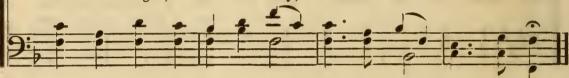


us speak, and sing and pray, And help each oth - er on the way Till Come, let





Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! dawns the bright, e - ter - nal day,



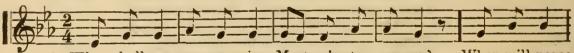
2 Jesus is on the mercy-seat, : Praise the Lord!: Come, bow and worship at his feet, : Praise the Lord!: He's promis'd that when two or three Meet in His name, there He will be, And His salvation they shall see, : Praise the Lord!:

3 Then, brethren, let us bear the cross, ||: Praise the Lord!:|| And count all things below as dross, : Praise the Lord!: If Jesus Christ you follow here, [fear, There's naught on earth you need to Tho' in the clouds He should appear,

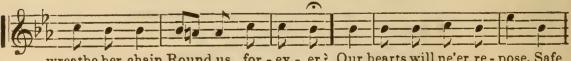
: Praise the Lord!:

JOHN MAXIM.

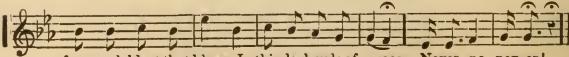
Ne'er to Sever. 6s & 5s. 290



1. When shall we meet a-gain-Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace



wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe

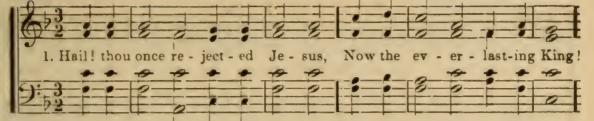


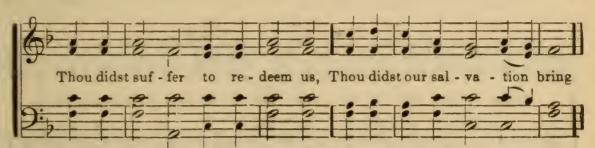
from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes-Never, no, nev-er!



Talmar. 88 & 78.

By remussion of O. Ditson & Co.



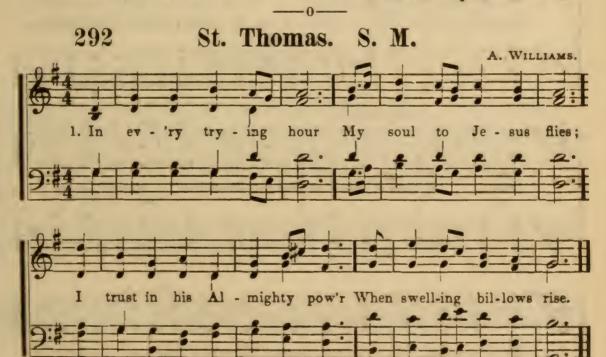


- 2 Once the agonizing Saviour,
 Bearing all our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.
- Paschal Lamb, by God appointed!
 All our sins on thee were laid;

With the Spirit's power anointed, Thou hastfull atonement made.

I. B. WOODBURY.

4 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Thou didst come to earth from heaven,
Here to make our peace with God.

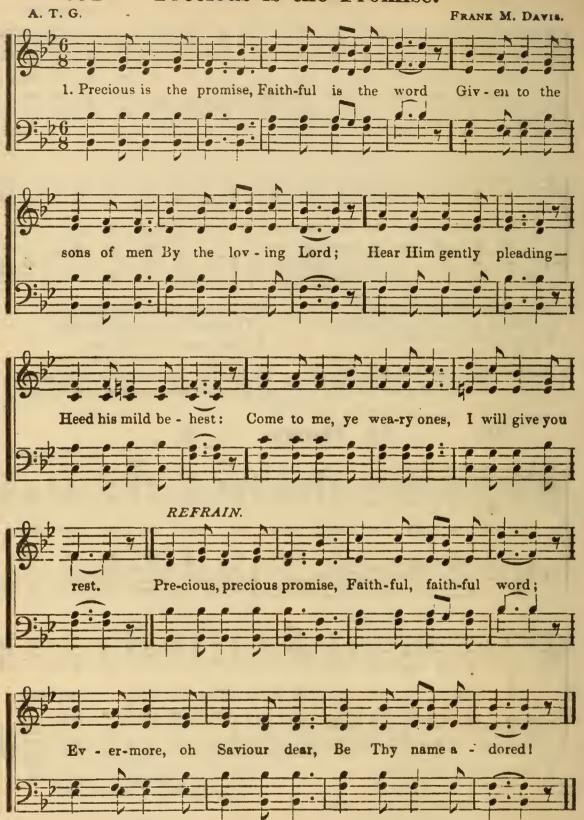


- 2 His comforts bear me up;
 I trust a faithful God:
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in my Saviour's blood.
- To our Redeemer's name;
 In joy or sorrow, life or death,
 His love is still the same.

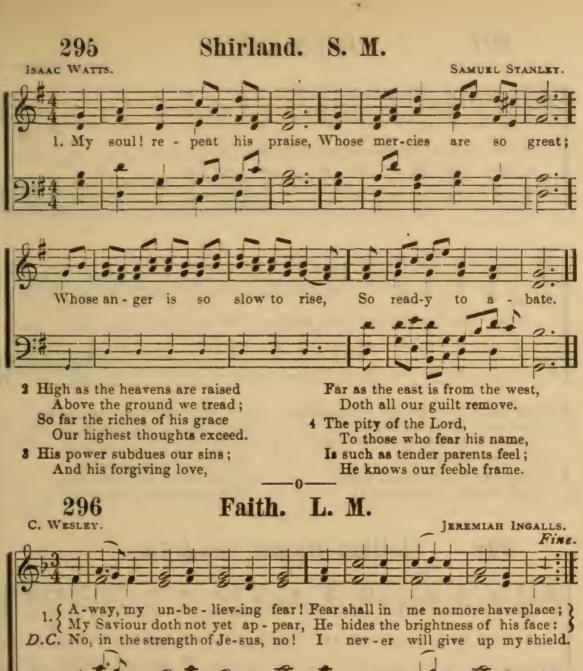
293

With willing hearts we tread The path the Saviour trod; We love th'example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.

- On thee, on thee alone,Our hope and faith rely;O, thou who didst for sin atone,Who didst for sinners die!
- We trust thy sacrifice;
 To thy dear cross we flee;
 O, may we die to sin, and rise
 To life and bliss in thee!



- 2 Lo! the cleansing fountain
 Flows for you and me;
 From the deadly ban of sin
 Christ will set you free.
 Come, ye weak and erring—
 Come, oh, weary soul!
 Seek the Great Physician now,
 He will make you whole.—Refrain.
- 3 Precious is the promise,
 Faithful is the word;
 Sinner, turn—why will you die?
 Seek your waiting Lord.
 While the blessing lingers,
 To the refuge come;
 Win a fadeless crown of life—
 Gain a deathless home.—Refrais.



A-way, my un-be-liev-ing fear! Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet ap-pear, He hides the brightness of his face:
D.C. No, in the strength of Je-sus, no! I nev-er will give up my shield.

But shall I there-fore let him go, And base-ly to the t-mpter yield?

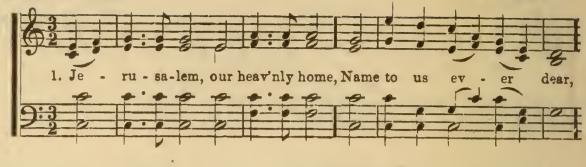
Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

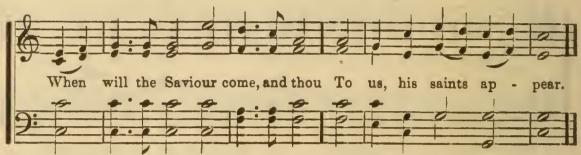
3 In hope, believing against hope.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.

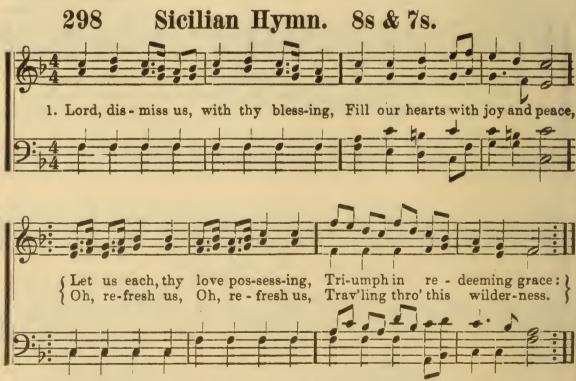
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
I shall with joy outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.







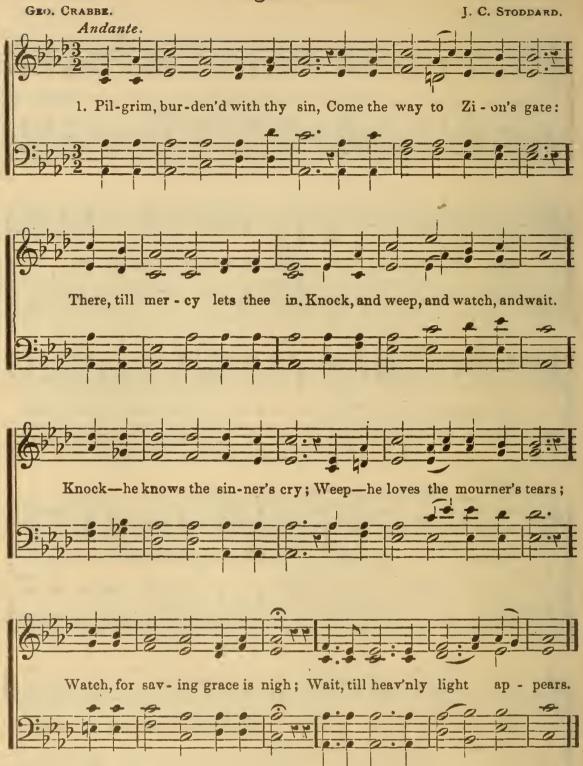
- 2 When shall these eyes thy jasper walls And gates of pearl survey: The fabric reared on precious stones Of every brilliant ray?
- 3 Transparent as the crystal glass, And formed of purest gold;
- Perfection's height art thou, of all That man can e'er behold.
- 4 O when, thou city of our God,
 Wilt thou for us descend,
 And our eternal Sabbath come,
 When praise shall never end?



- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 #: May thy presence:
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,

 ||: May we ever:||
 Reign with Christ in endless day.





Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice:

"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"

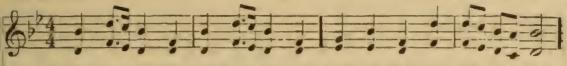
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Sealed, by signs the chosen know;

Pought by love, and life the price.

Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

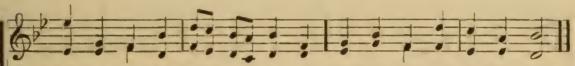
Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain;
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in certain rapture die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

From C. M. Von WEBER.

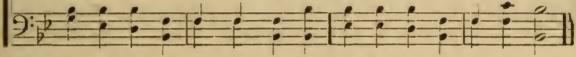


1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won,





We would, at this sol - emn meeting, Calm-ly say, Thy will be done.



- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken; Though afflicted, not alone; Thou didst give, and thou hast taken; Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.
- 8 Tho' to-day we're fill'd with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne; With thy smiles of love returning, We can sing, Thy will be done.
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given;
 Thou hast taken but thine own;
 Lord of earth and God of heaven,
 Evermore, Thy will be done.

302

Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth!

He's my rock, I bless his name;

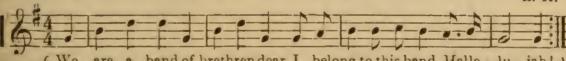
He, my God, salvation giveth;
All ye lands, exalt his fame

- 2 God, Messiah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne extend: O'er the world the Saviour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.
- 3 O'er his enemies exalted,
 Great Redeemer! see him rise!
 Though by powers of hell assaulted,
 God supports him to the skies.
- 4 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 Through all ages to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

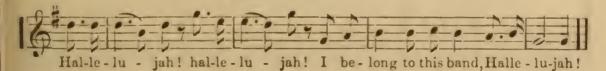
303

The Band Hymn.

L. H.



1. { We are a band of brethren dear, I belong to this band, Halle - lu - jah! } Who live as pilgrim strangers here, I belong to this band, Halle - lu - jah! }



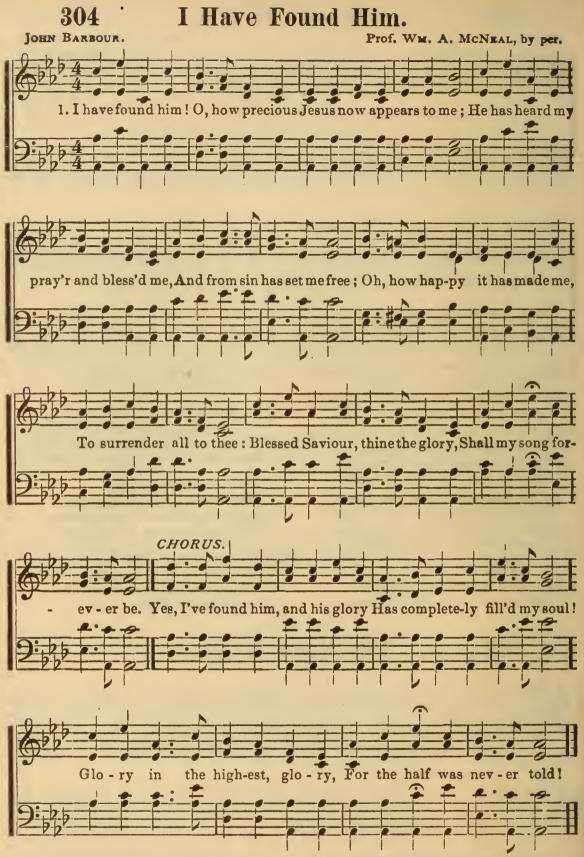
2 The prophets and apostles too Did belong, &c.

And all God's children here below Do belong, &c.

3 King David on his throne of state Did belong, &c.

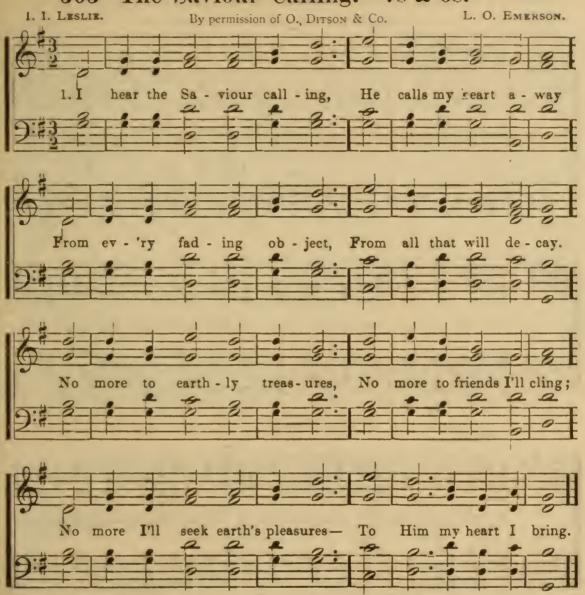
And Lazarus at the rich man's gate Did belong, &c.

- 4 And Jews and Gentiles, free and bond, May belong, &c.
 - And rich and poor the world around May belong, &c.
- They belong, &c.
 Who often joined with me in prayer,
 They belonged, &c.



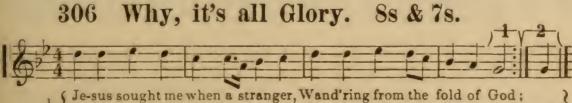
2 Now no more I pine with sorrow, Heavy burden'd with my sin; For I am an heir of glory, And his praise I'll now begin: Blessed be the name of Jesus; Glory to the Lamb above; I am saved, all through his mercy And the fullness of his love. 3 Would you find him, seek his mercy;
Sinner, wont you come just now?
He will listen to your pleadings,
At the throne of grace now bow.
O, what joy his grace will give you,
You will sing with joy the Song—
Hallelujah! I have found him,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

The Saviour Calling. 7s & 6s.

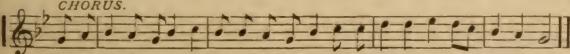


- 2 The day of life is passing, And I shall soon be gone; What then are earthly treasures, Or all I've looked upon? If He but call me to him, If I by grace can go,
 - I shall be rich, and never A loss or trial know.

3 Farewell to all that holds me Away from His dear arms; Adieu to earthly pleasures, And all earth's gilded charms; I hear the Saviour calling, Earth's treasures all grow dim; Farewell to all its pleasures-I'm going now to Him.



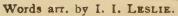
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from danger, In - ter-pos'd his precious... blood.



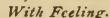
Why, its all glory, glory, Glory, hallelujah, We're going where pleasures never die.

307 I Will Guide Thee with Mine Eye.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."-Ps xxxii: 8.

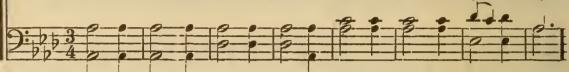


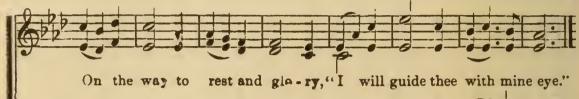
WM. W. BENTLEY, by per.

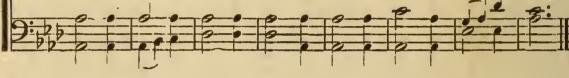


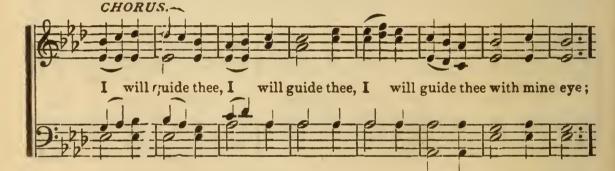


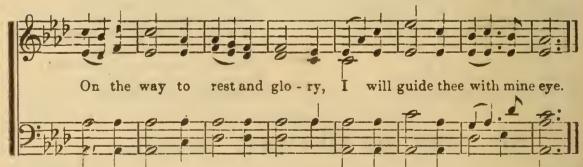
1. Sweet and precious is the promise God has giv'n each pass-er by







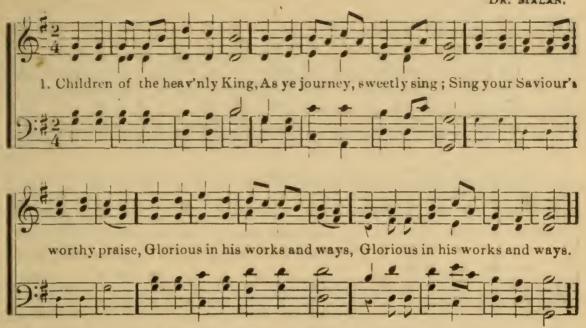




- 2 In thy trouble, care and sorrow,
 And when hope is near to die;
 Let this promise keep thee steadfast,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."
 Cho.—I will guide thee, &c.
- When the tempter comes to 'lure thee From the way, and foes are nigh,
 Let this promise then assure thee,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

 Cho.—I will guide thee, &c.
- 4 When thy last fond hope is numbered,
 And thy present comforts fly,
 Let this promise be remembered,
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."
 Cho.—I will guide thee, &c.
- 6 When thro' deeper shades and darkness,
 Onward still thy path may lie,
 Hear Him say, "I will be with thee,"
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."
 Che.—I will guide thee, &c.

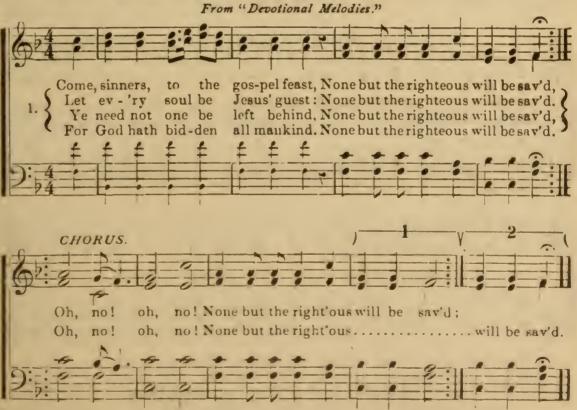
DR. MALAN.



2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand

On the borders of the land;

309 None but the Righteous. L. M.

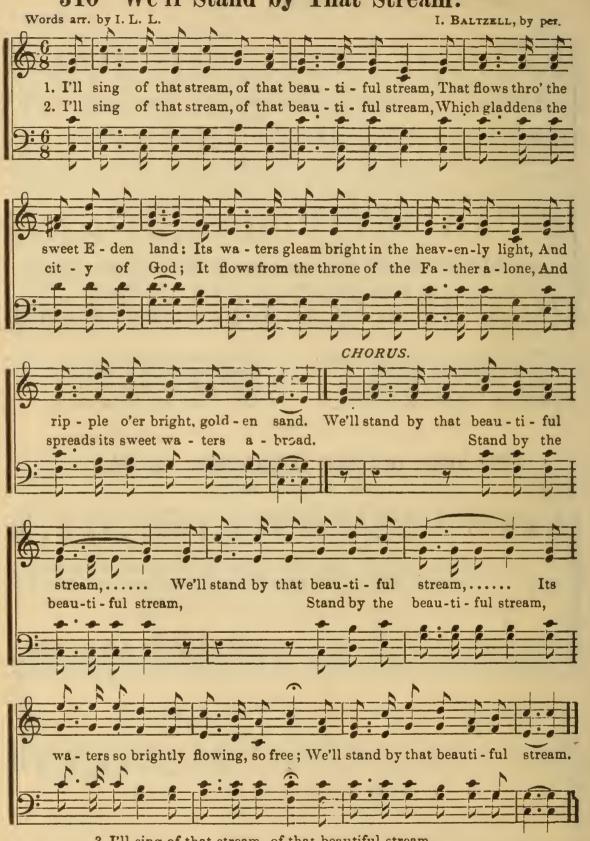


2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

3 Lord, submissively we'll go, Gladly leaving all below;

310 We'll Stand by That Stream.

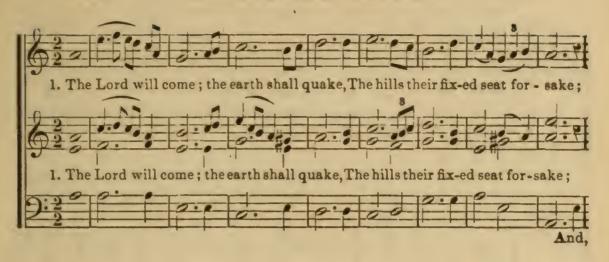


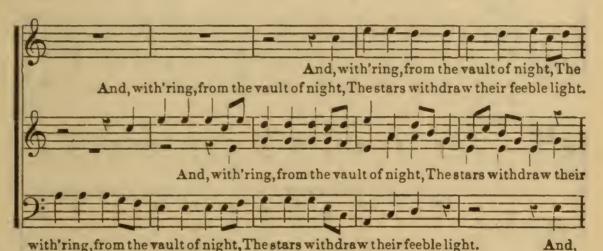
3 I'll sing of that stream, of that beautiful stream,
Where never a sorrow is known;
Where angels shall stand with the ever-saved band,
And walk in the light of the Throne.— Cho.

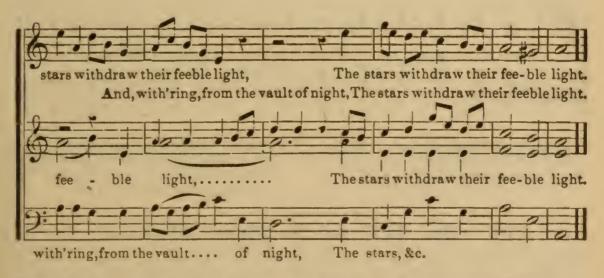
4 I'll sing of that stream, of that beautiful stream,
The River of Life is its name;
When our sorrows are o'er, we will stand on its shore,
And loud our salvation proclaim.— Che.

196

311 Exhortation. L. M.

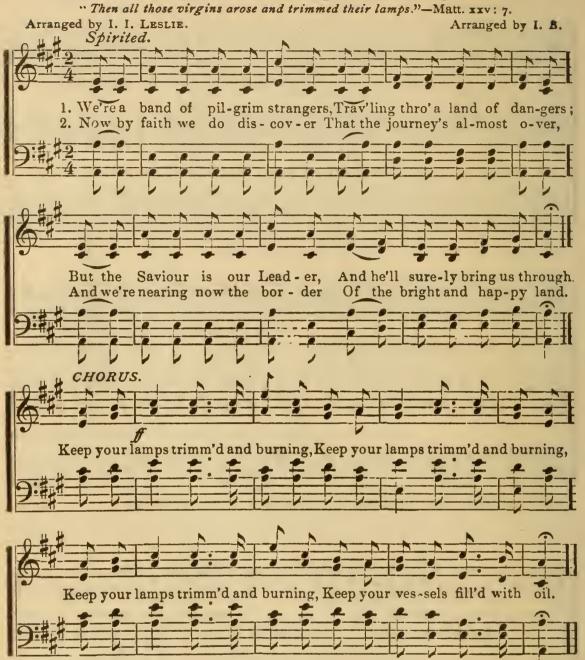




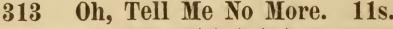


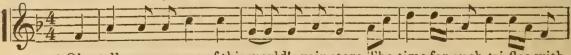
- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came—
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- The Lord will come—a glorious form— 5 Come as the lightning and the storm; On radiant clouds, swift as the wind, He'll come the Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be he who, once did stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By pow'r oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
 O God! is this the crucified?
 - While sinners in despair shall call
 "Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
 The saints ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

312 Keep Your Lamps Burning.

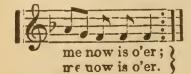


- 3 Long the journey's been, and weary, And the way both dark and dreary; But we soon shall see the city, And be there forevermore.
- 4 From the wilderness we're coming,
 And we soon shall cease our roaming;
 Now the Jordan's just before us,
 And we soon shall o'er it go.

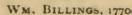


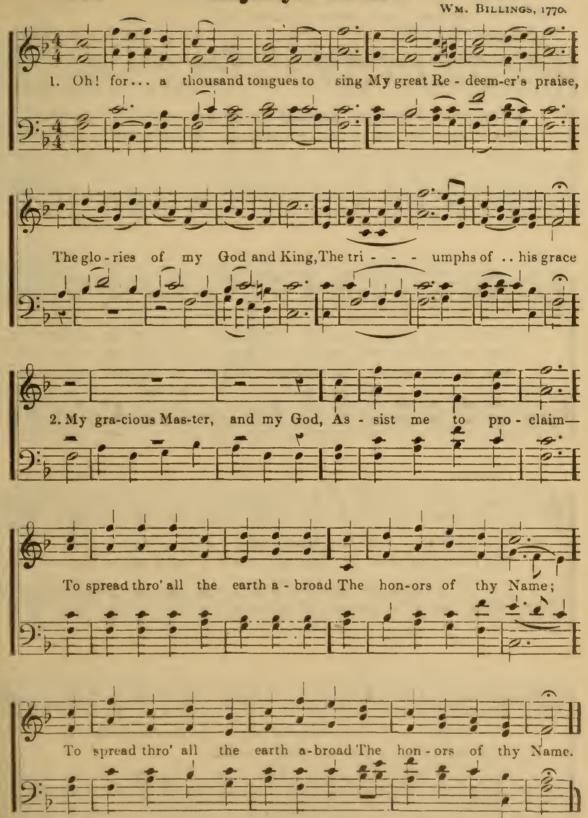


Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri-fles with With me now is c'er, with me now is o'er; The time for such tri-fles with

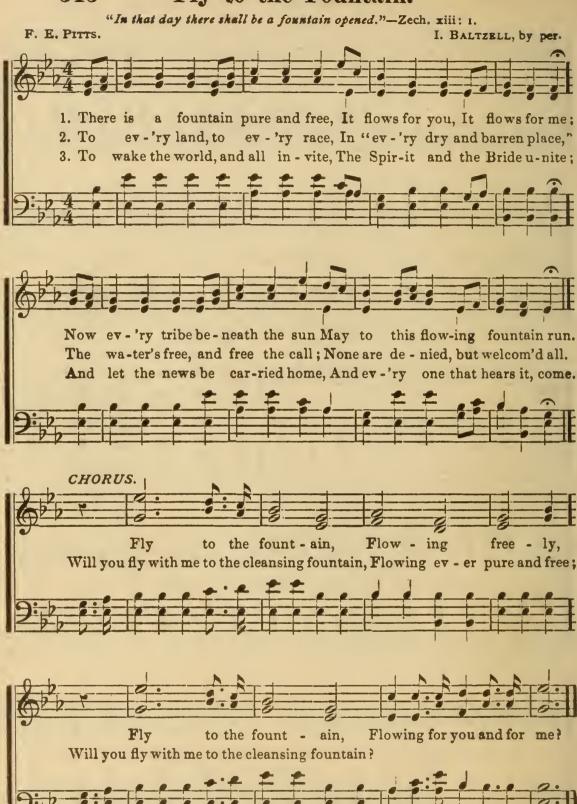


The souls that believe, will in Paradise live, And me in that number will Jesus receive; My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away, Rise, follow thy Saviour. and hail the glad day.





- That bid our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 - 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free;
- 1: His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood avail'd for me.:
- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears, 5 He speaks, -and, list'ning to His voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice: The ..umble poor believe.
 - 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosen'd tongues employ;
 - 1: Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy :

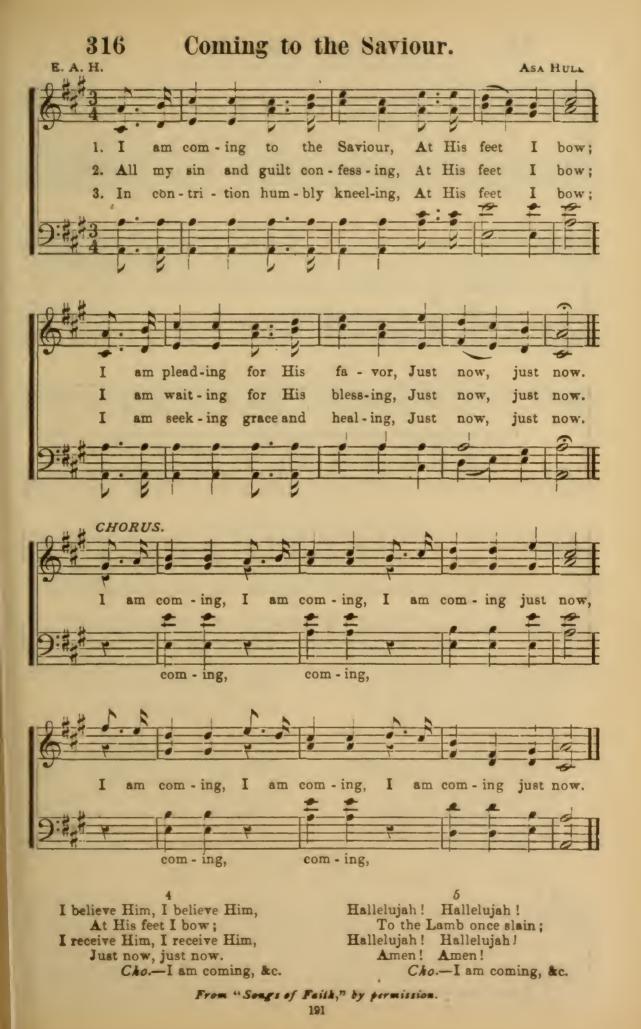


The thirsty, in the desert place,
May hear the welcome word of grace;
Though dying, if he will believe,
Eternal life he shall receive.
Cho.—Will you fly with me, &c.

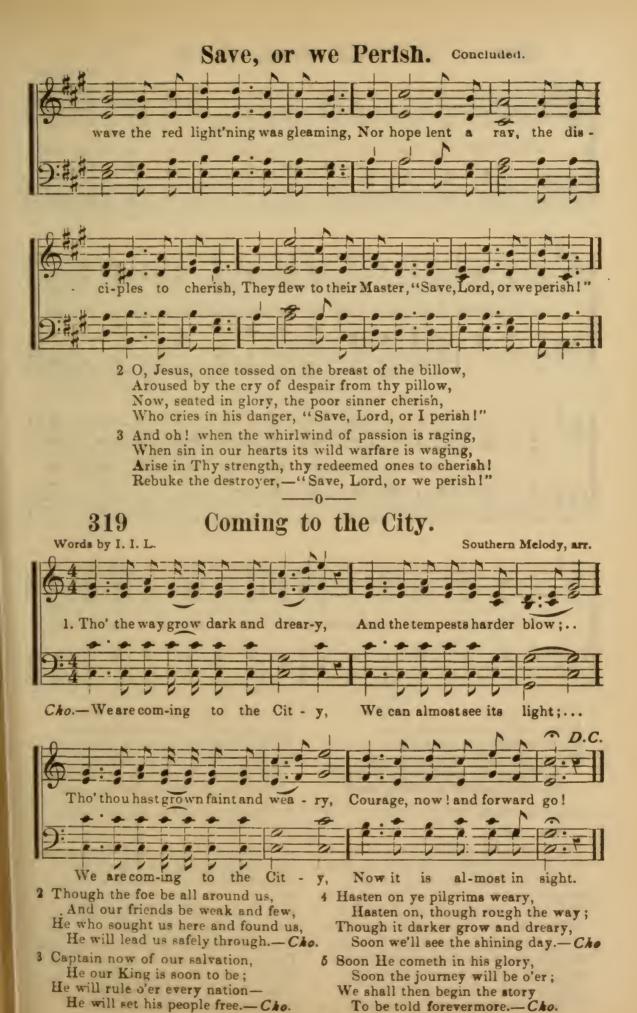
"Ho! every one," the prophet cries—And every one, my soul replies—For every one there's ample room;
Then freely to the waters come.

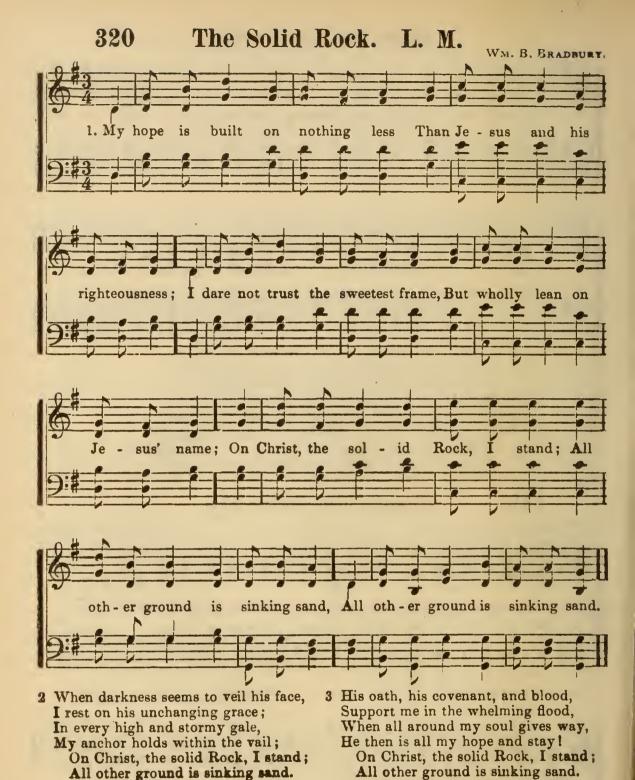
Cho.—Will you fly with me, &c.

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Copyright, 1863, by Wm. B. Bradbury. From "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 2.

1 The smitten Rock, whence water flows, To quench my thirst and heal my woes; From it a stream, on every hand, Runs free through all the desert land: This Rock, my spring, to which I fly When other springs are parched and dry.

When clouds and tempests fill the sky, Within this Rock I calmly lie; Safe from the blast and beating rain, I am secure, and here remain:
Within this Rock, my hiding-place, I rest secure, and trust His grace.

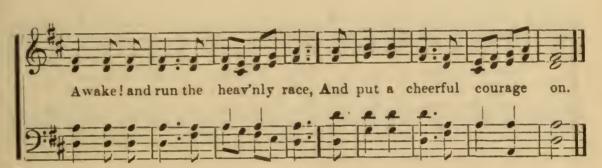
- When friends forsake, and foes are near, When earthly help shall disappear; Then will I trust this Rock so high, And in its strength more firm rely: This Rock my life and all shall be Through time and in eternity.
- When earth shall shake and nature rend.
 This Rock shall stand and me defend;
 Beneath its calm, majestic form,
 I shall be safe amid the storm:
 O, Rock of my salvation, Thou
 Shalt be my shelter then as now!
 I. I. Lester

Malvern, L. M.

By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

L. MASCN.



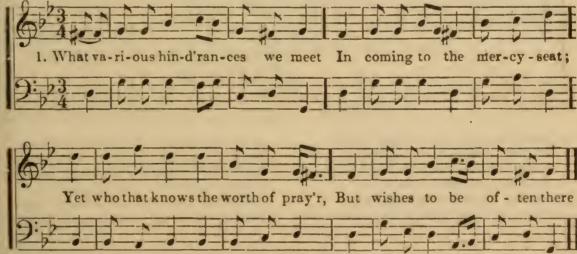


- 2 True,—'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of every saint: 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
- 1 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r Is ever new and ever young;

And firm endures while endless years Their everlasting circles run.

Our souls shall drink a full supply; While such as trust their native strength, Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Prayer and Mercy-Seat.

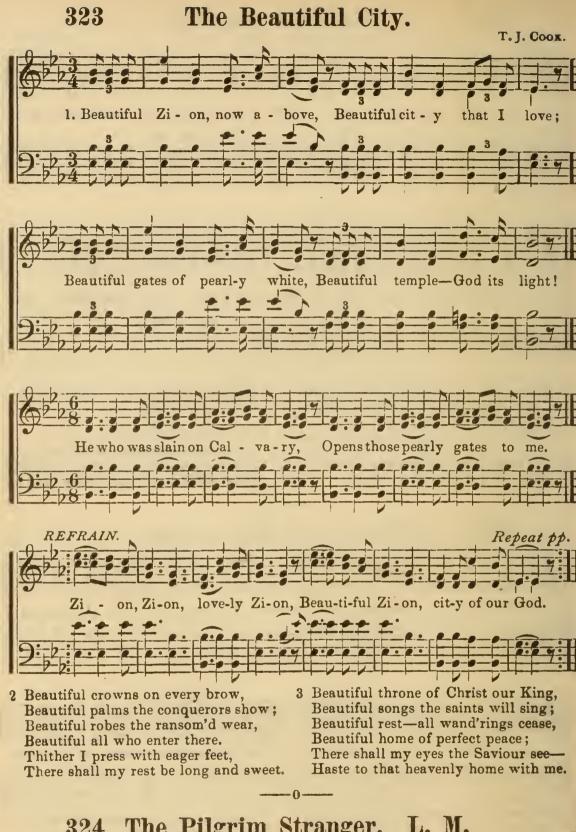


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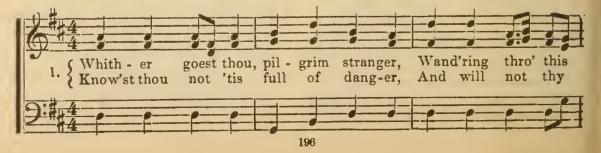
- 2 Pray'r makes the darkest cloud withdraw, Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.
- Restraining prayer, we cease to fight, Pray'r makes the christian's armor bright, And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side;

But when through weariness they failed, That moment Amalek prevailed.

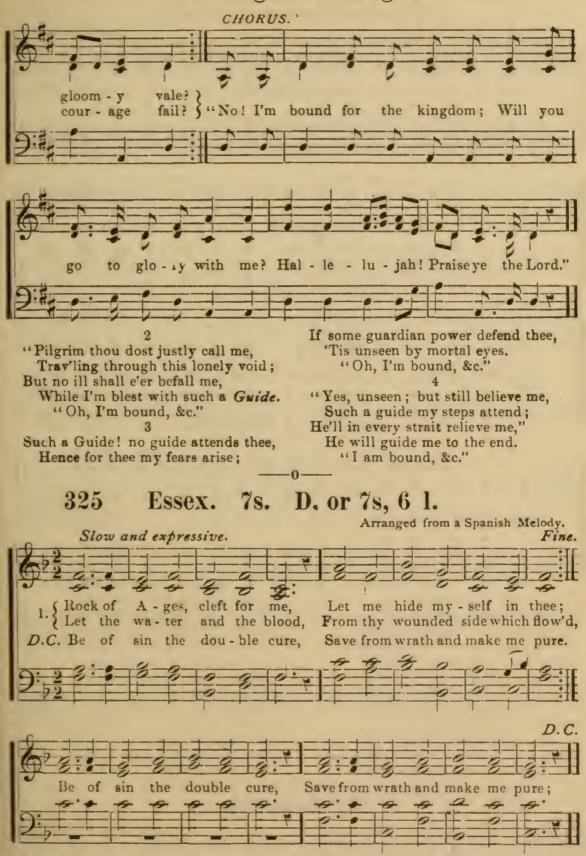
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow creature's ears With a sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent, To Heaven in supplication sent, Your cheerful song would often be, Hear what the Lord hath done for me-



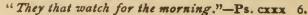
The Pilgrim Stranger.

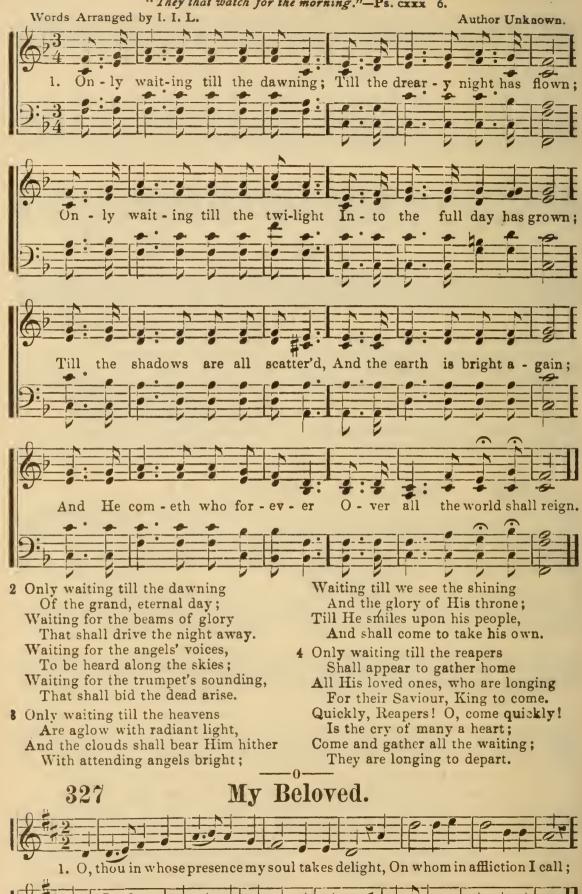


The Pilgrim Stranger. Concluded.

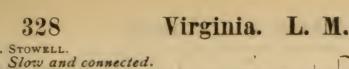


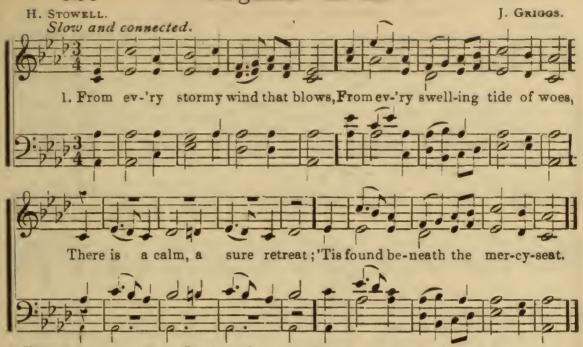
- 2 Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and thou alone:
- f: In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.:
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I with the throng unknown See thee on thy judgment throne—
- |: Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.:|





My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.

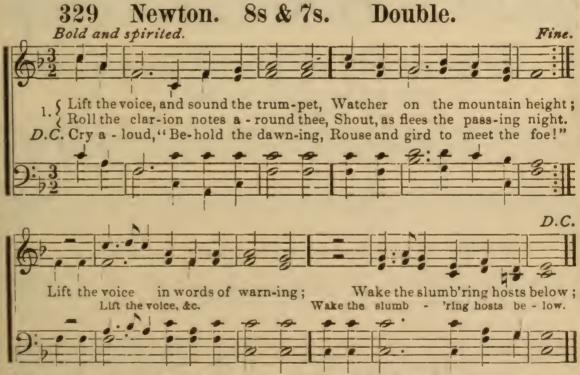




There is a place, where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

1 Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed! Or how the hosts of sin defeat, Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, as on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy-seat.



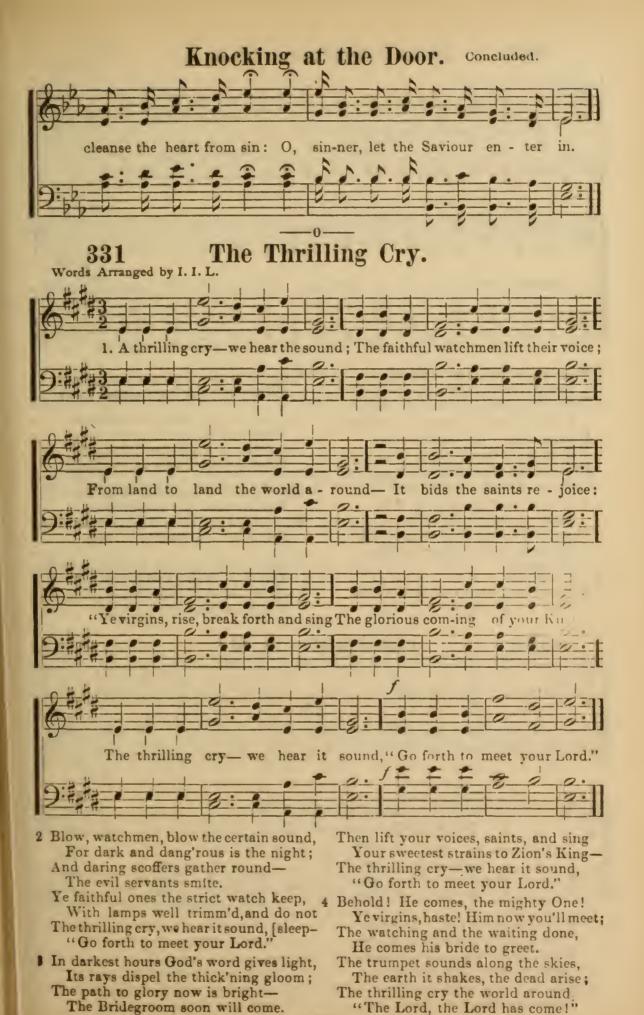
2 Lift the voice! Lo, weak and dying, Warriors, struggling, faint and fall; Bid them fight, on God relying; Jesus comes to conquer all! Lift the voice in notes of gladness,

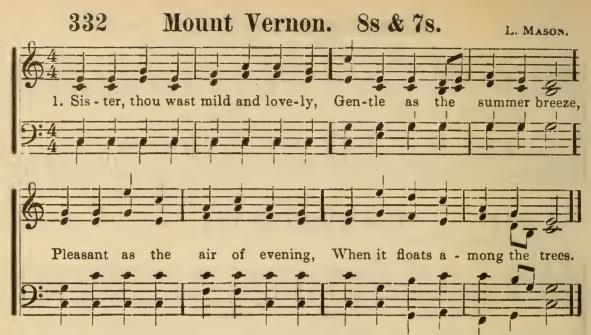
Ring the shout along the sky;
"Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,
Sing! rejoice! your God is nigh."

3 Lift the voice, like music blended,
With heart-healing minstrelsy;
Cry "Thy warfare now is ended;
Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee!"
Soon, beyond time's night of sadness,
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing;
Eye to eye shall see with gladness,
When the Lord shall Zion bring.

Knocking at the Door.





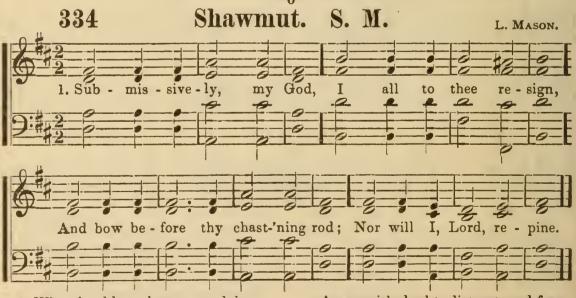


- Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Here no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deeply feel; But 'tis God that hath bereft us; He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When mortality has fled,
 Then with all the blest to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

333

1 Brother, thou wast true and faithful, Kind and patient all the day, Cheerful as the skies of evening, When the mists have passed away.

- 2 Peaceful be thy dreamless slumber, Where we lay thee down to rest; Thou wilt be among our number, When we meet with all the blest.
- 3 Dearest brother, we shall miss thee—
 Now no more thy voice we hear;
 But though gone we still shall bless thee,
 For to us thou wast most dear.
- 4 Yes, we know that we shall meet thee,
 And again stand by thy side;
 Shall in heavenly mansions greet thee,
 Where no tomb can us divide. I.I.L.

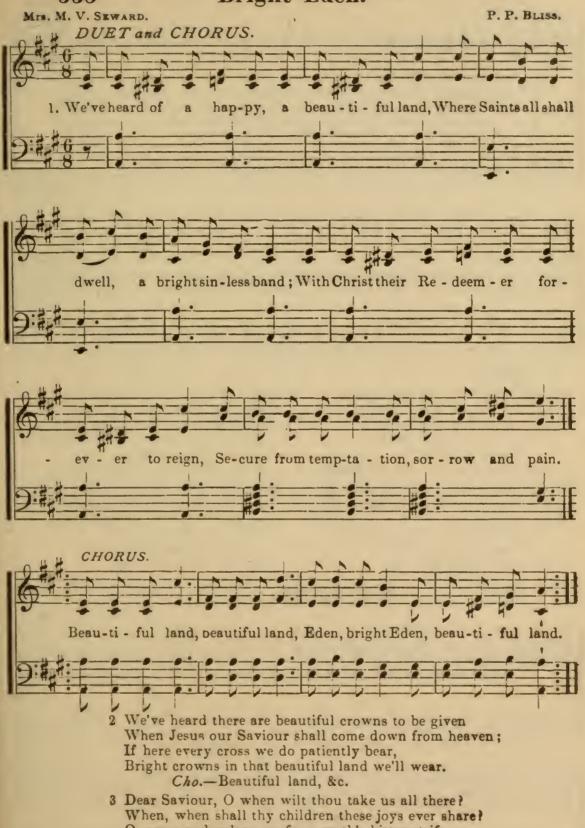


Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to thee above?

3 How short my sufferings here; How needful every cross: Away with doubt, distrust, and fear, Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred Name;
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

Bright Eden.

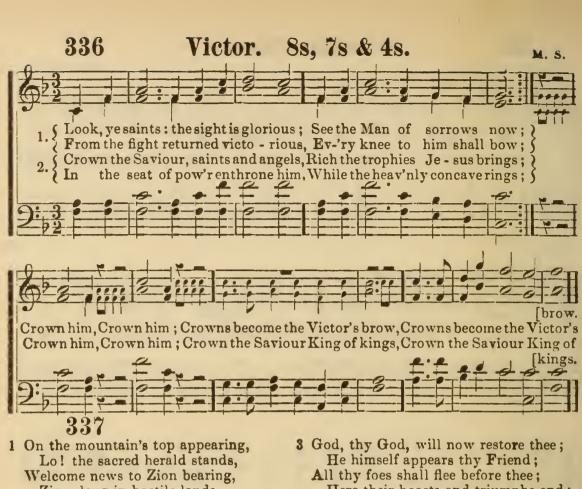


O, come and redeem us from earth's bitter strife, And give us in Eden unending life.

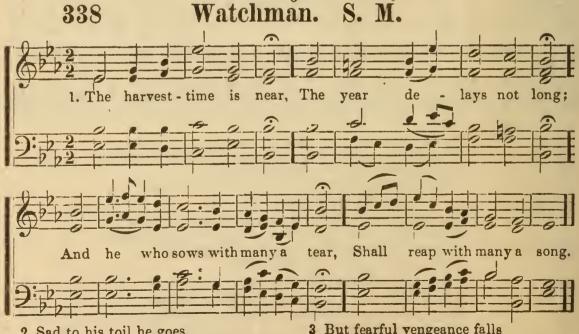
Cho.-Beautiful land, &c.

4 Thy children are waiting and watching for thee, Now, now they are sighing from sin to be free; They're longing with angels of glory to stand In Paradise fair,—that beautiful land.

Cho.—Beautiful land, &c.



- Zion, long in hostile lands. Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful? 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee; Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful? By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning: Zion still is well beloved.
- Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliv'rance Zion's King will surely send.
 - All thy warfare now be past: God thy Saviour will defend thee; Victory is thine at last; All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest.



2 Sad to his toil he goes, His seed with weeping leaves; But he shall come at twilight's close, And bring his golden sheaves.

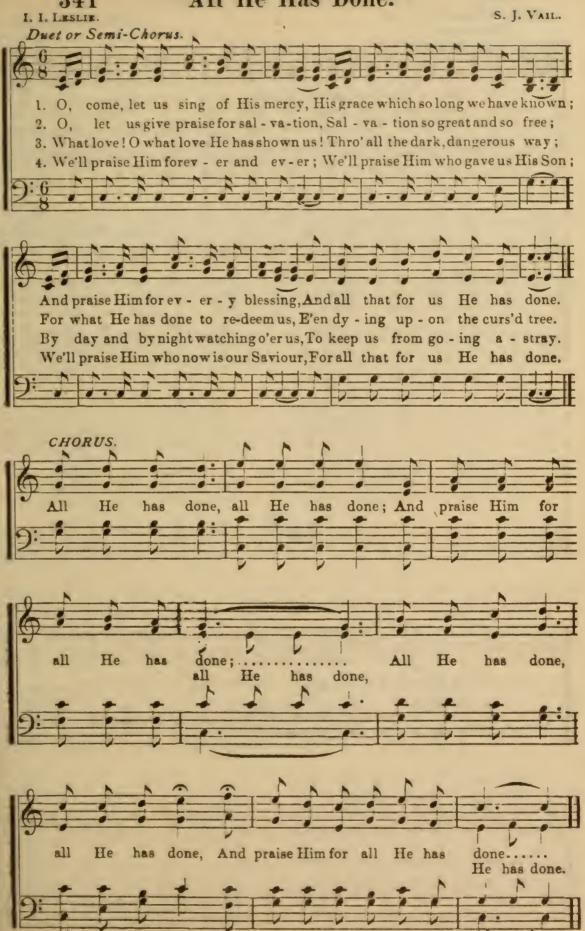
3 But fearful vengeance falls On that rebellious race, Who will not hear when Jesus calls, And dare to slight his grace.

The Land Just Across the River.

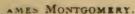


340 Sing, Oh, Sing the Praise of Jesus.

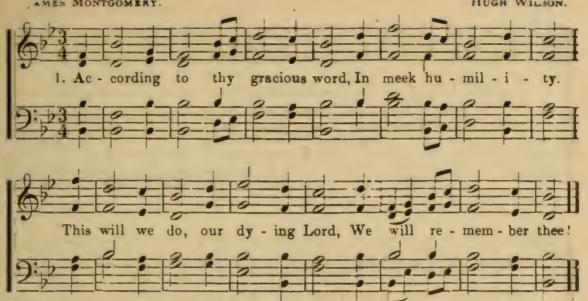








HUGH WILSON.



- 2 Thy body, broken for our sake, Our bread from heaven shall be; Thy testamental cup we take, And thus remember thee!
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget? Or there thy conflict see, Thine agony and bloody sweat, And not remember thee?

My song shall always be of Him Who gave himself for me;

Long provoked him to his face;

Would not hearken to his calls;

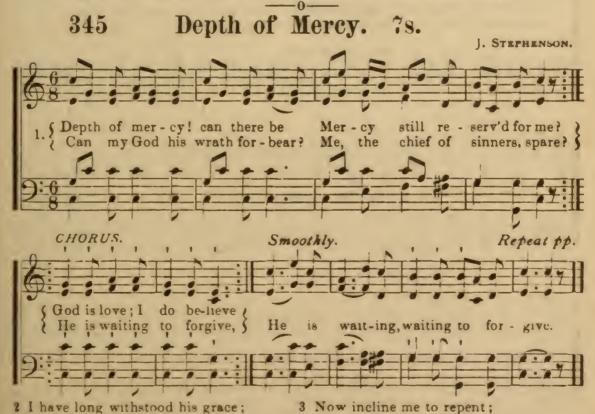
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

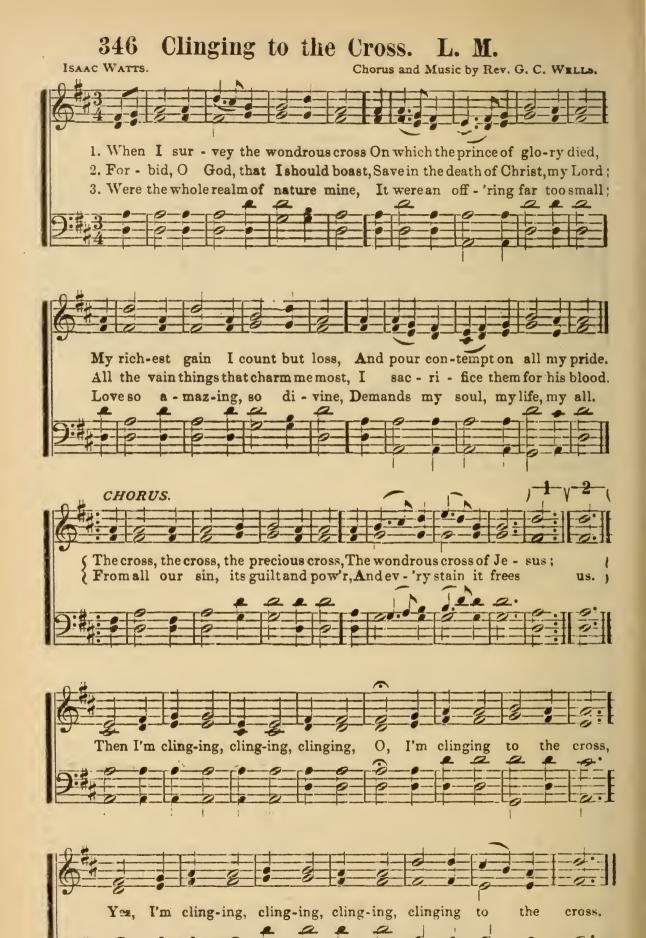
Who bled, a sinner to redeem, And died upon the tree.

- 2 I never can his look forget, Who suffered for my good: His wounded head, hands, side, and feet, Poured forth the sacred flood.
- 3 Like him on earth I wish to be, That, when He doth appear, I may rejoice his face to see, And his blest voice to hear.

Let me now my sins lament;

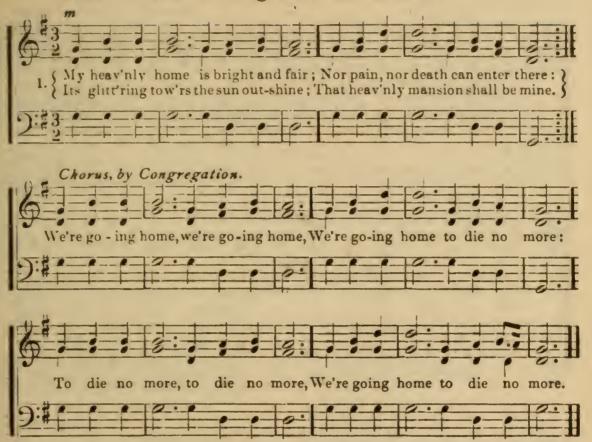
Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.





From "The Revivalist," by permission of JOSEPH HILLMAN.

347 I'm Going Home. L. M.



- While here, a stranger far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam; And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 3 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine; All nature sink and cease to be, That heavenly mansion stands for me.

348 L.M.

We're in the way that leads to God, The way that all the saints have trod; We soon shall see that blissful shore, Where we shall live to die no more.

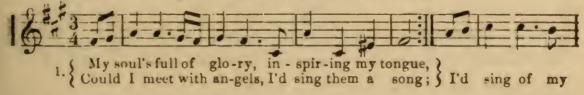
2 The ways of God are ways of peace, And all His paths are pleasantness; Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er. We're going home to die no more.

Chorus.

We're going home, we're going home, We're going home, to die no more; To die no more, to die no more; We're going home to die no more.

Arrangement from "The Armor Bearer."

349 My Soul's Full of Glory.

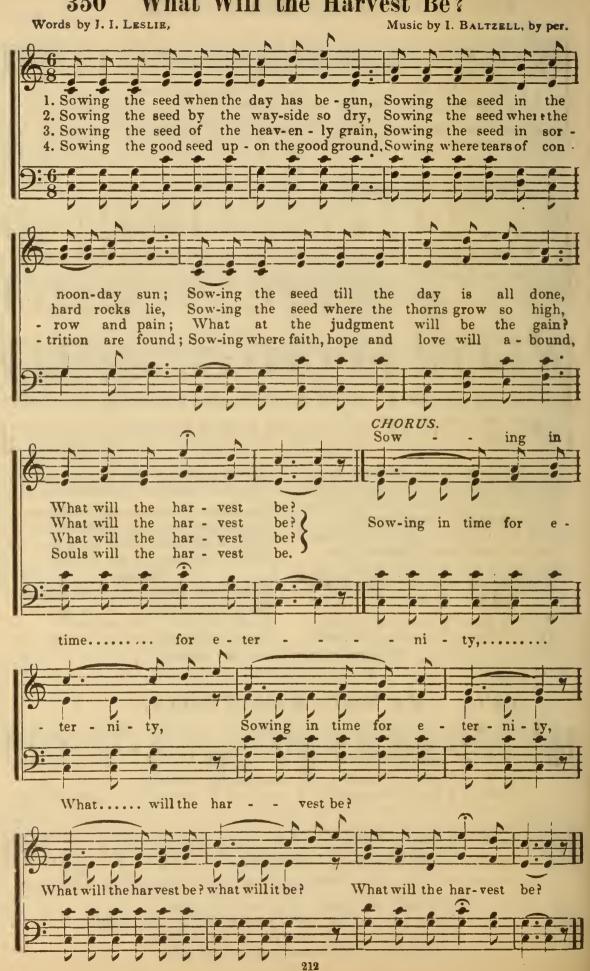




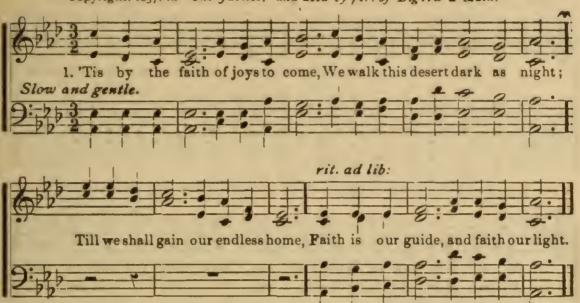
Je-sus, and tell of his charms, And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 O, Jesus! O, Jesus! thou lov'd of my soul,
"I'was thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole;
I'll sing of thy glory, and tell of thy charms—
O. angels! come, bear me to his loving arms.

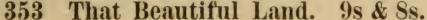
350 What Will the Harvest Be?

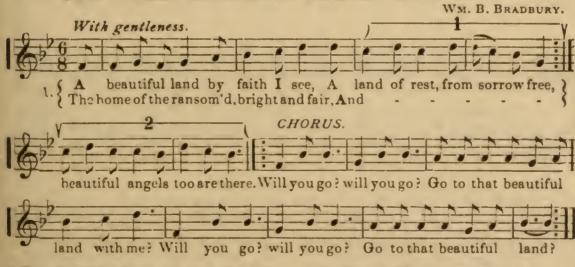


Copyright, 1857, in " The Jubilee," and used by per. of Biglow & Main.



- 2 The want of sight she well supplies, She makes the pearly gates appear; Far into things unseen she pries, And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Though lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- Blest are the merciful, who prove By acts, their sympathy and love; From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain Like sympathy and love again.
- 2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the defiling power of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.
- 3 Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; They shall be called the heirs of blisa, The sons of God, the God of peace.
 - 4 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake!
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord
 Glory and joy are their reward,





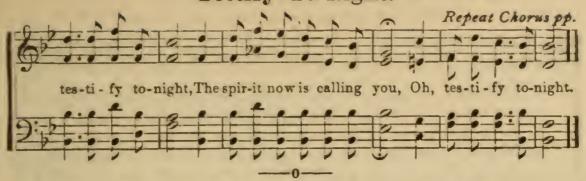
- 2 That beautiful land, the City of Light, It ne'er will know the shades of night; The glory of God, the light of day Will scatter the darkness far away.
- In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,

The river of life, the crystal sea, The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

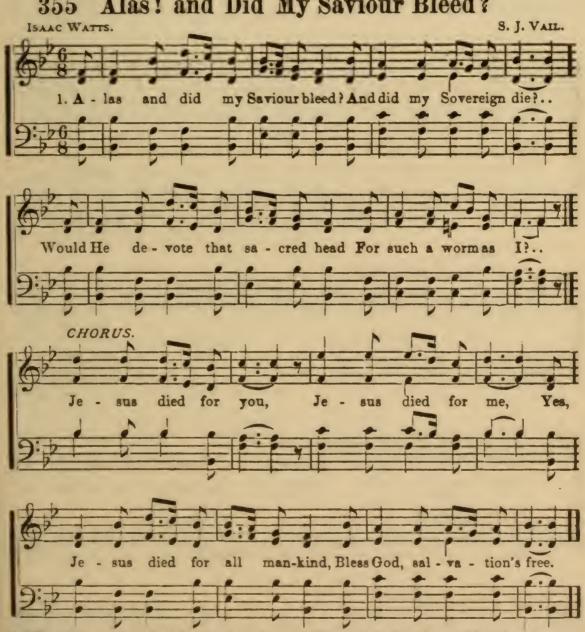
4 The Leavenly throng arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace



Testify To-Night. Concluded.



Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

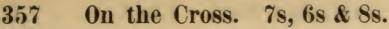


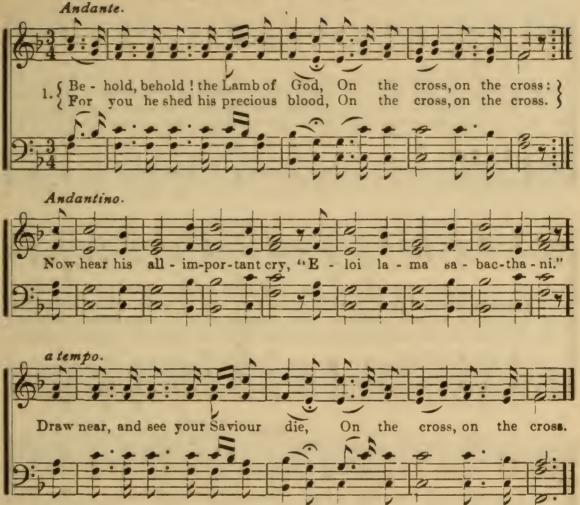
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done? He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! - Cho.
- I Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died

For man, the creature's sin. - Cho.

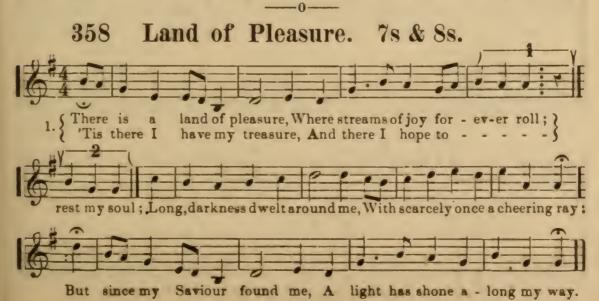
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.— Cho.
- b But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away; Tis all that I can do.—Cho.





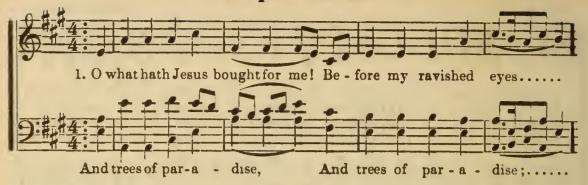


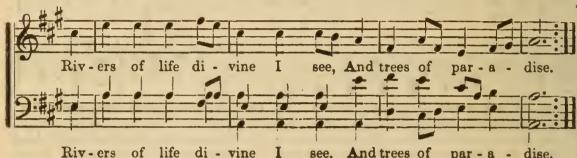
- 2 Behold! his arms extended wide,
 On the cross, on the cross;
 Behold! his bleeding hands and side,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 The sun withholds its rays of light,
 The heav'ns are cloth'd in shades of night,
 While Jesus doth with devils fight,
 On the cross, on the cross.
- 3 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross;
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross.
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus suffered death for me,
 On the cross, on the cross.











2 In hope of that immortal crown I now the cross sustain;

And gladly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain!

Riv - ers

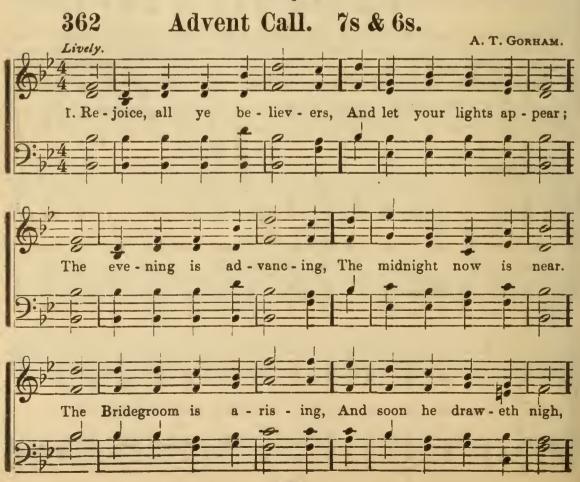
3 O, what are all my sufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet

With that enraptured host t'appear, And worship at thy feet?

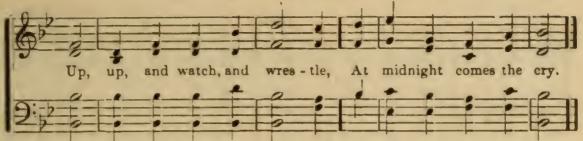
par - a - dise.

see, And trees of

4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away; But let me find them all again In that eventful day.

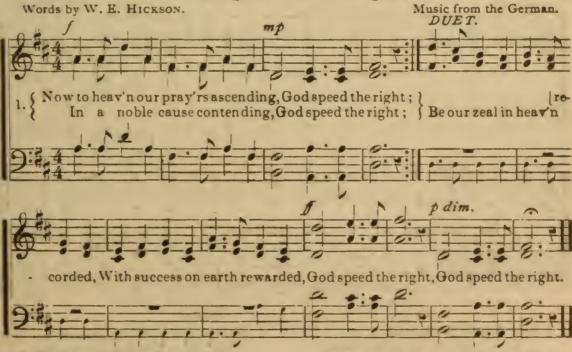


Advent Call. Concluded.



- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil,
 And wait for your salvation,
 The end of earthly toil.
 The watchers on the mountain,
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet him as he cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.
- Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till, in the songs of glory,
 They meet the angel choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The doors wide open stand;
 Be ready then to meet him,
 The Bridegroom is at hand.
- 4 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Upon the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold;
 In triumph cast before him,
 Your diadems of gold!
- Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With heart and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see,
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto thee!

363 God Speed the Right.



- 2 Be that prayer again repeated.
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the right;
 Like the good and great in story,
 If we fail, we fail with glory,
 |: God speed the right.:|
- Patient, firm, and persevering, God speed the right; Ne'er th event nor danger fearing, God speed the right;

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, And in heav'n's own time succeeding, #: God speed the right.:

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right;
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
1: God speed the right.:

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Invitation. 8s & 7s.

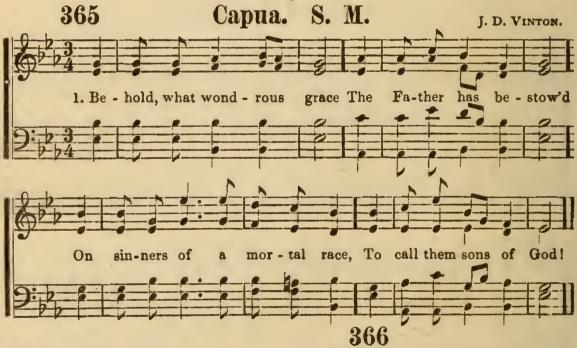




- 2 He is waiting—will you leave Him,
 Pleading at your heart in vain?
 He is willing—Oh, believe Him;
 He may never call again.
- 3 Now it is the time to test Him, Test Him by His written Word;

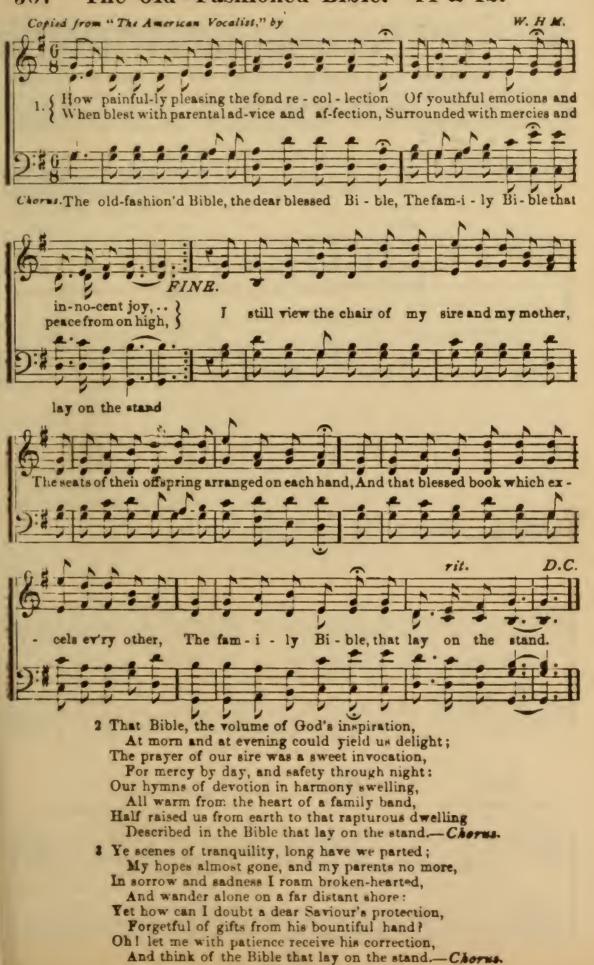
Come, for He will ne'er deny it; Come to Christ, the risen Lord.

4 By still waters He will lead you,
In green pastures you shall rest;
And the pierced hands that freed you,
Bear you near His tender breast.



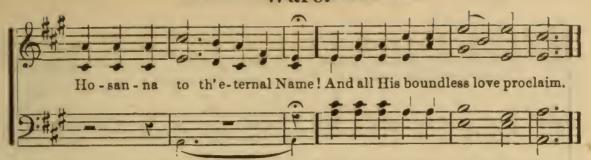
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we shall be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- Will help us to endure;
 Will purify our souls from sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- We share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest on every heart.
- 1 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
 We praise thee for thy word;
 We bless thee for the joyful news
 Of our redeeming Lord.
- 2 Water thy sacred seed,
 And give it great increase;
 Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
 Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 3 Then, though we weeping sow,
 And tears our hours employ;
 We know we shall return again,
 And bring our sheaves with joy.

367 The Old-Fashioned Bible. 11 & 12.





Ware. Concluded.



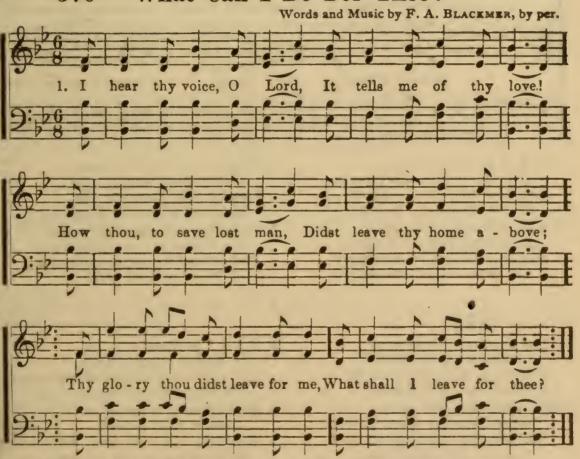
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace: God in the person of his Son, Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- Solution of the Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme:

 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!

Ye angels! dwell upon the sound! Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground!

4 Oh may we reach that blissful place, Where he unvails his lovely face; Where all his beauties we'll behold, And sing his name to harps of gold.

370 What Can I Do For Thee?

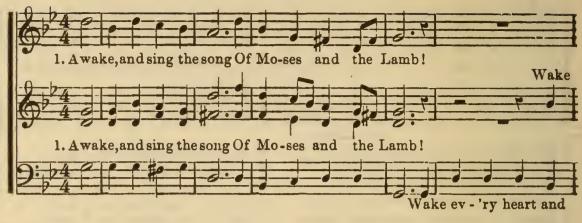


2 And Thou didst suffer much,
And shed Thy precious blood
To save me from my sins,
Thou blessed Lamb of God:
Yes, Thou didst give thy life for me,
What can 1 do for Thee?

3 'Twas all that I might have
Salvation, full and free:
Rich are the gifts indeed,
That Thou hast brought to me,
Yes, Thou hast brought rich gifts to me,
What shall I bring to Thee?

4 I'll bring my heart, dear Lord,
'Tis all that I can do;
Though vile, I pray that thou
Wilt cleanse it through and through:
Yes, I'll forsake my sins for TheeMy Saviour, help Thou me.

5 I know the way is rough,
And trackless as the sea;
Except Thou guide my feet,
I soon would stray from Thee;
O, as I strive to follow Thee,
Dear Jesus, lead Thou me.





- 2 Sing of his dying love— Sing of his matchless power— Sing how he intercedes above For us, whose sins he bore.
- Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart
 And grace inspire our soug.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners, sing; Sing on, rejoicing every day, In Christ th'eternal King.
- 6 Soon shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb'

372

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?
- Where heavenly pasture grows;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade.
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

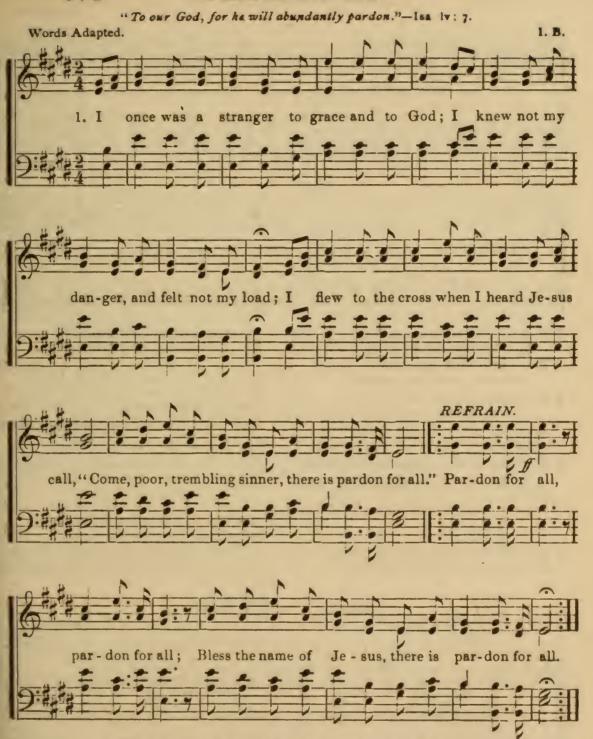
373

- Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart and soul and voice.
- Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flam.

 From his own altar trought,

 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,

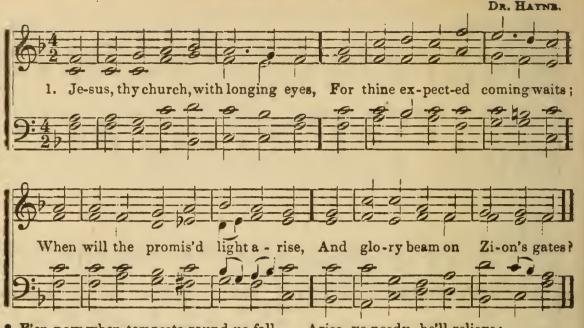
 And wing to heaver our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.



- 2 Then free grace awoke me by light from on high; I cried, "Jesus, save me, O save, or I die!"

 He heard my deep pleading, he answered my call; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.
- 3 My terrors all vanished before that sweet name; My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came To him who had saved from the curse of the fall; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.
- 4 Dear Jesus, dear Jesus, my treasure and boast; Dear Jesus, dear Jesus, I ne'er can be lost; This watchword shall be my last song when I fall; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.

From "Songs of Grace," by permission.



2 E'en now when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh. 2

3 O come and reign o'er ev'ry land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conq'ring power.

1 Of him who did salvation bring, I could forever think and sing; Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve; Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

- To purge our sins he shed in blood, He closed his eyes to show us God; Let all the world fall down and know, That none but God such love can show.
- 3 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone, I shed my tears and make my moan! Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?



Gone! Concluded.



Gone! and the seasons still to come and go, Oft the dear eyes grew dim from sad tears, Wreathing her grave in blossom and snow? Guiding our untried feet through the years; Snow on the bosom that sheltered us so, - Planning our future with hopes and with Cruel and pitiless snow!

Drying our falling tears. | fears-

Home is not home, for mother is not there! Dark is her room, -empty is her chair; Till that morning so fair.

Sleep, mother, sleep, with your hands on your breast!

Poor, weary hands! they needed their rest: Now will she rest from her labor and care, Well have we lov'd you, but God lov'd you 'Tis thy God giveth rest.

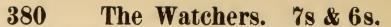
Duke Street. 378 L. M. J. HATTON, 1793. MN. VOKE, 1806. Bold. 1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil-lions of the skies; tri-umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's. That song of

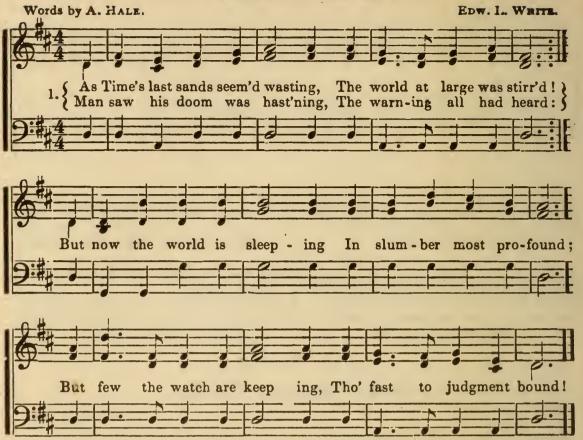
- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to thee! And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 U let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

I The Saviour comes, his advent's nigh, He soon will rend the azure sky;

Descending swift to earth again, Then God shall dwell indeed with men.

- 2 O happy day, when wars shall cease, And ransomed earth be filled with peace; When sin and death no more shall reign, And Eden bloom on earth again!
- 3 Saints, lift your heads; the day is near, When your Redeemer will appear; He'll take the kingdom and the crown, And make his ransomed bride his own

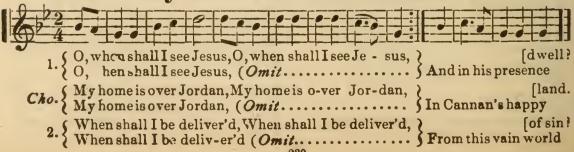


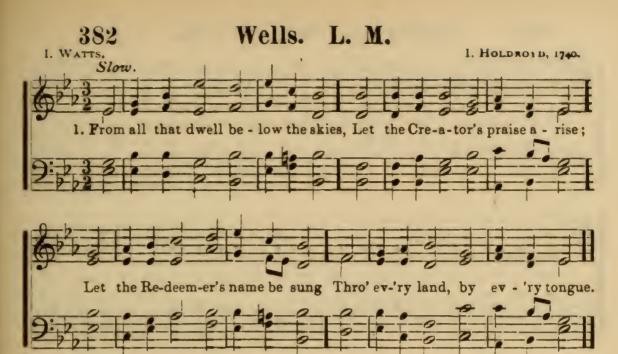


- 2 The few that still are heeding That awful judgment call, And, while they wait, are pleading Like Lot at Sodom's fall: They seem, like Lot, but mocking, To all the worldly throng; Reproach and curses shocking They now have suffer'd long.
- 8 They hear the scoffer railing,
 In triumph and in pride;
 With blasphemies unfailing,
 God's promise is denied;
 But mercy's long endurance
 With that vain infidel
 Gives them a strong assurance,
 By which the day they tell.
- 4 The Christian steward, slothful, Puts off the evil day. Disturbed in scenes urdawful, He says, "It must delay."

- But still, though by his smiting, The faithful sigh in pain; While he the truth is spiting, The Master comes again!
- The thrones of earth are reeling,
 In sad perplexity;
 Their retribution sealing
 By pride and cruelty.
 As ruler, warrior, banker,
 Attest their hast'ning doom,
 More steadfast is our anchor;
 God's kingdom soon will come.
- 6 But see that remnant humble,
 Who hold the faithful word,
 So fearful they should stumble,—
 While hope is long deferred.
 The sons of earth are leaving
 Their honor, mirth, and gold;
 And these shall end their grieving,
 In joys that can't be told.

381 My Home is Over Jordan.



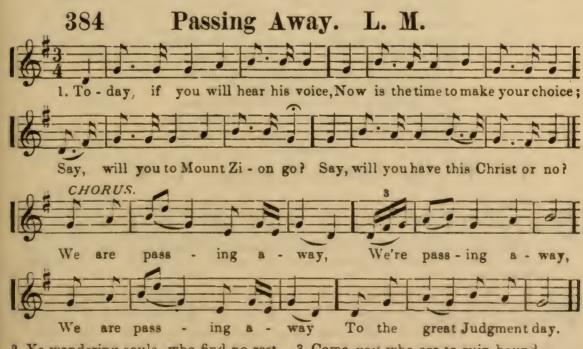


- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring, In songs of praise divinely sing; The great salvation loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

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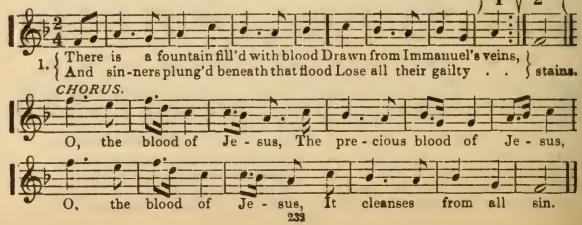
1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
 Both man and beast thy bounty share;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort
 The sons of Adam in distress [springs;
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.



Ye wandering souls, who find no rest, Say, will you be forever blest? Will you be saved from death and sin, And crowns of fadeless glory win? 3 Come, you who are to ruin bound, Obey the Gospel's joyful sound; Come, go with us, and you shall prove The joys of Christ's redeeming love.



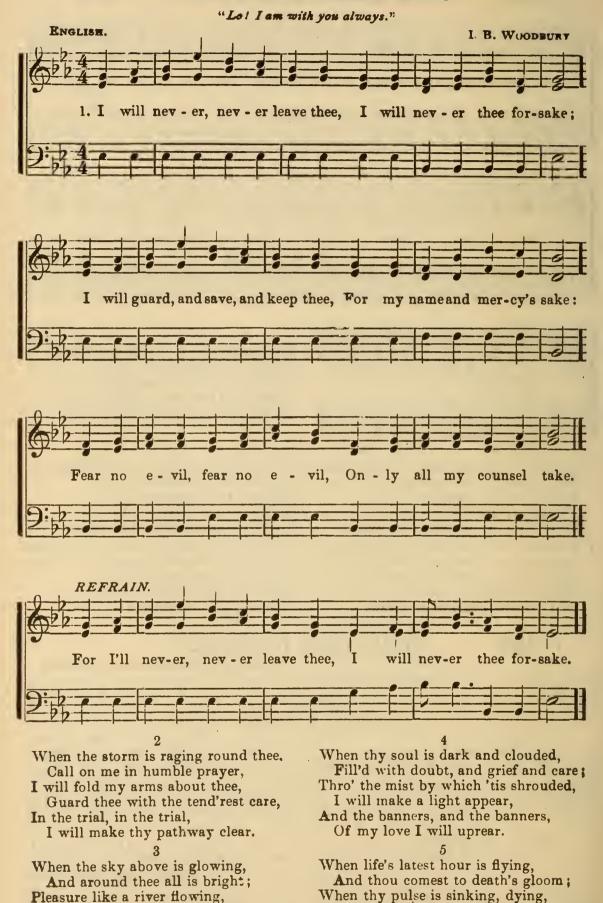




- lu - jah, A - men and A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le

389 I Will Never Leave Thee.



224

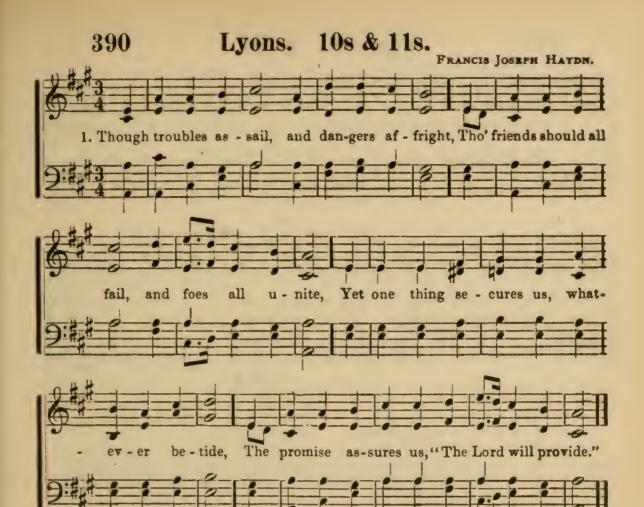
All things tending to delight, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee,

I will guide thy steps aright.

And the darkness round thee come,

I will bring thee from the tomb.

I will never, never leave thee,

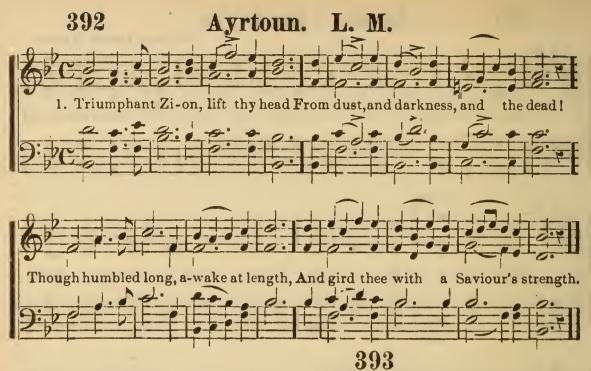


- 2 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
 The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."
- 3 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
 But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
 This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."
- 4 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name: In this our strong tower for safety we hide; The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

391

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- 1 O worship the King, all glorious above, And gratefully sing his wonderful love; Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavillioned in splendor, and girded with praise!
- 2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm!
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite,
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!



- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Decked in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade. And fill thy hallowed courts with dread; No more shall Satan's mighty host Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer, 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! His hands thy ruins shall repair; Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace.
- 1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns. Praise him in evangelic strains: Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown, But grace and truth support his throne; Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is their eternal ground.
- Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the Before him burns devouring fire, [tombs; The mountains melt, the seas retire.

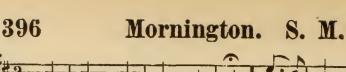


2 To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

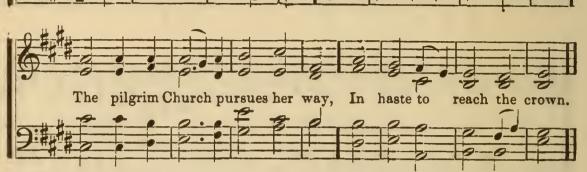
3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.



- 2 There is sweet rest for me with the dear ones of old, Who have bow'd 'neath the stroke of the foe; I shall meet them at length in the mansions of gold, Where their life-crowns forever shall glow.—Cho.
- 3 There is sweet rest for me with my Saviour and King, When he comes in his might from above:
 When the hosts of the deathless his triumph shall sing, And dwell in the light of his love.—Cho.
- 4 There is sweet rest for me, and I sigh to be there; Lord Jesus, O come, quickly come! Let thy gathering angels the faithful ones bear To the shores of that beautiful home.—Cho.







2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still;
Old, and yet ever new.

3 'Tis the same story still, Of sin and weariness; Of grace and love still flowing down, To pardon and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate, No broader is the way, No smoother is the ancient path, That leads to light and day.

6 'Tis the old sorrow still,

The briar and the thorn;

And 'tis the same old solace yet,—

The hope of coming morn.

397

Home. 8s & 7s.

H. W. JACKMAN.

GEO. E. LEE, by per.

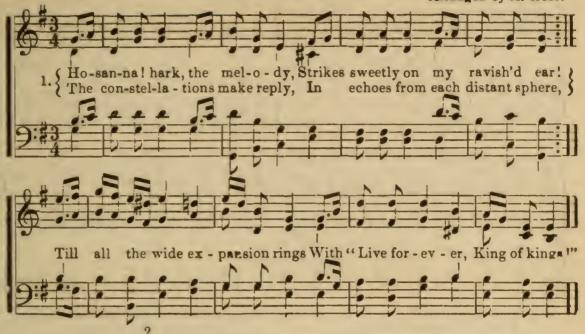
1. Home, when life's rough voyage is o'er; Home, when sor-row comes no more;

Home, beyond death's swelling tide, For-ev-er by the Saviour's side.

2 Home, where trials ne'er can come, Grief and anguish find no room; There, with joy, the raptur'd throng, Swell loud and clear redemption's song.

Parted ones shall gather there, Joy and bliss forever share; There shall death be known no more, Nor fear'd at all on that blest shore.

4 Glorious prospect! heav'nly rest,
There with all the pure and blest;
Soon will that blest morning come,
When all the saints shall rest at home.



He comes! he comes! the heavens rena; Floods, clap your hands; ye mountains, They rise to meet their Lord in air,

Earth, raise your hallelujahs high, Let Zion wake the lofty strain-"Live, King of kings! forever reign."

Ripe is the vintage of the earth;

Forests in glad obeisance bend!

And vengeance, vengeance bursts to birth, From land to land destruction bounds.

Sudden and irresistible: Messiah comes to tread amain The wine-press of the battle-plain.

The cry is up, the strife begun, The struggle of the mighty ones, And Armageddon's day comes on, The carnival of Slaughter's sons; War lifts his helmet to his brow-O God! protect thy people now.

PART SECOND.

The graves are cleaved, the saints arise! The resurrection of the just: And now unto the opening skies

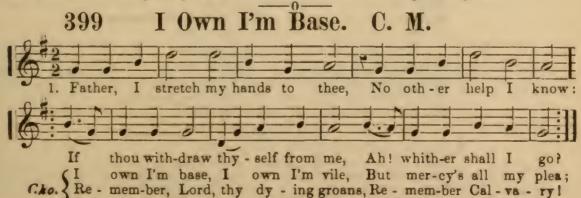
Up leap the tenants of the dust! [:>7! And tune their hallelujahs there.

> Wake, Zion, wake! put on thy strength; Don thy rich garb, Jerusalem;

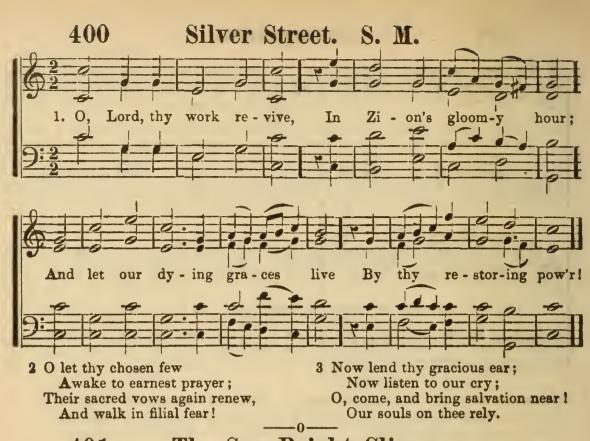
Rise, shine, thy light is come at length, And thou the wicked shalt condemn: Its clustering grapes are round and full, But, hark! the war-cry nearer sounds;

Assemble quickly, fowls of air; Come to the supper of the Lord; The great ones of the earth prepare To reap the harvest of the sword; And captains' flesh shall be your food, And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.

The cry is up, the strife begun; Destruction spreads from field to field, And soon shall Slaughter's work be done; Soon shall Abaddon's legions yield: Unnumber'd thousands shall be slain, And cover all Megiddo's plain.



(Re - mem-ber, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me





2 There's a city fair,—the saints' "sweet home," Which ne'er shall know night's saddening gloom; With its gates of pearl, and its streets of gold, It will shine with the glory of God untold,

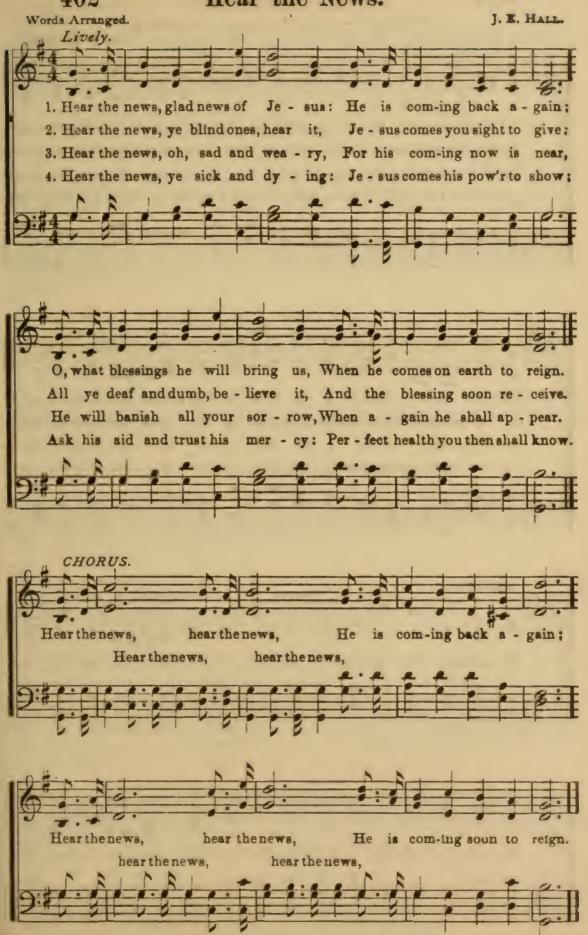
Over there in that sun-bright clime.

3 A river of water floweth there, Mid scenes of beauty, strangely fair; And rich-plumed songsters flit through the bowers Of the Tree of Life on the golden shores, Over there in that sun-bright clime.

4 Soon the ransomed host, enrobed in white, Will range those fields in pure delight, And pluck rich fruit from the Life-Tree bowers, Mid a thousand hues of fadeless flowers, Over there in that sun-bright clime.

5 Not far, far away is that sinless clime, For now are we nearing the promised time; When the Lord will come for his bride in white, Then we'll bid adieu to these scenes of night, And go home to that sun-bright clime.

Hear the News.



He Leadeth Me.

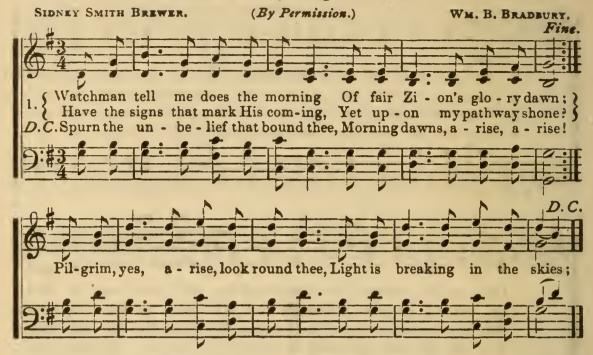
"He leadeth me by the still waters."-Ps. xxiii: 2. Jos. H. GILMORE, 1861. WM. B. BRADBURY. (Copyright, 1864, by W. B. Bradbury.) He leadeth me, oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught; 1. Sometimes'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine-And when He comes to claim His own, And give the vic - t'ry and the crown, What-e'er I do, where'er be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. I By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea-Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me. Con-tent, whatev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me. liv-ing fountains clear and free, Then still 'tis He that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He

From "Golden Censer," by per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

Arranged by F. A. B. by per. F. A. BLACKMER. 1. Be-hold! what love! what boundless love. The Fa - ther hath be-stow'd 2. Though now in-deed the sons of God, The world knoweth us not; glo-ry be, It doth not yet ap-pear; 3. What we shall soon in 4. And ev-'ry man that hath this hope, Him-self doth pu - ri - fy; Up - on His servants, that they should Be call'd the sons of God. Be - causeit knew not Christ, the Lord, Who hath our son - ship bought. But this we know, that when He comes, We shall His im - age bear. B - ven as He, our Lord, is pure, In whom no sin doth lie. CHORUS. what man-ner of love, What manner of love, Behold what manner of love, what manner of That we, The Fa - ther hath be-stow'd up - on us, That we should be call'd, that should be call'd, we should call'd of be the sons God.

Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night ?"-Isa xxi: 11.



- Of the grand Sabbatic year,
 Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
 The Messiah's kingdom near;
 Watchman! yes; I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.
- Pilgrim in that golden city,
 Seated on the jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;

There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,—
Clad in immortality.

From "Golden Censer," by per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

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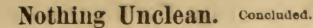
Nothing Unclean.

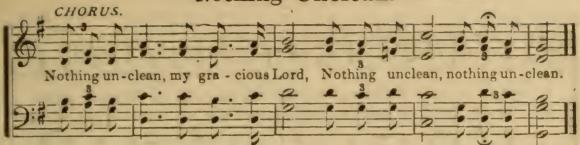
By Permission of Jno. R. Sweney. Copyright, 1872.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

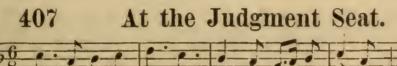
J. Nothing un - clean can en - ter in Where Christ will ev - er reign;

His eyes, so pure, can-not en - dure The sight of spot or stain.





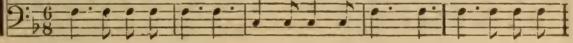
- Nothing unclean must stand between The Holy Ghost and me; Saviour from sin, the work begin; Wash me, till thou canst see.— Cho.
- 3 Nothing unclean can mortals screen From the All-seeing eye;
 Spirit of God, apply the blood,
 Until I hear Thee cry,—Cho.
- 4 Nothing unclean; oh, glorious scene!
 My heart, washed in the blood,
 With rapture thrills, as now it feels
 The mighty power of God!—Cho.
- Nothing unclean doth intervene
 To dim the Spirit's light;
 It shines each day along my way,
 Nor fails to shine at night.—Cho.

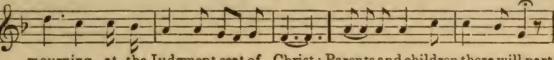


1. O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, O, there will be

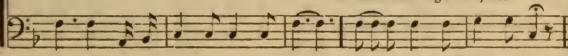
2. O, there will be mourning, &c.

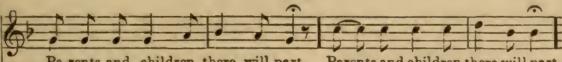
3. O, there will be mourning, &c.





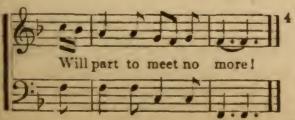
mourning at the Judgment seat of Christ; Parents and children there will part,
Brothers and sisters, &c.
Friends and neighbors, &c.





Pa-rents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part, Brothers and sis - ters, &c.

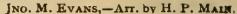
Friends and neighbors, &c.

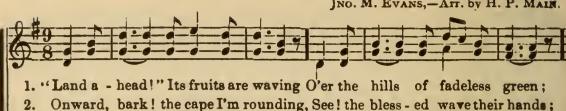


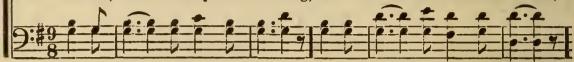
O, there will be glory, glory, glory, glory, o, there will be glory at the Judgment seat of Christ;

1: Saints and angels there will meet, : Saints and angels there will meet.
Will meet to part no more.

245

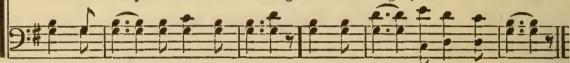








liv - ing wa-ters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright, im-mor-tal bands. Hear the





more, When on Rocks and storms I'll fear no that shore: e - ter - nal





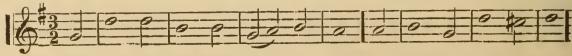
2.2

3 There, let go the anchor, riding On this calm and silv'ry bay; Seaward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our Salvation, We are safe at home at last! Chorus.

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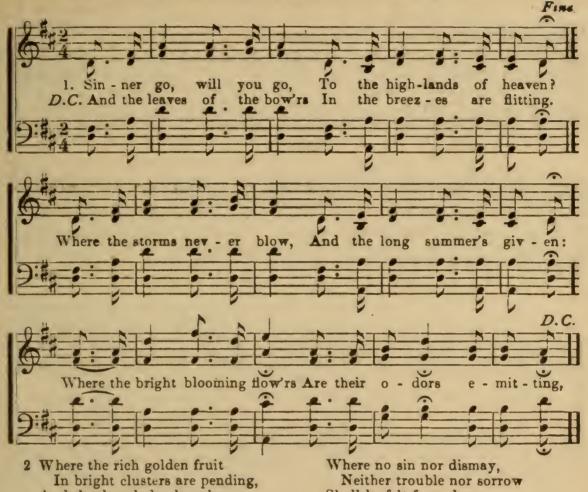
Mear.



1 Jesus, I love thy charming name! 'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven might hear. 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul! My transport and my trust; Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.

410 Sinner's Invitation. 6s & 7s.



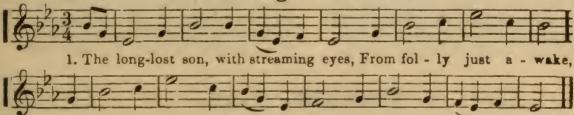
And the deep-laden boughs Of life's fair tree are bending; And where life's crystal stream Is unceasingly flowing, And the verdure is green, And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints, robed in white, Cleansed in life's flowing fountain, Shining beauteous and bright, Shall inhabit the mountain.

Shall be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home; Sinner, canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come; Sinner, wilt thou receive it? O come, sinner, come, For the tide is receding, And the Saviour will soon, And forever cease pleading.

The Prodigal's Return. 411



Re - views his wand'rings with sur-prise: His heart be - gins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear The famine in this land, While servants of my Father share

The bounty of his hand.

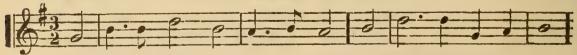
3 "With deep repentance I'll return, And seek my Father's face-Unworthy to be called a son, I'll ask a servant's place."

- 4 Far off the Father saw him move-In pensive silence mourn— And quickly ran, with arms of love, To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew. And spread the joy around; The angels tuned their harps anew-The long-lost son is found!



That beautiful land, where all is light, It ne'er will know the shades of night, The glory of God, the light of day, Hath driven the darkness far away. The heavenly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light; In harmony grand and pure they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.





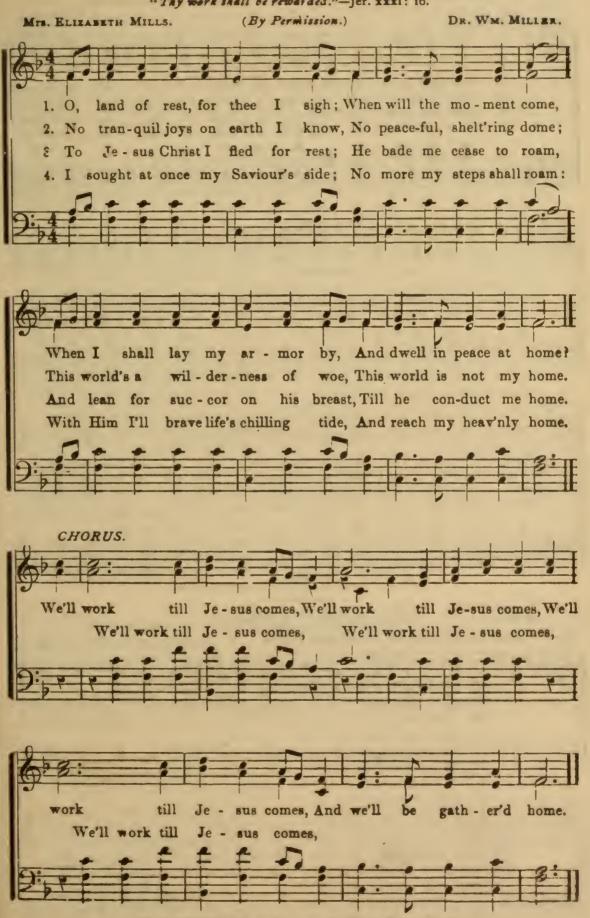
No longer dare delay!
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 O sinners, in his presence bow, And all your guilt confess; Accept the offered Saviour now, Nor trifle with his grace!

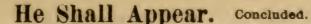
Amazing love, that yet will call,
And still prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

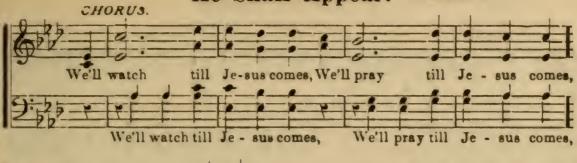
414 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."- Jer. xxxi: 16.











2 He comes, he comes to save his own— 3 Then will the saints in glory sing— We'll be gather'd home-

He comes upon the great white throne-We'll be gather'd home-

The trump of God the world will hear-We'll be gather'd nome-

And at the Judgment seat appear-We'll be gather'd home.— Cho.

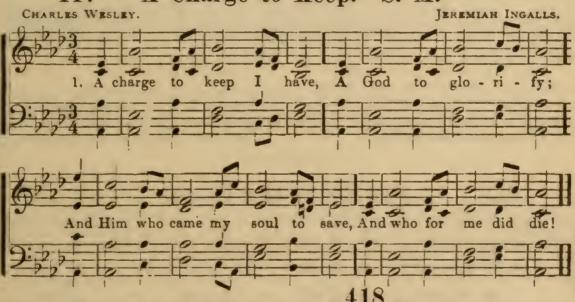
We'll be gather'd home-

Then will the heav'ns with praises ring -We'll be gather'd home-

Then will their sufferings all be o'er-We'll be gather'd home-

Then will they live to die no more— We'll be gather'd home. - Cho.

A Charge to Keep.



- 2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfil, O may it all my powers engage, To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare, A strict account to give.
- Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely, Assured if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.
- 1 And can I yet delay My little all to give? To tear myself from earth away For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Though late, I all forsake; My friends, my all, resign; Gracious Redeemer, take, O take, And seal me ever thine.
- 3 My one desire be this,— Thy only love to know; To seek and taste no other bliss, --No other good below.

Precious Jesus.



Worthy is the Lamb. Concluded.



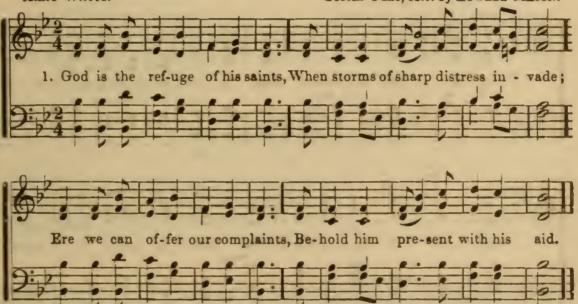
- 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise, In the noblest strains you raise, Man's redemption claims your lays, Praise the Lamb.
- See, in sad Gethsemane, See, on tragic Calvary, Sinner, see his love to thee, Praise the Lamb.
- 4 Penitents, dismiss your fears, God will hear believing prayers, He forgives you when he hears, His dear Lamb.
- 6 Thus may we each moment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still, Till we all on Zion's hill See the Lamb.

421

Ward. L. M.

IBAAC WATTS.

Scotch Tune, Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



- Down to the deep, and buried there;
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.

422

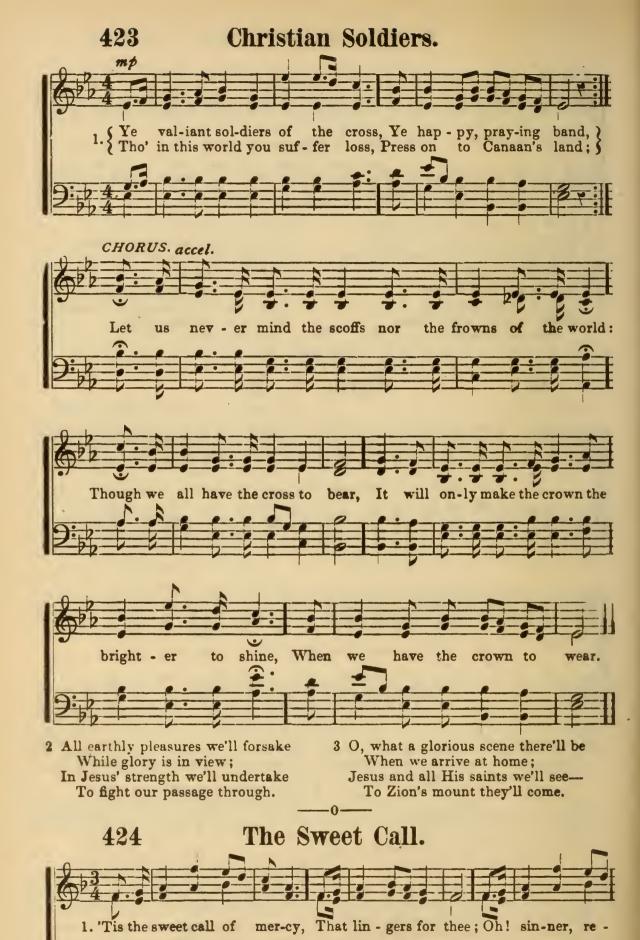
- Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry; 5
 Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
 Of the world's pleasures, or its praise?
- The love of Christ doth me constrain To seek the wandering souls of men:

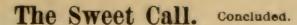
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,— To snatch them from the gaping grave.

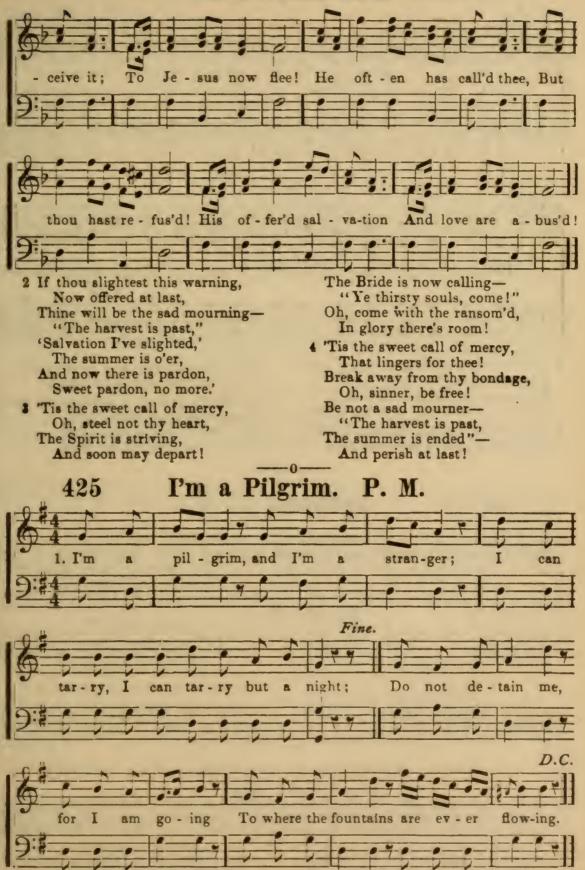
- 3 For this let men revile my name;
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
 All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
 Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- My life, my blood, I here present, If for thy truth they may be spent; Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord; Thy will be done, thy name adored.
- Give me thy strength, O God of power; Then let winds blow, or thunders roar, Thy faithful witness will I be: 'Tis fixed; I can do all through thes.

JOHANN J. WINKLER. TR. BY J. WESHEY.

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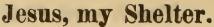


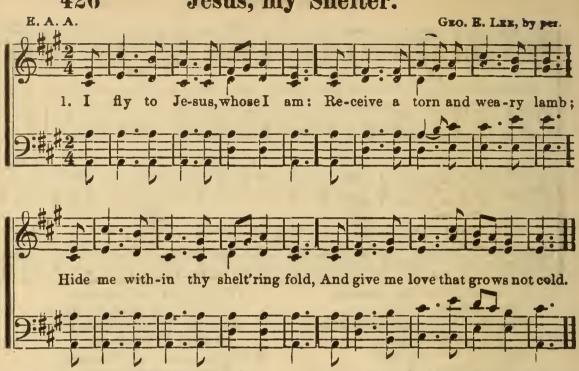


2 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

3 There the glory is ever shining! 'there; O, my longing heart, my longing heart is Here in this country so dark and dreary, I long have wandered forlorn and weary. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.



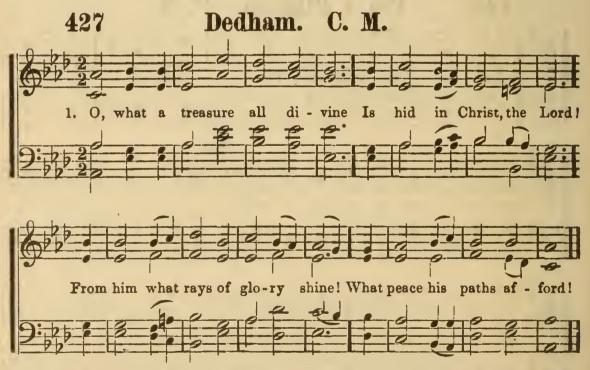




- 2 Let thy sweet patience tame my heart, So prone to act the wilful part, Till to each crossing thing I say, "Thy will be done," be what it may.
- 3 Remove each selfish thought I feel, And give a calmly tempered zeal,

That waits on God, and works, or not— The same, encouraged or forgot.

4 Let all thy pains, thy prayers, thy cries, Be set before my tearful eyes, Till I can suffer like my Lord, Nor utter a complaining word.



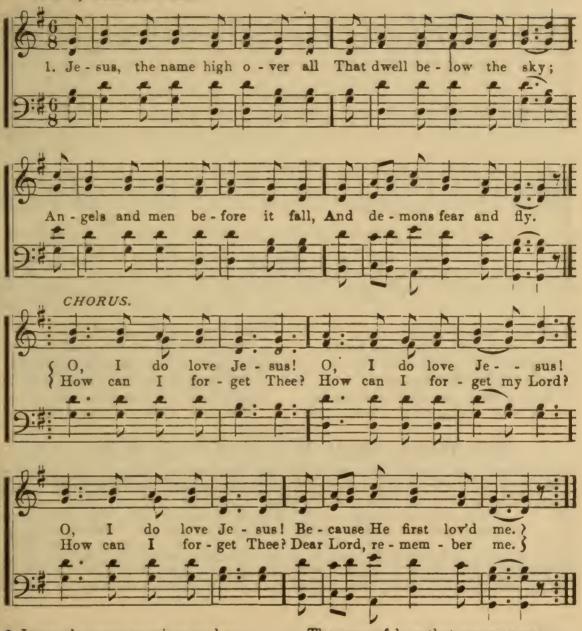
- In him our light and life are found,
 Though we were dead before;
 And now he makes our joys abound,
 Who all our sorrows bore.
- When sore distressed, he to our aid On rapid pinions flies,

And to the wounds which sin has made A healing balm applies.

4 'Tis from his fullness we receive,
And daily, grow in grace;
That to his glory we may live.
And see Him face to face.

428 O, I Do Love Jesus.

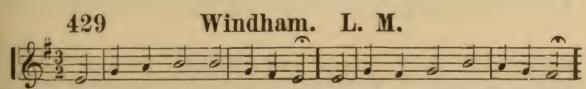




- 2 Jesus, the name to saints so dear, The name to sinners given; It scatters all their doubts and fear; It makes the earth a heaven.—Cho.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see The riches of His grace;

The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace.—Che.

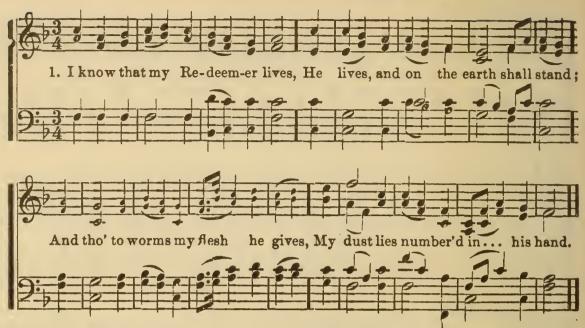
4 His only righteousness I show;
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business, here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!—Che.



- What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now, enthroned above the skies,
 He pleads his holy sacrifice.
- 3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend, On thee do all our hopes depend!

Our cause can never, never fail, For thou dost plead and must prevail.

3 In every dark, distressing hour, When sin and Satan join their power, Let this blest truth repel each dart, That Jesus bears us on his heart.

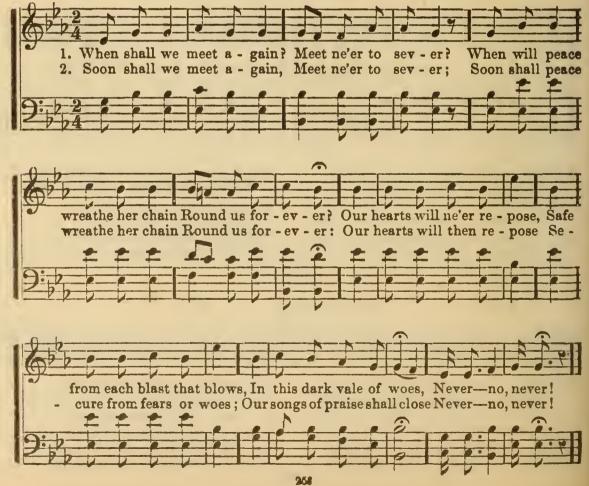


- 2 In this reanimated clay
 I surely shall behold him near;
 Shall see him in the latter day
 In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I know what then shall raise me up; The quick'ning Spirit dwells in me;

This is my confidence and hope, That I him face to face shall see.

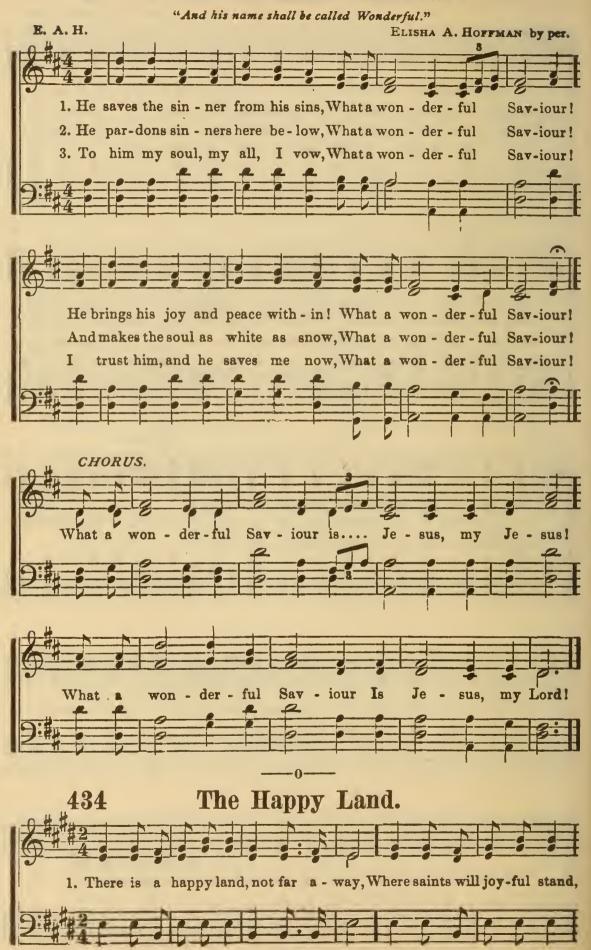
4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.







433 What a Wonderful Saviour!

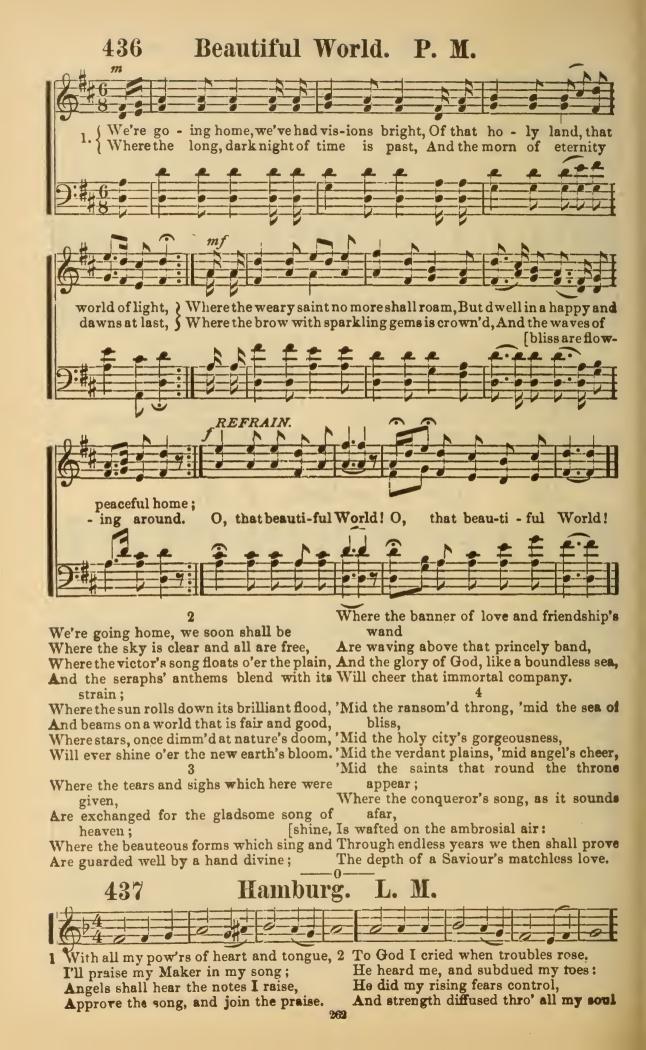




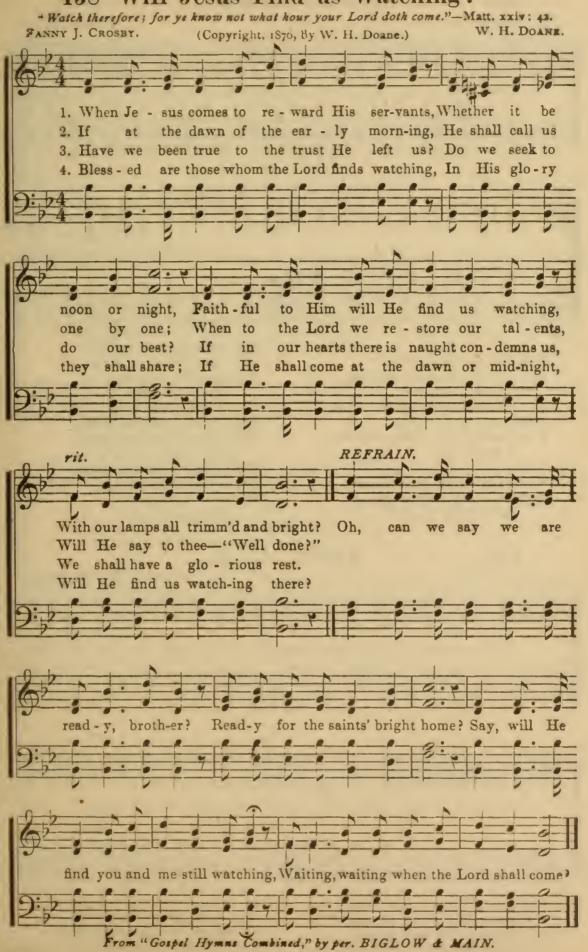
96]

There, there is rest—there is rest.

There, there is rest—there is rest.

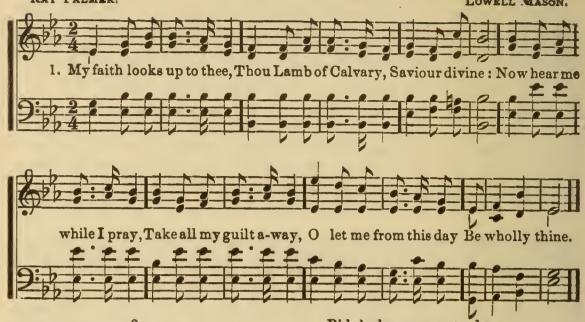


438 Will Jesus Find us Watching?





LOWELL MASON.



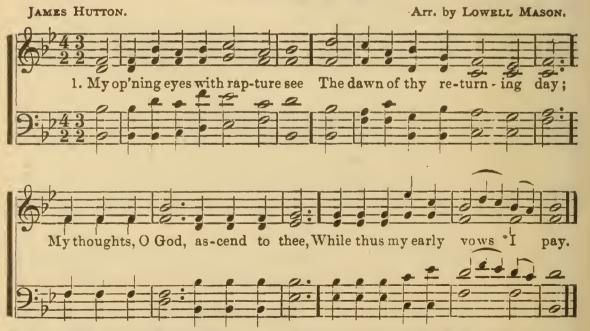
May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be,-A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

When time's eventful years, With sin and toil and tears, Shall cease to be, Blest Saviour then in love, Descending from above, My every ill remove, And ransom me.

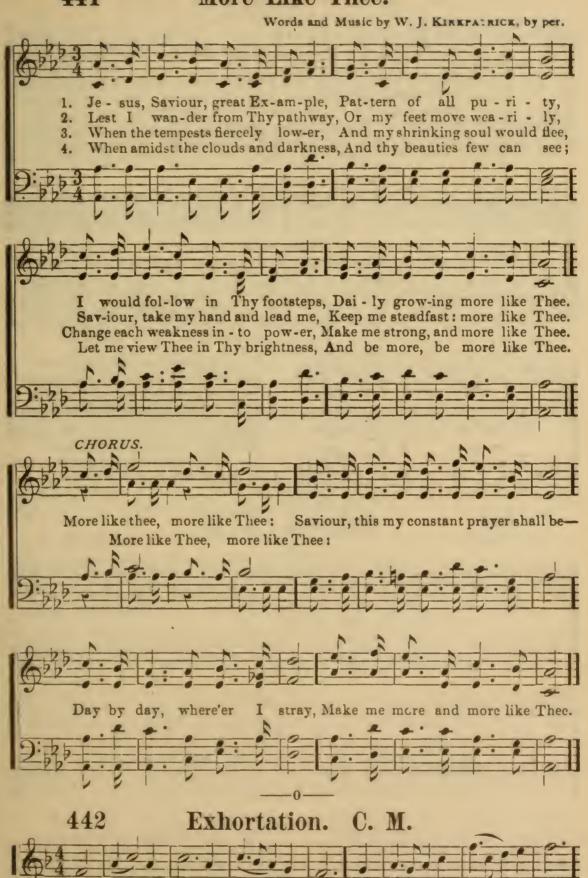
L. M. Ames.



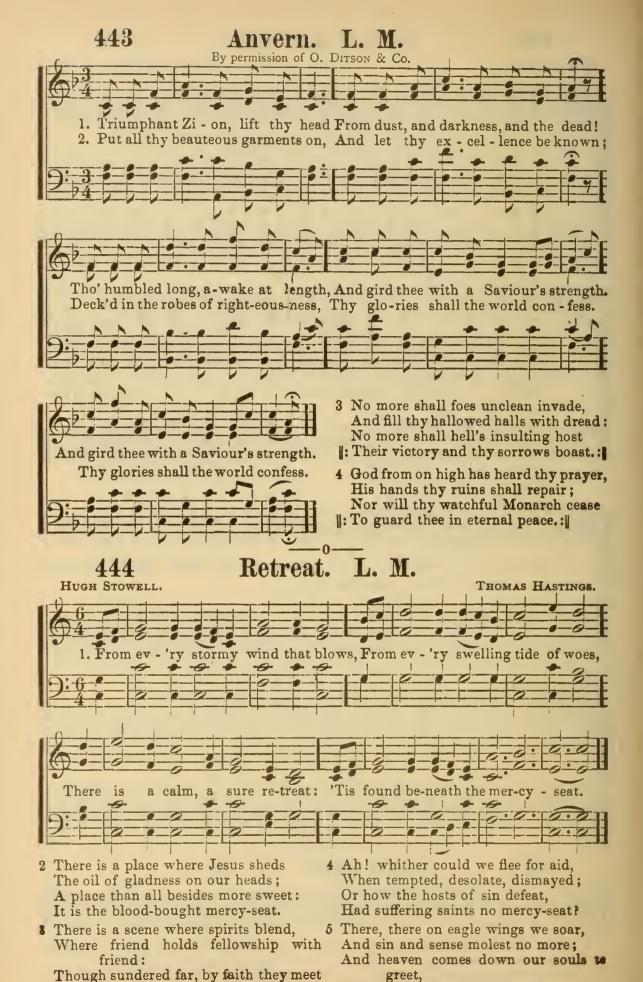
2 O, bid this trifling world retire, And drive each carnal thought away; Nor let me feel one vain desire, One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then to thy courts when I repair, My soul shall rise on joyful wing, The wonders of thy love declare, And join the strains which angels sing.

More Like Thee.



- 1 Sweet rivers of redeeming love
 I see before me lie;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly.
- 2 A few more days, or months, at most, My troubles will be o'er;
 - I hope to join the heavenly host On Canaan's happy shore.

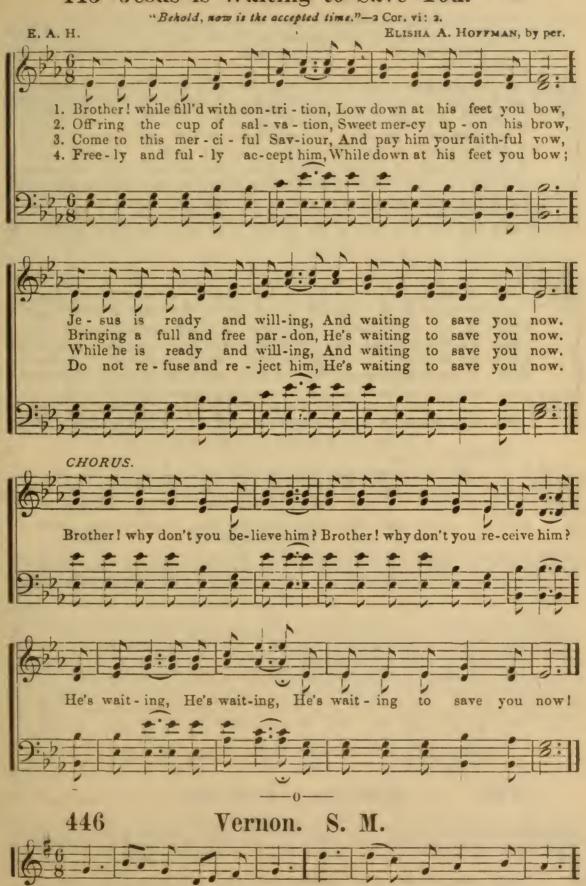


266

Around one common mercy-seat.

While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

445 Jesus is Waiting to Save You.

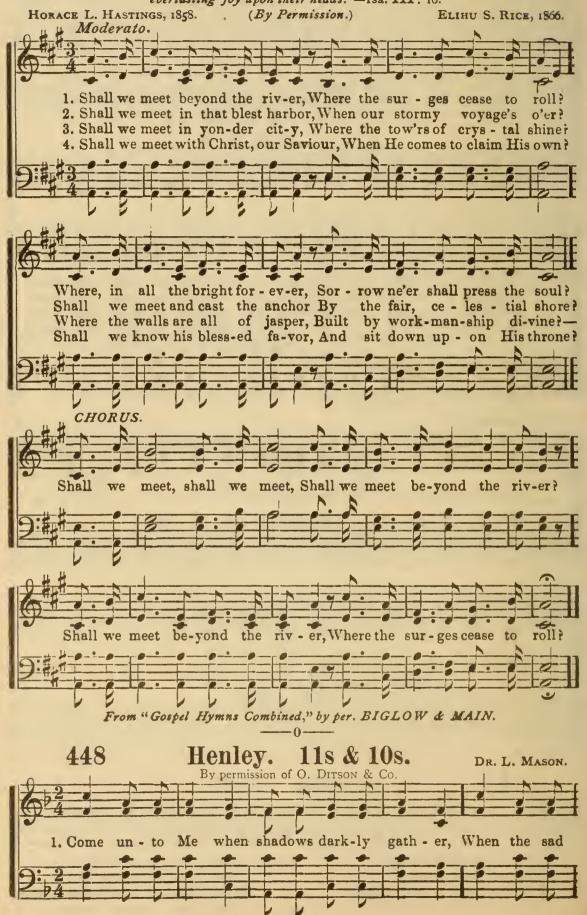


Beyond this gloomy night
Eternal beauties rise,
A land of love, a land of light,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

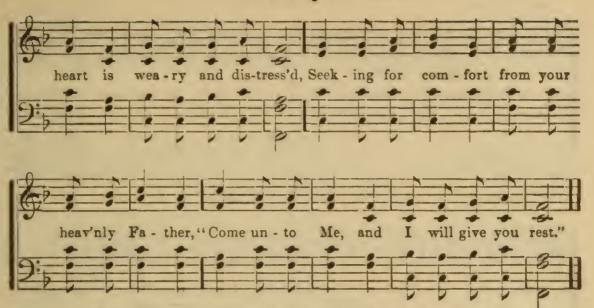
Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there;
There'll be no sorrow there.
When Jesus comes, we'll all go nome;
There'll be no sorrow there.

447 Shall we Meet beyond the River?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. xxx: 10.

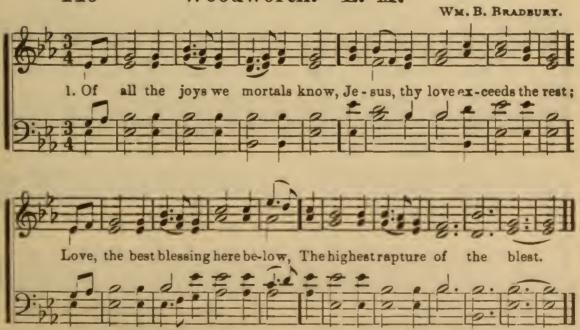


Henley. Concluded.



- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground, When the lov'd slept, but to at length awaken, Where their pale brows with fadeless wreaths are crown'd.
- 3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling; Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling; Soft are the tones which ra's the heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Will bloom the flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
 "Come unto Me," all ye who droop in sadness,
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

Woodworth. L. M.



- 2 Securely held in thine embrace, No fickle thought attempts to rove; Bach smile that's seen upon thy face, Fixes and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 Oft of thine absence we complain,
 And sadly weep, and humbly pray;
 Yet there is pleasure in the pain, [stay.
 The tears are sweet which mourn thy

209



Geneva. U. M.

JOHN COLE.



When all thy mercies, O'my God,



2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries.
Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned To form themselves in prayer.

4 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,

More to be feared than they.

5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

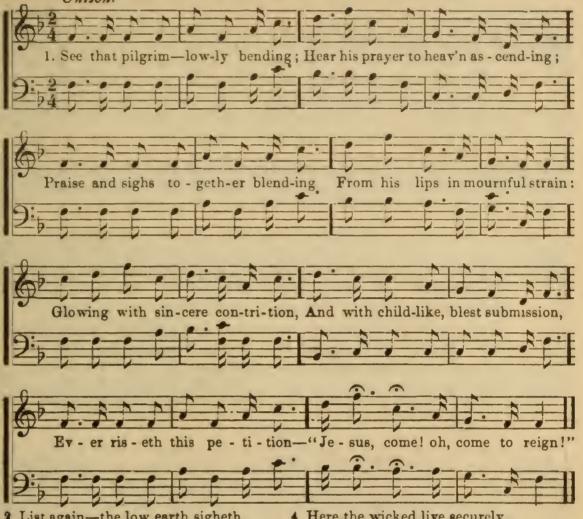


To thee I tell my grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

But O, when doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

452 See that Pilgrim. 8s & 7s.



2 List again—the low earth sigheth, And the blood of martyrs crieth From its bosom, where there lieth Millions upon millions slain: "Lord, how long, ere thy word given, All the wicked shall be driven From the earth by bolts of Heaven? Jesus, come! oh, come to reign!"

** Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in woe appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain;
While the slain around are lying,
God's own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
"Jesus, come! oh, come to reign!"

4 Here the wicked live securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely
They extort dishonest gain;
Yea, the meek are burden'd, driven;
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to Heaven,
"Jesus, come! oh, come to reign!"

6 Christian, cheer thee—land is nearing, Still be hopeful—nothing fearing; Soon, in majesty appearing,
You'll behold the Lamb once slain.
Oh how joyful then to hear him,
While all nations shall revere him,
Saving to his flock who fear him,

"I have come, on earth to reign."

453 Homeward Bound.



Out on the ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;

l'oss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound: Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,

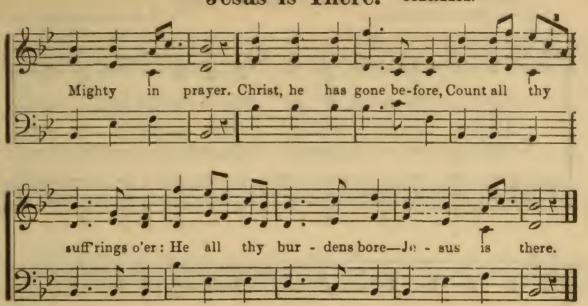
Seeking our Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

27]

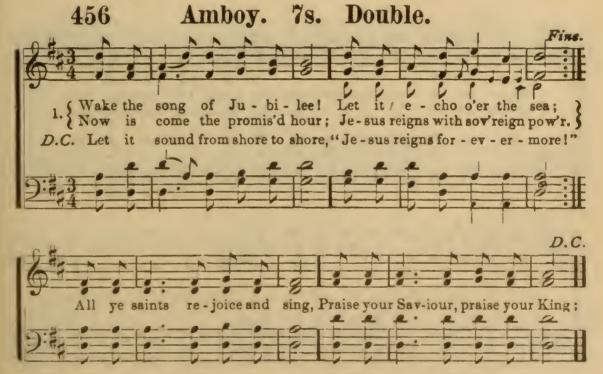
454 Beautiful White Robes.



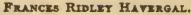
Jesus is There. Concluded.



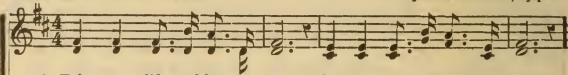
- 2 Souls for the marriage feast,
 Robe and prepare;
 Holy must be each guest;
 Jesus is there!
 Saints, wear your victory palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms:
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
 Oh! let me wear.
- Jesus is there!
 That bliss is ever sure—
 Art thou its heir?
 What makes its joys complete!
 What makes its hymns so sweet?
 There we the saints will greet—
 Jesus is there.



- 2 Hark! the desert lands rejoice; And the islands join their voice; Joy! the whole creation sings— "Jesus is the King of kings!" Wake the song of Jubilee; Let it echo o'er the sea; Let it sound from shore to shore, "Jesus reigns forevermore!"
- 3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound From the centre to the skies, Wakes above, beneath, around. All creations narmonies He shall reign from pole to pole, With illimitable away; He shall reign when like a scroll Yonder heavens shall pass away.



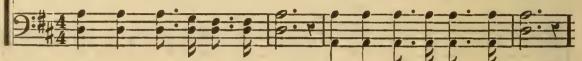
W. J. KIREPATRICE, by per



- 1. Take my life, and let it be
- 2. Take my feet, and let them be
- 3. Take my lips, and let them be

Con - se - cra-ted, Lord, to thee;

Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee; Fill'd with mes-sa-ges from thee;

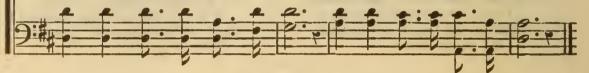




Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.

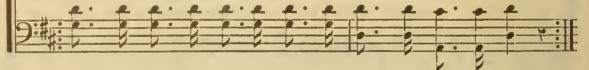
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.

Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.



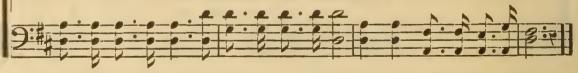


Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood, Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood.



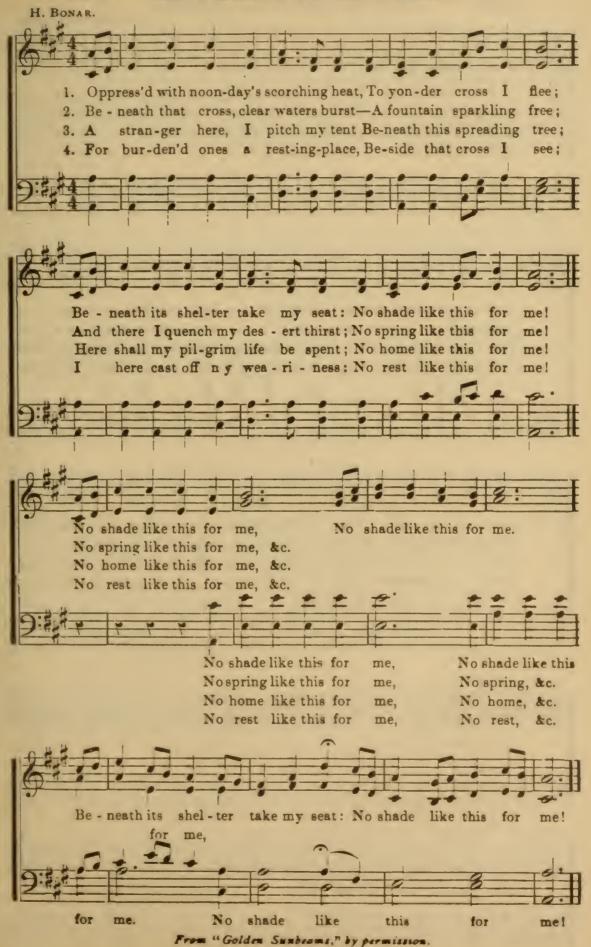


Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.

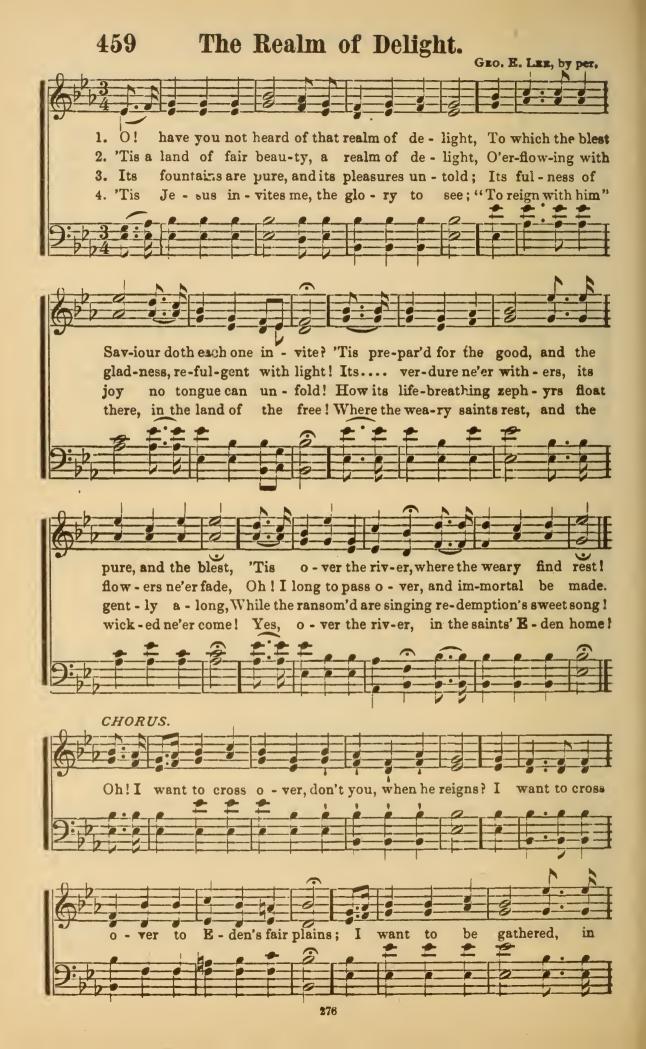


- 4 Take my will and make it thine; It shall be no longer mine. Take my heart—it is Thine own, It shall be thy royal throne.
- 5 Take my love—my Lord I pour At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for thee!

The Shadow of the Cross.



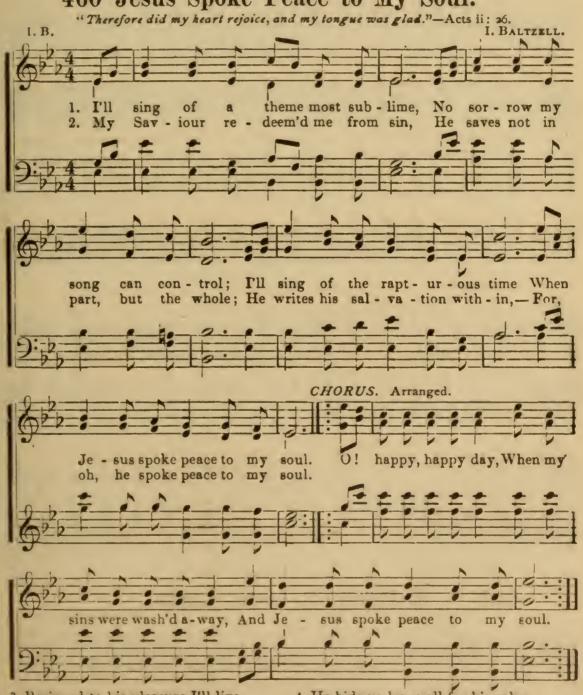
275



The Realm of Delight.



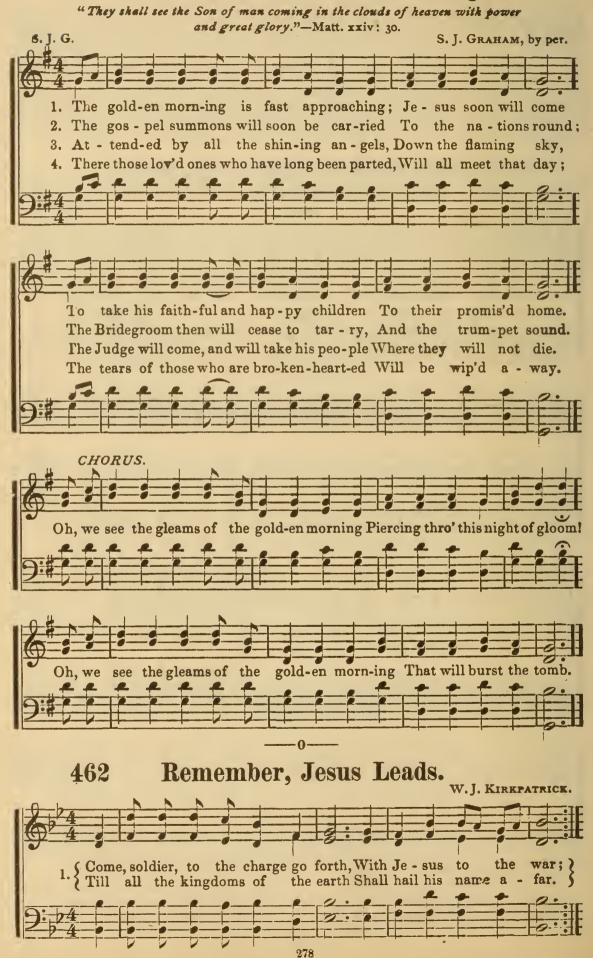
460 Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.



? Resigned to his pleasure I'll live, Till time's latest circle shall roll; His utmost salvation receive, For, oh, he spoke peace to my soul. 4 He bids us leave all for his sake, I'll run till I reach the blessed goal; Then me to his arms he will take, Oh, there will be peace to my soul.

From "Songs of Grace," by permission.

461 Gleams of the Golden Morning.

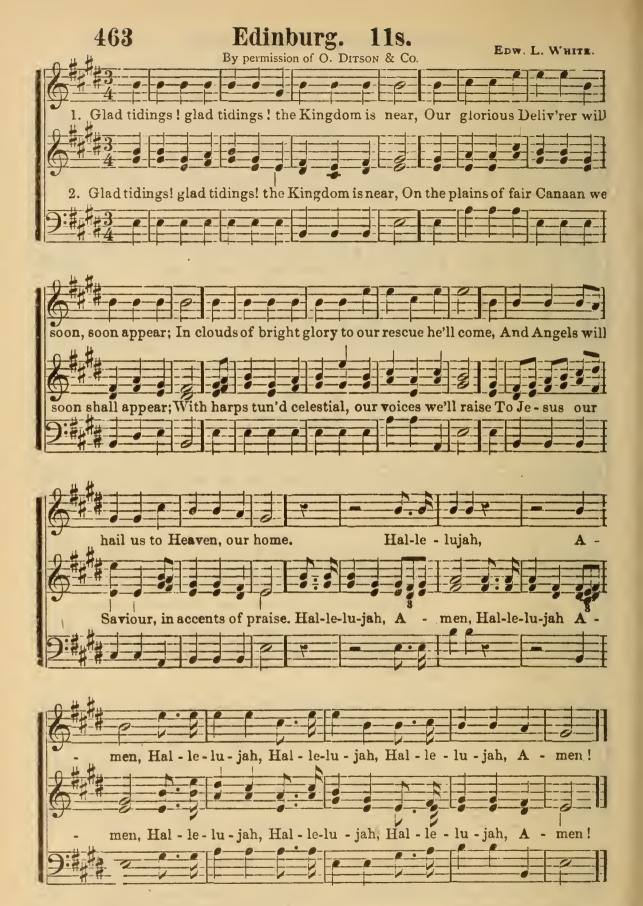


Remember, Jesus Leads. Concluded. Go, seek the souls that erring stray; For them a Saviour pleads; And while you keep the CHORUS. Re-mem-ber, Je-sus leads. Re-mem-ber. Remember, Je-sus leads, Remem-ber. re - mem-ber, sus leads, Re mem - ber. - sus mem-ber, oh, re - mem-ber. Who trust his word are blest, He leads to perfect rest; leads: leads, Je - sus Oh, re-mem-ber, leads, sus oh, re - mem - ber, Je - sus leads. Oh, re - mem - ber, • His valiant hosts, that always strive 3 Go up against sin's fortress walls,

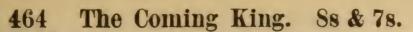
His righteous cause to win; Shall see their Master's work revive, His vict'ry over sin.

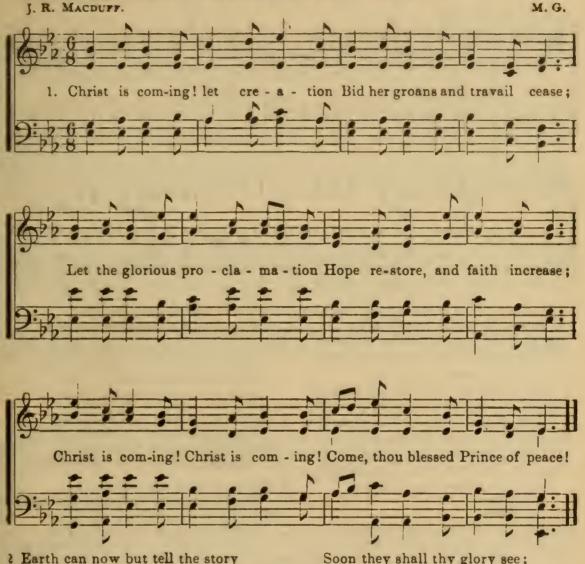
Remember, Jesus leads.—Chorus.

A fallen world in darkness lies, Each to the rescue speeds; Though foes on every side arise, Go up against sin's fortress walls,
Go in the strength of grace:
And if a standard bearer falls,
Then you must take his place.
Go, tell his love, that cannot fail,
Make known his glorious deeds.
And tho' you walk thro' death's dark vala,
Remember, Jesus leads.—Chorus.



- 3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near!
 'Tis the voice of th' Archangel methinks that I hear,
 Arousing the nations, awaking the dead
 From their cold dusty pillows, where long they have laid. Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Rejoice then, ye pilgrims, and be of good cheer; The promised possession we soon shall receive, And with Jesus in glory eternally live. Hallelujah, &c.





2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign:
||: Christ is coming!:||
Let each heart repeat the strain.

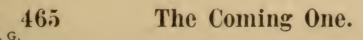
I Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,

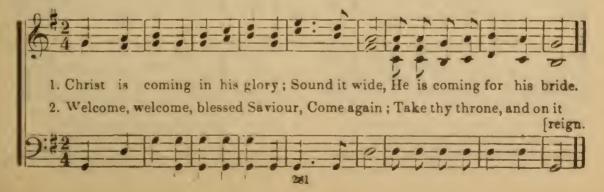
Soon they shall thy glory see;
#: Christ is coming!:
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;

[: Christ is coming!:||
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

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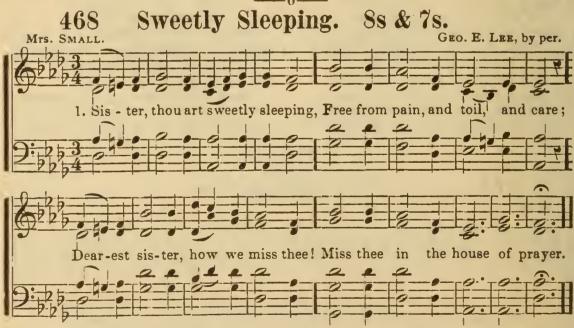


Christ and his love fill every thought, And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight, 'Tis to prepare for us a place, That we may dwell in heavenly light, And live forever near his face.

1 Lord, fill me with a humble fear; My utter helplessness reveal;

- And mark the risings of desire!
- 3 O, that my tender soul might fly The first abhorred approach of ill, Quick as the apple of an eye, The slightest touch of sin to feel!
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create, Still may I strive, and watch, and pray: Humbly and confidently wait, And long to see the perfect day. CHARLES WESLEY.

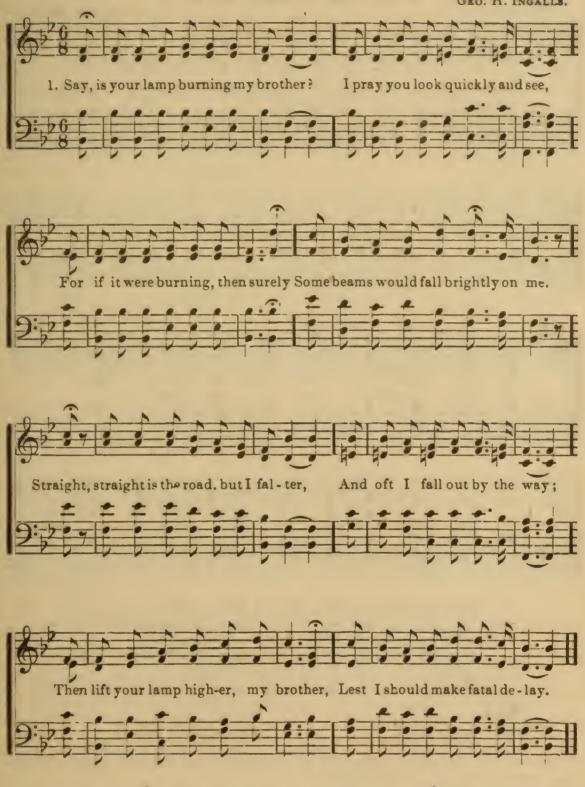


? Thou wilt sleep, but not forever; Jesus died, and rose again; Soon he'll come in clouds of glory-Thou wilt rise with him to reign.

3 Sister, then we hope to meet thee, Then we'll take thee by the hand; Then we'll twine our arms around thee, In that bright and happy land.

469 Is Your Lamp Burning?

GEO. H. INGALLS.



If once all the lamps they were lighted,
And steadily blazed in a line,
Then over the land and the ocean,

The light of the gospel would shine: See many and many around you,

Who ever are going astray;
Then trim your lamp brighter, my brother,

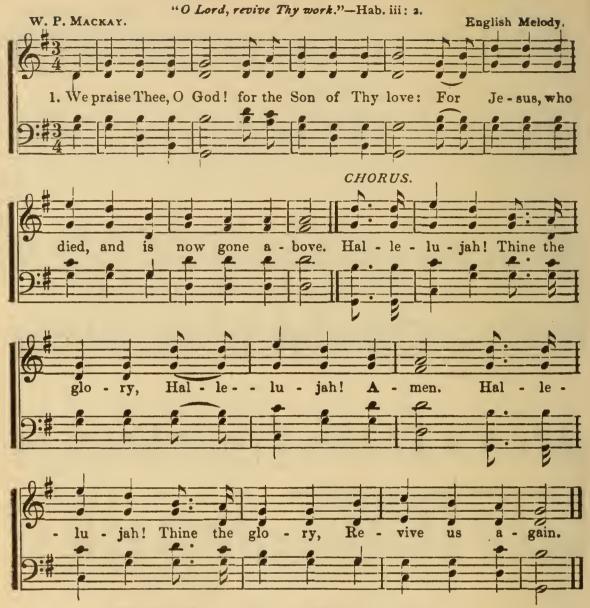
And guide them back into the way.

We hear that the Bridegroom is coming, To meet Him with lamps we must go; And oil we must take in our vessels,

That brightly each flame it may glow. Then trim your lamp brightly, my brother,

And suffer it not to grow dim, That when He shall come to the marriage, You gladly may enter with Him.

-



2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, That has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—Cho.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and removed every stain.—Cho.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has sought us, and brought us, and guided our ways.—Cho.

471

1 Rejoice and be glad!

4 Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! For our King is on high, [past.

The clouds have departed, the shadows are He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

Cho.-Sound His praises, tell the Story

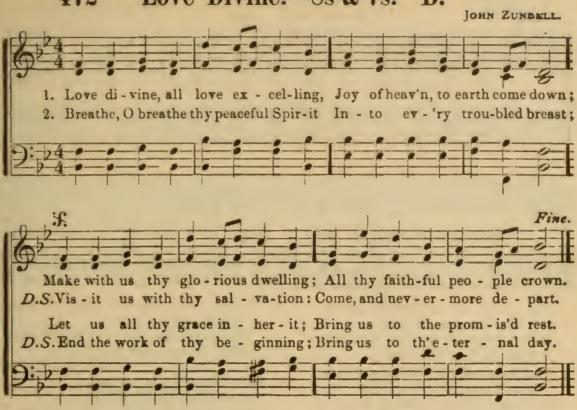
Of Him who was slain; Sound Hispraises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

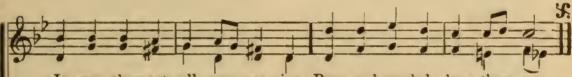
2 Rejoice and be glad!

3 Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

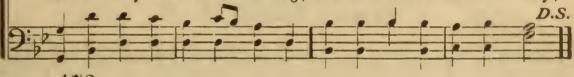
5 Rejoice and be glad! For He cometh again; He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

The Just for the unjust has died on the tree. Cho.-Sound His praises, tell the Story Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He cometh again. H. BONAR.





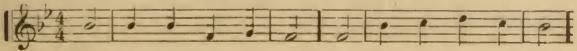
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion; Pure, unbounded love thou art; Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Take our doubts and fears a - way;



Watchman, on the walls of Zion,
Let thy warning voice be heard;
Blow the blast; for Judah's Lion
Soon will draw his vengeful sword.
Watchman, mark the coming danger;
Blow the trumpet, warn the land;
Wake the slothful, rouse the stranger,
Lest their blood be on thy hand.

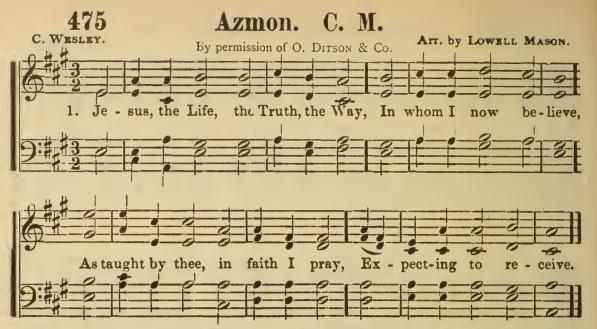
2 Watchman, sound a louder measure,
For the people do not hear;
As a lovely song of pleasure,
Fall thy words upon their ear.
Watchman, 'mid that desolation,
Ask, who then shall dare to stand?
Joyful shout, "From tribulation
Jesus brings his chosen band!"

474 Lenox. H. M.



I Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And thus embark with thee and thine.

2 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
Through grace I hope to stand
And sing among the blest:
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

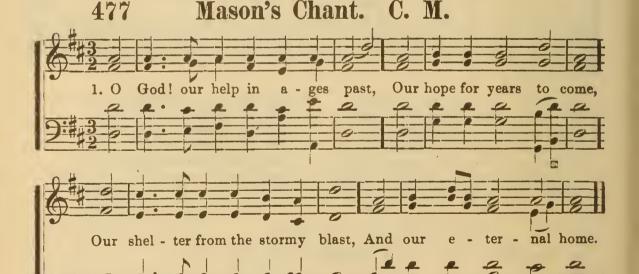


- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the hosts above,
 Who always see thee on thy throne,
 And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
 That I may do thy will,
 As angels who behold thy face,
 And all thy words fulfil.

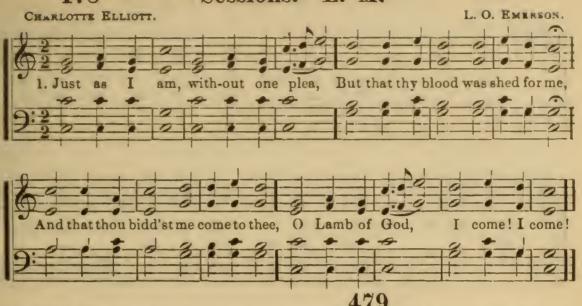
476

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus!"
 - "Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply, "For he was slain for us."
- Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
- The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb. I. WATTE

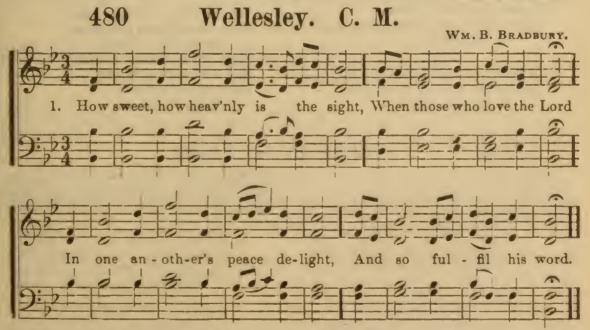


- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure?
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 8 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame;
- From everlasting thou art God— To endless years the same.
- All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again,
 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
 "Return, ye sons of men!"



- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- With many a conflict, many a doub, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blina; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee, Weary of earth, myself, and sin; Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
 "Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
 Dark, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost, I am, till thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be That I should fit myself for thee: Here, then, to thee I all resign; Thine is the work, and only thine.

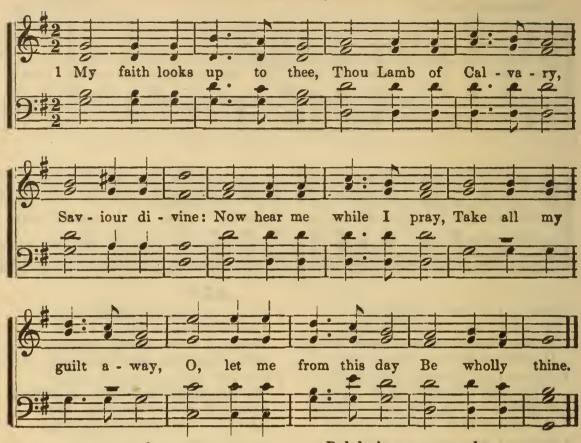
CHARLES WESLEY.



- 4 O, may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part!
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart!
- Pree us from envy, scorn, and pride;
 Our wishes fix above;
- May each his brother's failings hide.
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow,
 And union sweet, and fond esteem,
 In every action glow.

267

481 Lamb of Calvary. 6s & 4s.



May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

When time's eventful years,
With sin and toil and tears,
Shall cease to be,
Blest Saviour then in love,
Descending from above,
My every ill remove,
And ransom me.





2 When poverty comes, and my foes me surround, Afflictions oppress me, and trials abound, I think of those mansions which Christ will prepare When he comes in his glory, and long to be there. Long to be there, long to be there, Those mansions of glory—I long to be there.

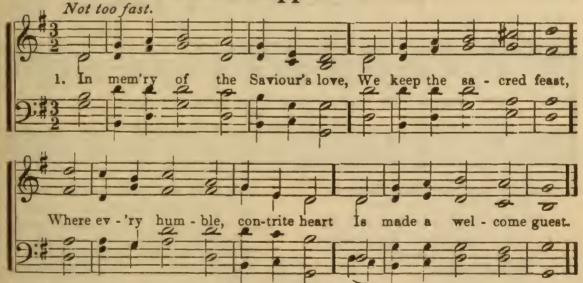
3 I long to be there, and the thought that He's near, Gives me joy in my sorrow, and takes away fear:

I know when he comes, with his saints I shall share In the glory he bringeth—I long to be there.

Long to be there, long to be there,

And share in his glory—I long to be there.

483 Lord's Supper. C. M.



2 By faith we take the bread of life, With which our souls are fed; The cup, in token of his blood, That was for sinners shed.

The wonders of his grace,

And thus anticipate the day

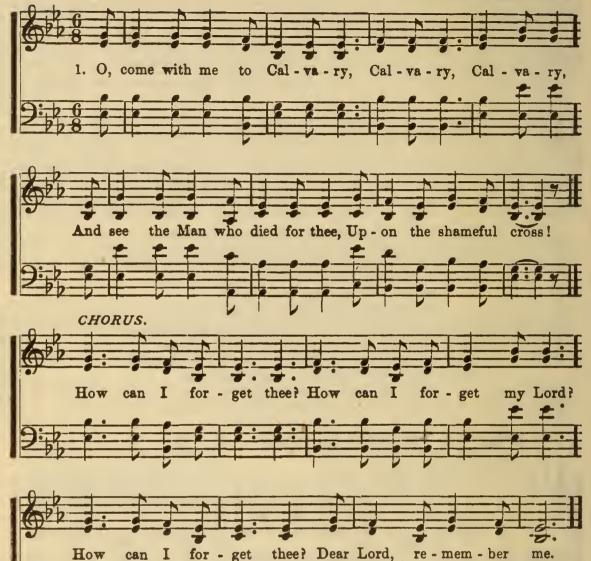
When we shall see his face.

484

1 According to thy gracious word, In meek humility, This will we do, our dying Lord, We will remember thee!

- 2 Thy body, broken for our sake, Our bread from heaven shall be; Thy testamental cup we take, And thus remember thee!
- Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?





- 2 Oh, see him hang upon the tree, On the tree, on the tree; 'Tis there he dies for you and me, The loving Son of God.—Cho.
- 3 Oh, see his bitter agony, Agony, agony:

- "My God, hast thou forsaken me?"
 Oh, hear him loudly cry.—Cho.
- 4 See how it flows, his precious blood,
 Precious blood, precious blood,
 To bring us rebels back to God—
 My soul! what love is this!—Cho.

486

Near the Cross.



Jesus, keep me near the cross,
 There a precious fountain
 Free to all—a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

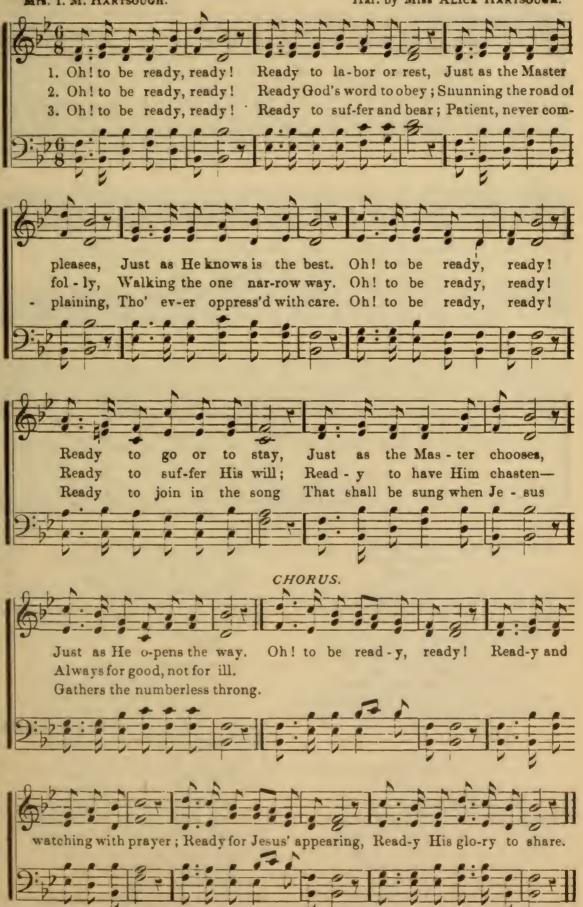
Cho.—In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever; Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and morning star Shed its beams around me.—Cho.

Oh! to be Ready!

Mrs. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Har. by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH.





2 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell,
 With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,

Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come—

The pearly gates shall ope

To take the ransomed home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound—rejoice!

489

1 Let every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th'exalted theme;
Let nature raise from every tongue
A general song of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow!
Your voices raise, ye highly blest;
Above the rest declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise my heart and tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

490

1 The day comes on apace;
Soon shall the night be past;
Who trust the Saviour's grace
Shall see his face at last;
The clouds that now obstruct their sight
Shall quickly all be put to flight.

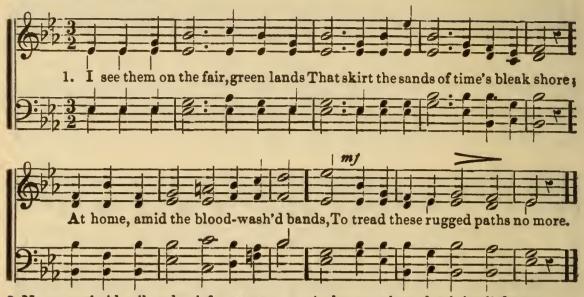
Ye saints, lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh;
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky!
O, let the sight your spirits cheer!
The Lord himself will soon appear.

3 Though men your hope deride, Nor will in God believe; Do ye in him confide,

Whose word can ne'er deceive; When heaven and earth shall pass away, Then will there be a glorious day.

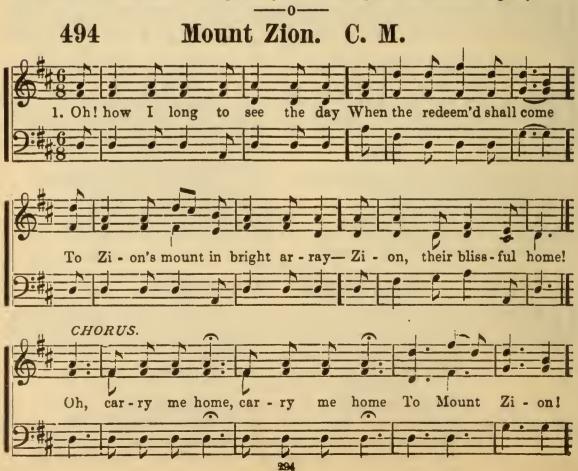


Words by D. T. TAYLOR.

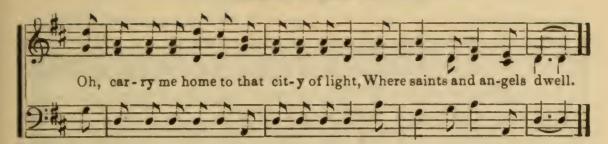


- 2 No more, 'mid toil and grief to weep; No more, 'mid sweat and tears to roam; No more to pine in dungeons deep— All dangers past, now safely home.
- 8 From pillows wet with many tears,
 From fields all drenched with human
 blood,
 - Now free from all their toils and fears, At home, at last, to be with God.
- 4 At home, where enemies come not, From which no friend shall go away;

- At home, where death is all forgot, And night is lost in endless day.
- Soon, soon will come the glorious day, When this faith vision shall be known: When earthly things are passed away, Then shall the sav'd surround the throne.
- And God will bid them welcome there,
 And Christshall smile their tears away,
 And angels wait, their bliss to share,
 Throughout the everlasting day.



Mount Zion. Concluded.

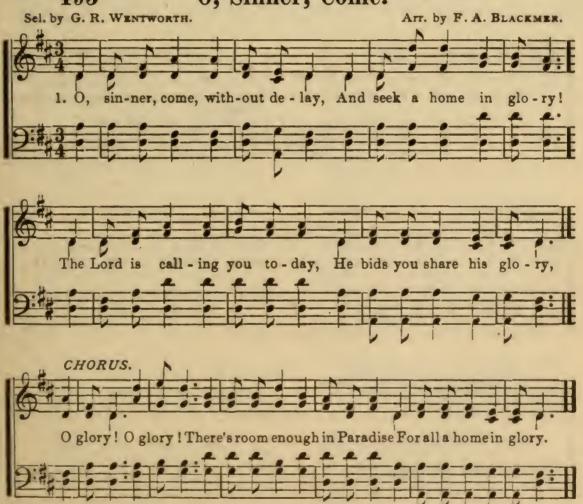


- 2 I long to hear that song arise From the unnumbered throng; The anthem that shall fill the skies, And help the notes prolong. - Cho.
- 3 Oh! shout! the glorious morn is nigh, Which prophets longed to see;

The day when Sin and Death shall die; Creation's Jubilee! - Cho.

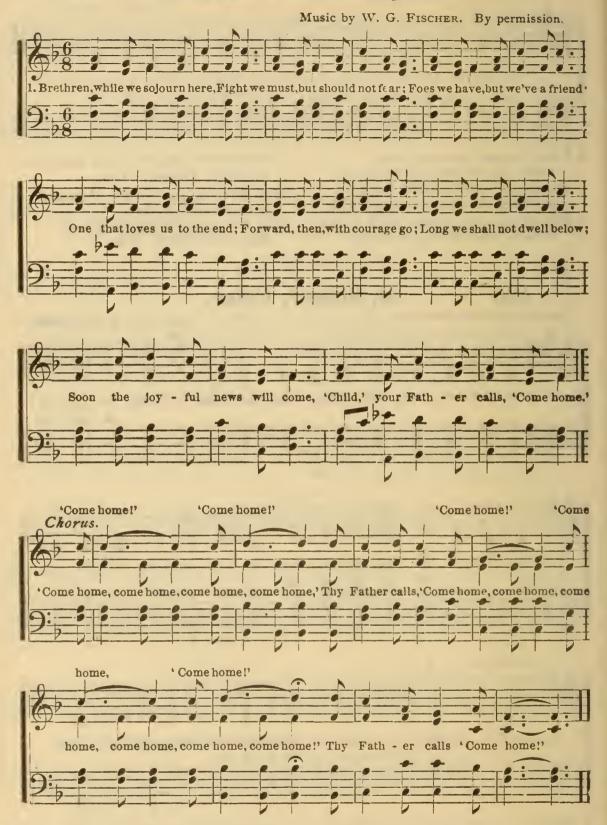
4 Dear Saviour, still we cry, O come! Creation calls to thee! Thy weary people sigh for home And immortality. - Cho.

O, Sinner, Come.



- 2 Repent, and give him now your heart; 4 O, do not madly slight his grace, He is the Lord of glory; Confess his name, secure a part When he shall come in glory. - Cho.
- I This is your time; no more delay, For soon he'll come in glory; When, shut without, in vain you'll pray; Lost then is hope of glory. - Cho.
- And lose the crown of glory; But now, before you leave this place, Begin the way to glory.—Cho.
- 5 Awake! awake! the Judge is near; Prepare, prepare for glory; If sleeping when he shall appear, You cannot bear his glory.— Che.

496 Brethren, While we Sojourn.



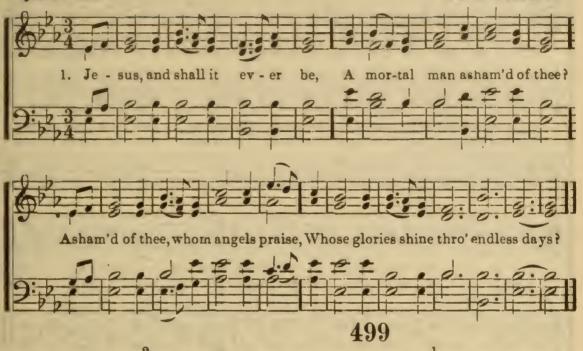
- 2 In the way, a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart.
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon delivered be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 Nor betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these:
 Soon the joyful news will come,

'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home!

206

JOSEPH GRIGG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of life depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then, I boast a Saviour slain; And, oh! may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

498

A little while, and He will come,
Then we shall wander here no more;
He comes to take us to that home
Where all our sorrows will be o'er.

A little while, he'll come again;
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our greatest grief to give him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow him.

A little while, 'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and
Oh! let us in his footsteps haste, [cross?
Counting for him all else as loss.

A little while—come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy church has waited long;
Take thy poor, wearied people home,
To sing the new, unending song.

Lord, grant thy blessing here to-day; Oh! give thy people joy and peace; The tokens of thy love display, And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
The path of light we joyful tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith, and hope, and love, abound; Our sins and errors be forgiven; And we, from day to day, be found Children of God and heirs of Heaven.

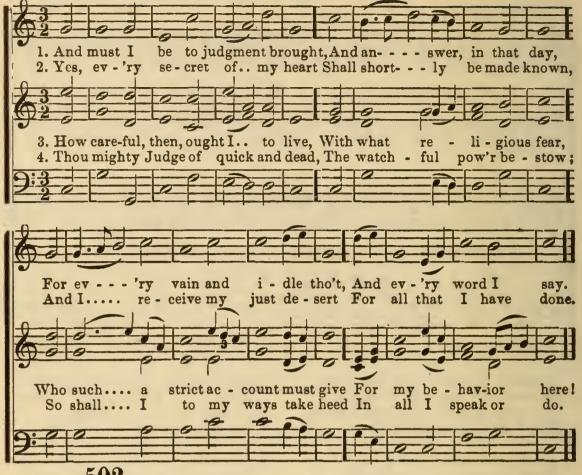
500

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for Thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend

I would not sigh for worldy joy,
Or to increase my earthly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To Him who for my ransom died:
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.



502

1 How long shall Death the tyrant reign, 3 Let faith arise and climb the hills, And triumph o'er the just, While the rich blood of martyrs slain Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall the tedious night be gone? 4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!" When will our Lord appear? Our fond desires would pray him down,

Our love embrace him here.

And from afar descry How distant are his chariot wheels, And tell how fast they fly.

And, lo, the graves obey!

And waking saints, with joyful eyes, Salute th' expected day.

1 That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys, Thou ruler of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the sound, "Depart!" 3 The thunder of that awful word Would so torment my ear, 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord, With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord: To rocks and mountains cry; And yet to them must call in vain, For who his wrath can fly?

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour; How soon the vapor flies! Man is a tender, transient flower, That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead, 4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy teams; Each mournful thought employs; And nature weeps her comforts fled, And withered all her joys.

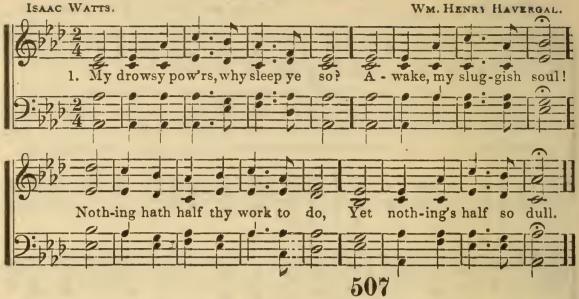
3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore Shall rise in full, immortal prime, And bloom to fade no more

Behold the Saviour nigh; And when in glory he appears, Thy joys shall never die.

505 Are You Washed in the Blood? Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMANN. By Permission. 1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the 2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the 4. Lay a-side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru-ci-fied? the Lamb? Will you be all read-y for the mansions bright, blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the heart un-clean, CHORUS. Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? And be wash'din the blood of the Lamb? be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Are you wash'd In the all cleansing blood of the Lamb? blood, Are your garments the blood. spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?



Evan. C. M.



2 We, for whose sake all nature stands, And stars their courses move; We, for whose guard the angel bands Come flying from above;

3 We, for whom God's own Son came down, 2 See, low before thy throne of grace, And labored for our good: How careless to secure that crown He purchased with his blood!

4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still. And never act our parts? Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill, And warm our frozen hearts!

5 Give us with active warmth to move, With vigorous souls to rise; With hands of faith, and wings of love, To fly and take the prize.

The spacious earth around;

While all the armies of the sky

. Conspire to raise the sound!

1 O thou! whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh, Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears Erom sorrow's weeping eye,—

A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail, To drive me from thy feet? O! let not this dear refuge fail—

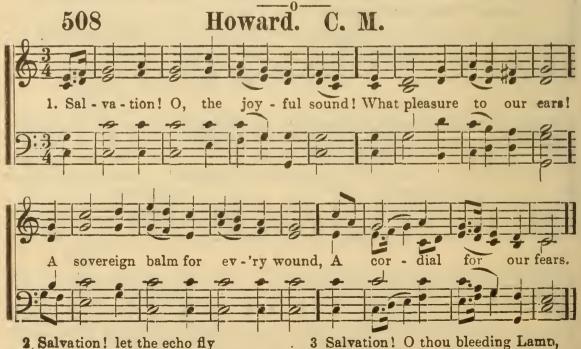
This only safe retreat.

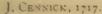
4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let thy healing voice impart A taste of joys divine.

To thee the praise belongs;

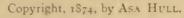
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

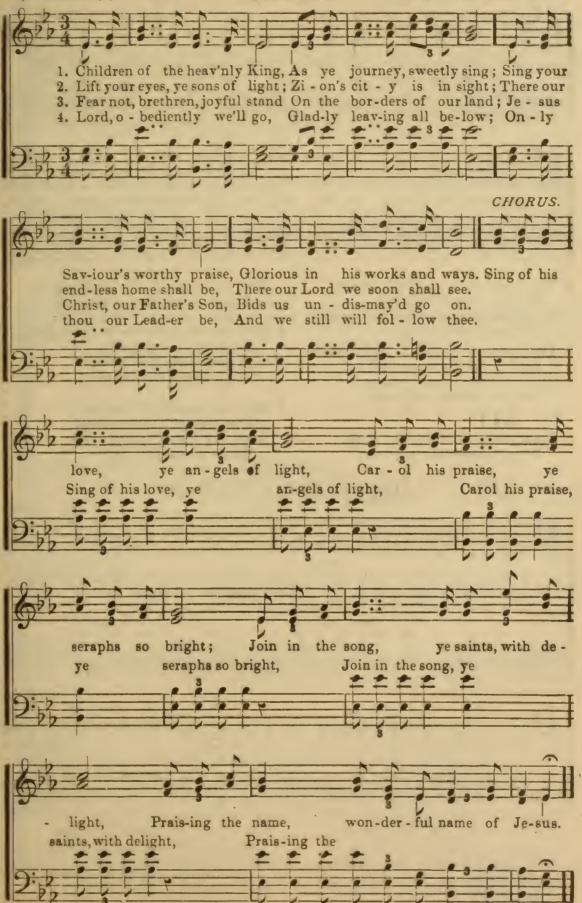
And dwell upon our tongues.





(By permissi n.)







- 2 The Spirit, by a heavenly breath,
 New life creates within;
 It quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
 And to our hearts reveals;
 Our bodies it a temple makes,
 And our redemption seals.

511

1 Come, let us all adore the Lord, Whose judgments yet delay;

And all fear of want remove: Who can faint while such a river

Never fails from age to age.

Ever flows our thirst t'assuage?

Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,

Who yet suspends the lifted sword, And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

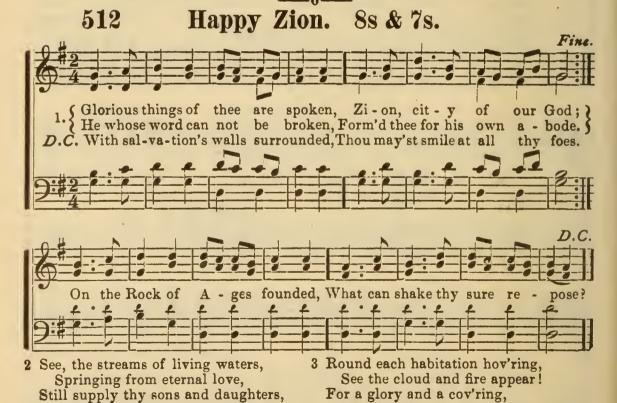
Showing that the Lord is near;

He who gives us daily manna,

He who listens when we cry, Let him hear the loud Hosanna,

Rising to his throne on high.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O, let thy mercies plead above,
While we implore below.



515 Save Me, Gracious God!

"Hear my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer."-Ps. lvi: 1.

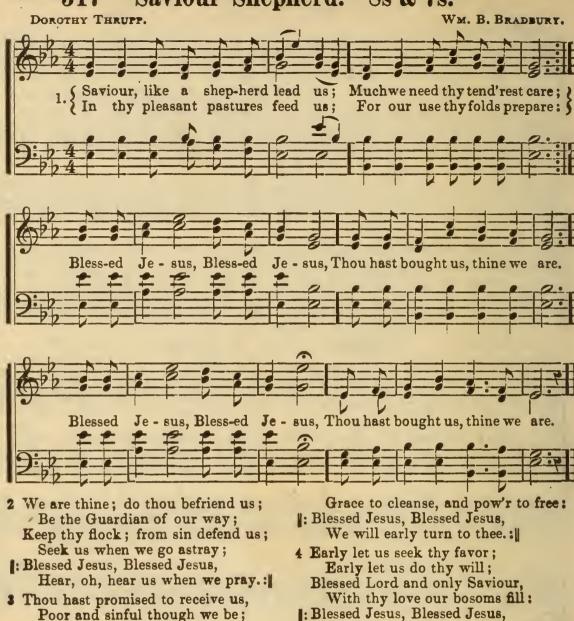
I. BALTZELL (By Permission.) Dr. G. W. WAGONER. 1. O, Je - sus, at thy cross I fall! From sin and shame I fly; 2. Speak par - don, Lord! show pit - y now; What yet have I to flee? 3. God of Al - might - y pow'r and love, Say, is there grace for me? 4. Yes, bless the Lord, I now be-lieve Thy blood was shed for And on thy hal - low'd name I call; Save, Je - sus, die. hum - bly bow; My life Ι give Ι thee. pit - y move! Oh, let me fly my cry thy to thee. now re-ceive A par-don full and free. God! I REFRAIN. gra-cious God! As now to thee I Now, save me, save me, Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood! Oh, wash me, or die!

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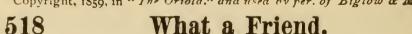
514 What A Gath'ring That Will Be.

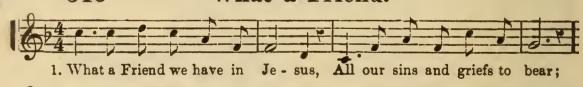






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What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

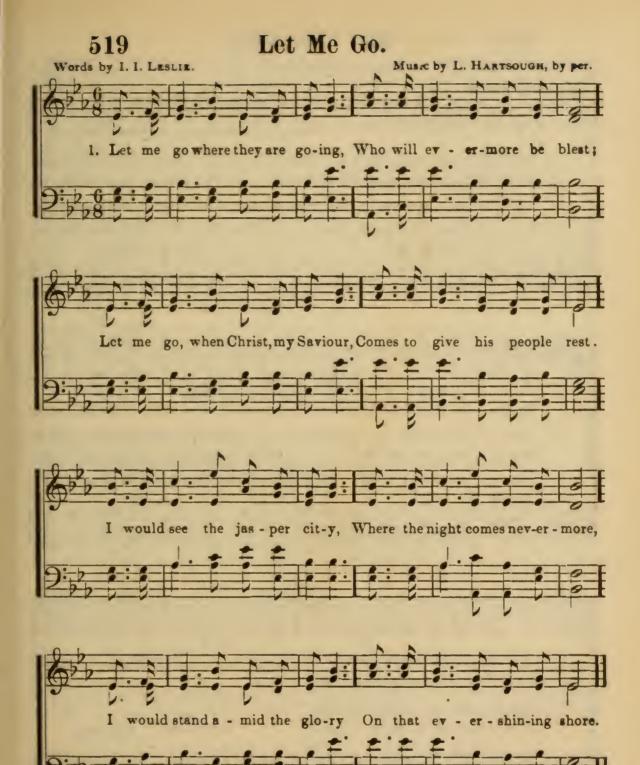
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Thou hast loved us, love us still .:



2 Let me go, for I am weary,
And my spirit longs for rest:
Let me go, for earth is dreary;
I would be where all are blest.
Let me go when He shall gather
All His people unto him,
Where His glory shines forever,

And where eyes grow never dim.

Let me go where youth and beauty
Never fade, nor forms grow old;
Where the smile of love shall ever
Linger, and no look be cold.

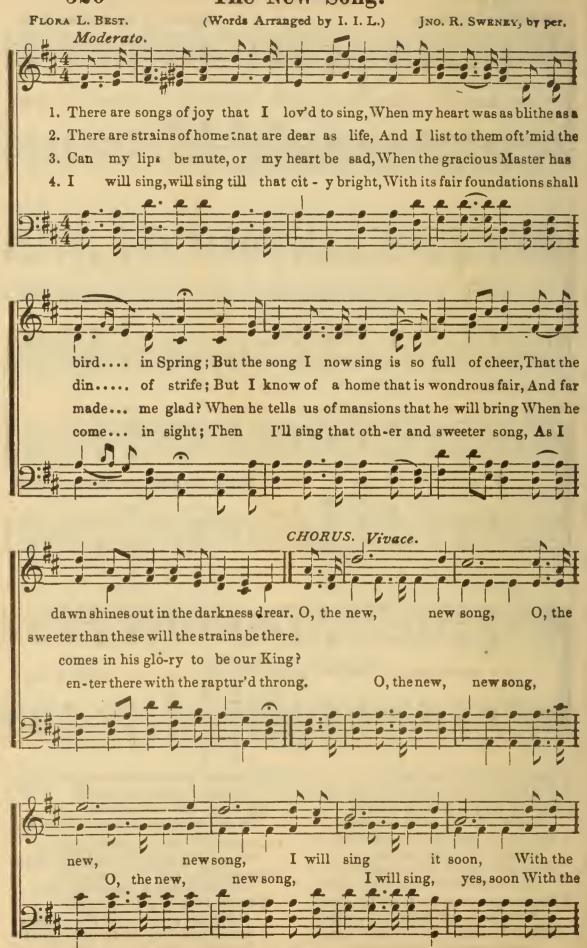
Let me go when they are ransomed,
Who for Jesus gave up all;
Let me go and be immortal
When he comes, and them shall call.

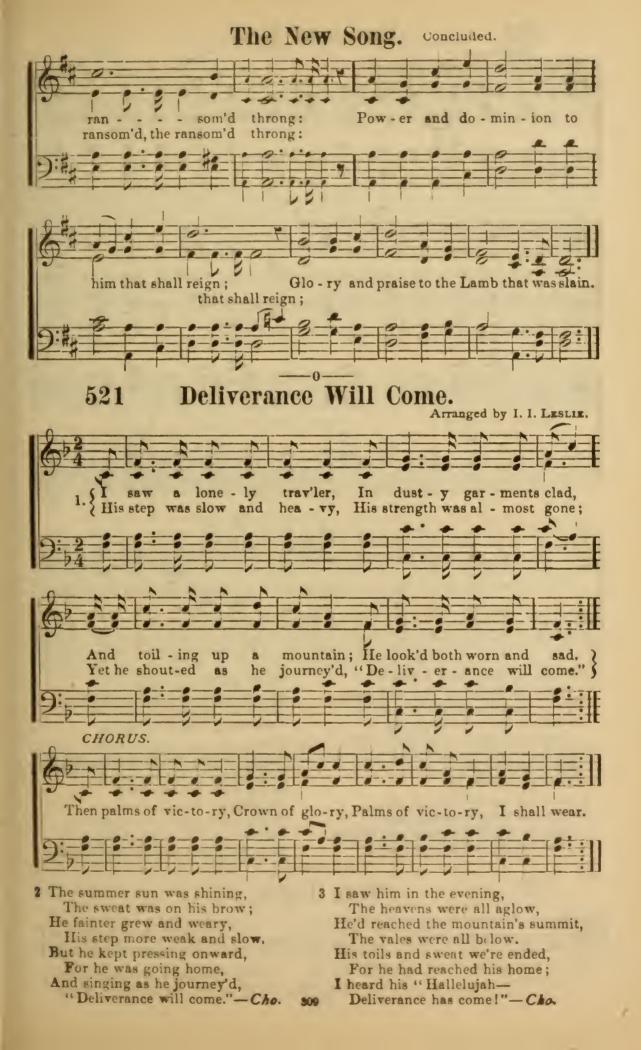
4 Let me go through pearly portals,
With the throng that shall be there;
Let me join them in the chorus,

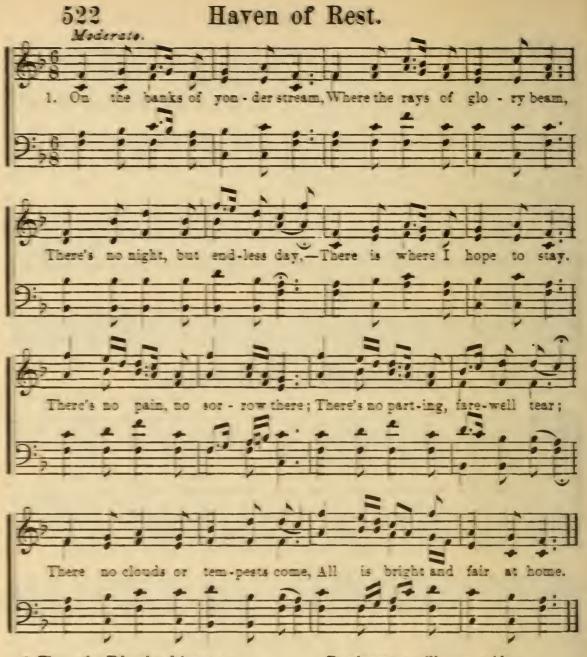
They will sing in mansions fair.

I would be among the number

That shall gather near His thrones I would hear Him speak and tell me He had chosen me his own.







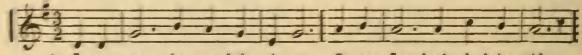
- 2 There the Eden land is seen;
 There the fields are fresh and green;
 There the trees immortal grow—
 There is where I want to go.
 There with all the loved and blest,
 In immortal beauty dressed—
 There it is I hope to be,
 Living on eternally.
- Soon the curse will pass away; Soon we'll see th' eternal day; Soon we'll join the ransomed throng, Then to sing redemption's song.

Pearly gates will open wide For the Saviour's spotless Bride; There my mansion I shall see, There with angels I shall be.

4 Earthly friends, adieu! adieu!
Earthly hopes, and friendship too;
To them all I bid, Farewell!
In the Eden land to dwell.
Hallelujah! He will come!
Hallelujah! there's my home;
Brethren, let us weep no more,
Soon we'll gain that blissful shore.

523

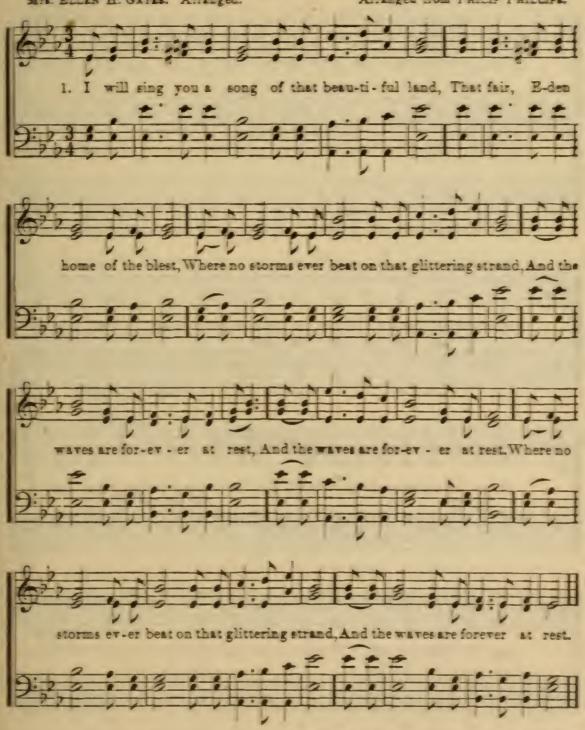
Over There.



1. I can see be-youd the riv-er, O-ver Jor-dan's dash-ing tide;

Mrs. Ellen H. Gares, Arranged.

Arranged from PHILLIP PHILLIPS.



O, that home of the blest in my visions The King of all kingdoms forever is He, and dreams.

Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes I: Between the fair city and me;:|
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes Between the fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and for |: To meet one another again ; : |

Where Jesus of Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms forever is He, f: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands; : And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful

So free from all sorrow and pain; With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,

With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,

To meet one another again.

Words by J. ALBERT LIBBY.

Music by B. R. HARBY



2 Though the winds are strongly blowing, and though high the billows roll, It will only make us sigh for land the more;

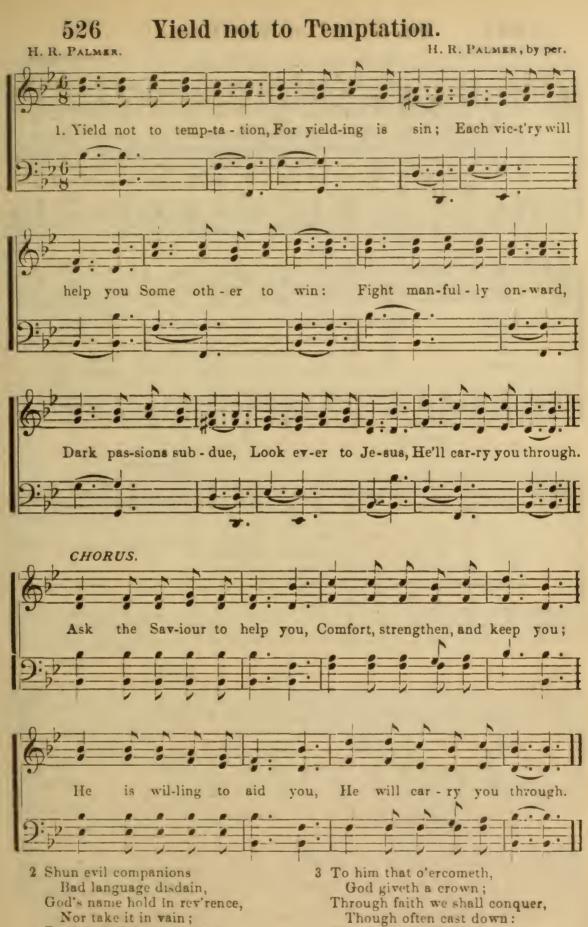
And our rest will be the sweeter when we reach that heav'nly goal, There to shout our voyage over on the shore.—Cho.

3 We have passed the coast of Babylon, and Medo-Persian piers, We have left the realm of Grecia far behind;

We've been sailing down the Roman coast for eighteen hundred years, And our chart declares the port we soon shall find.—Cho.

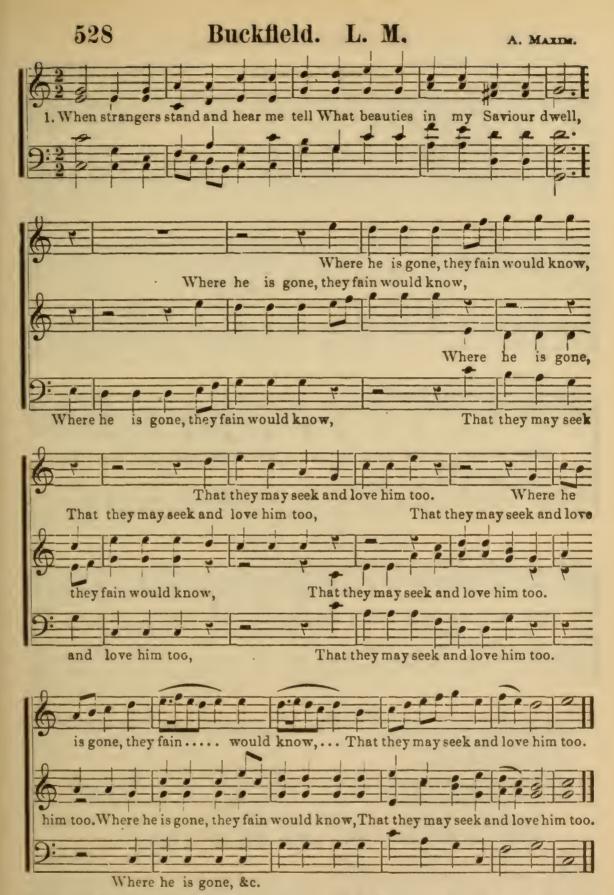
4 Oh! how glorious the moment when our keel shall strike the strand,
And our watching eyes once greet the hills of home!

There our stay will be eternal with the holy, happy band,
And the blissful bow'rs of Eden we may roam.—Cho.



Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.





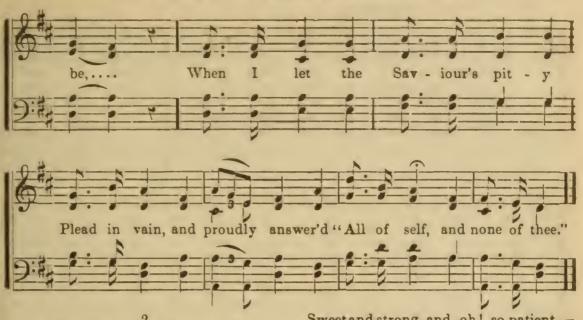
2 In paradise, within the gates, A higher entertainment waits; Fruits new and old laid up in store; There we shall eat, but want no more.

Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on his word.

4 Come, my beloved, haste away, Cut short the hours of thy delay; Fly, like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow.



"None of Self, and All of Thee." Concluded.

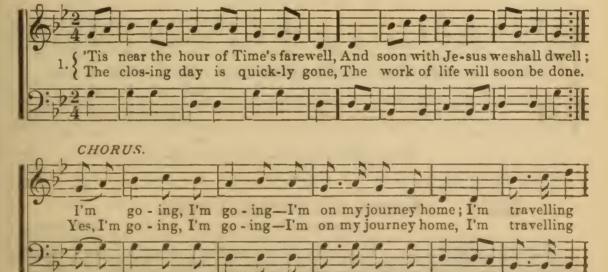


Yet, he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree; [ther!"
Heard him pray: "Forgive them, FaAnd my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

Day by day, his tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free, Sweet and strong, and, oh! so patient,—Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

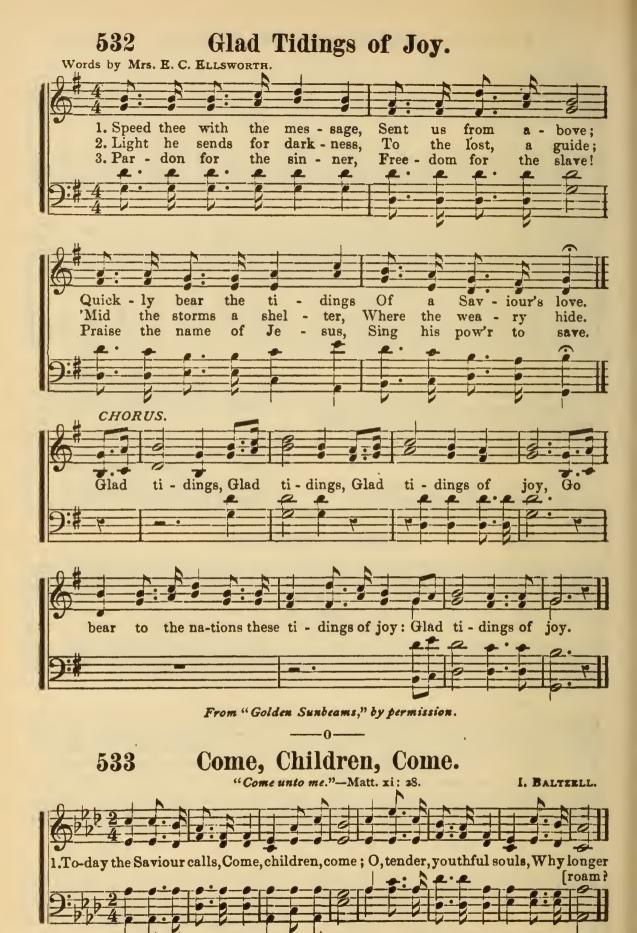
Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of thec."

531 Time's Farewell.

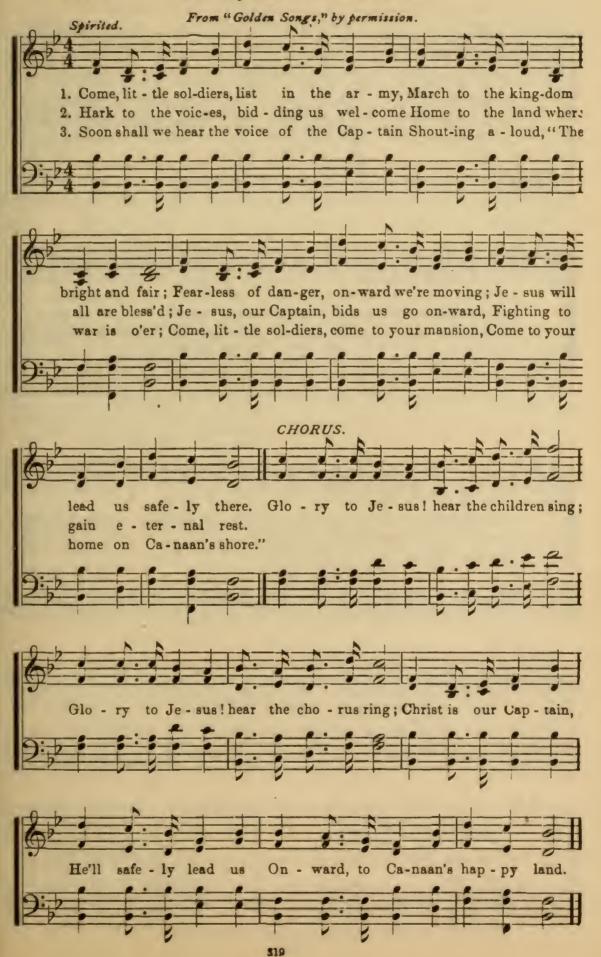


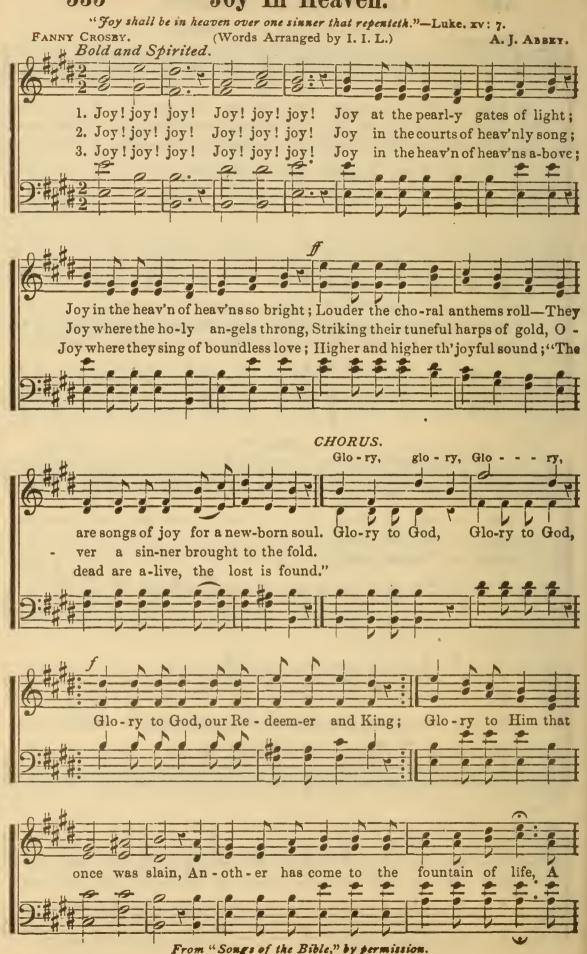


- 2 Soon will the sleeping saints arise, And meet the Saviour in the skies; The martyrs crying, "Lord, howlong," Will soon join in redemption's song.
- 3 The joyful news is spreading wide;
 HE comes to take his waiting bride:
 And sinners they may come and be
 Prepared to hail the Jubilee.



2 To-day the Saviour calls, Oh, listen now! Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow. 3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly
To him who never fails
To hear our joy.





Joy in Heaven. Concluded.



2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;

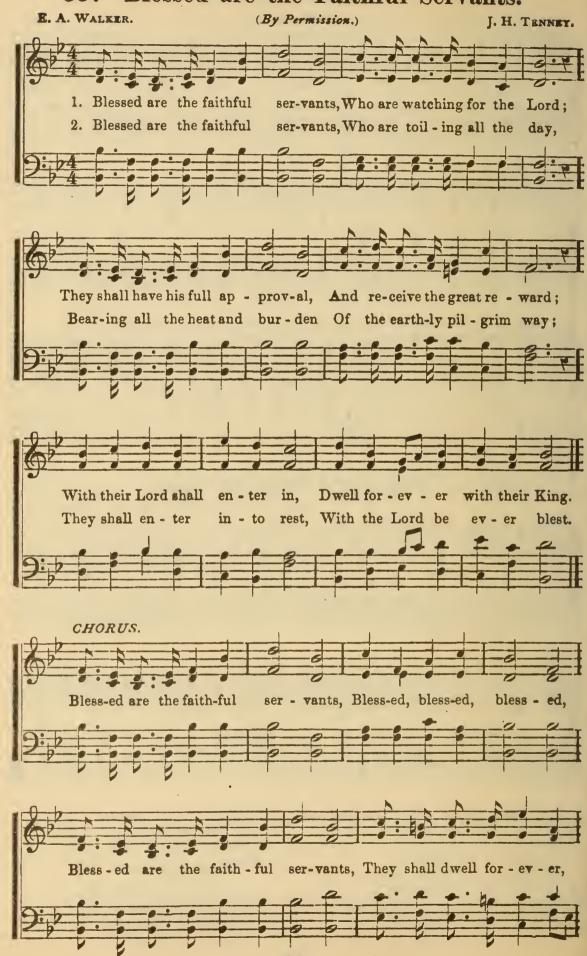
It may not be my time, It may not be thy time, And yet, in His own time, "The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—

No word he hath spoken Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious, With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

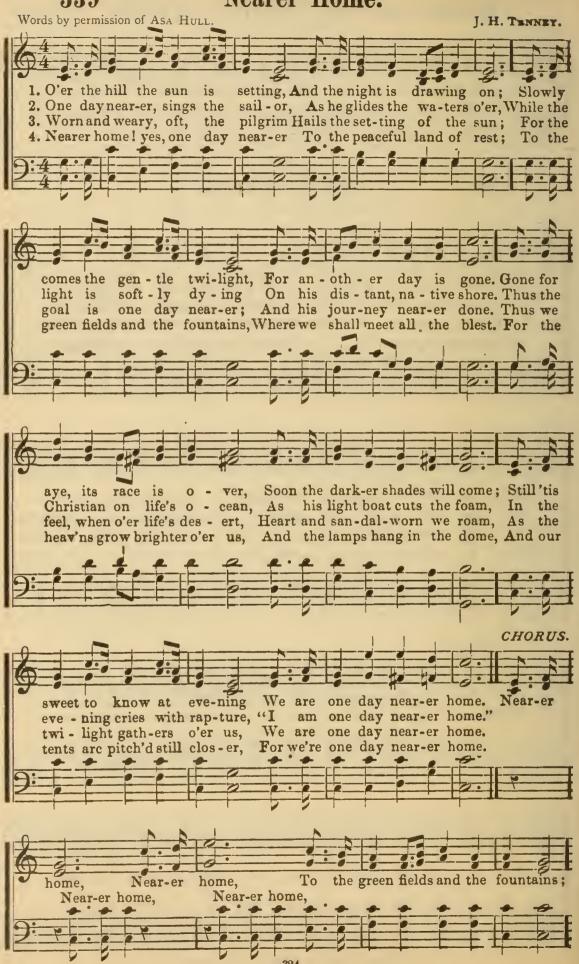
537 Blessed are the Faithful Servants.



Blessed are the Faithful Servants. Concluded. They shall dwell for - ev - er, They shall dwell for - ev with their King. 538 Child's Hymu. "Suffer little children to come unto me." Precious Sav-iour, gen - the mild, Hear, oh hear a fee - ble child, Waves of sor - row o'er me roll; Storms of pas - sion shake my soul; and might, In the realms of fade - less light, 3. Thron'd in maj - es - ty Precious Sav-iour, be my Guide, O'er the rough, tem-pestuous tide, Who, on life's tem-pestuous sea, Drifts a - lone; oh, suc - cor me. Dan - gers press on ev - 'ry side; Je - sus, Sav-iour, be my Guide. Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear my prayer, Prove to me thy lov - ing care. I walk this way no more, But be with thee ev - er - more, Guide me, oh, my Sav-iour, guide, O'er the rough, tem-pest-uous tide;

From "Gales of Praise," by permission.

When the storm of life is past, Let me dwell with thee at last.

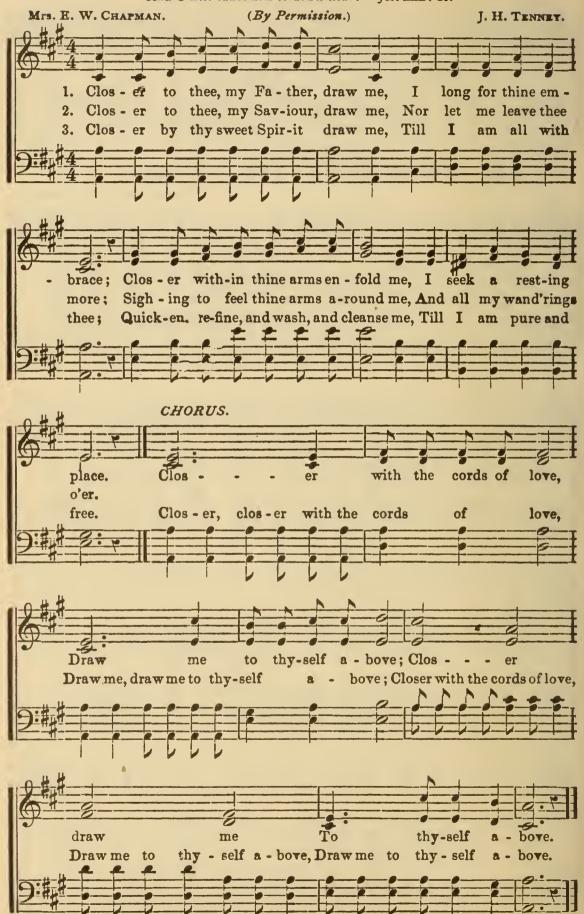


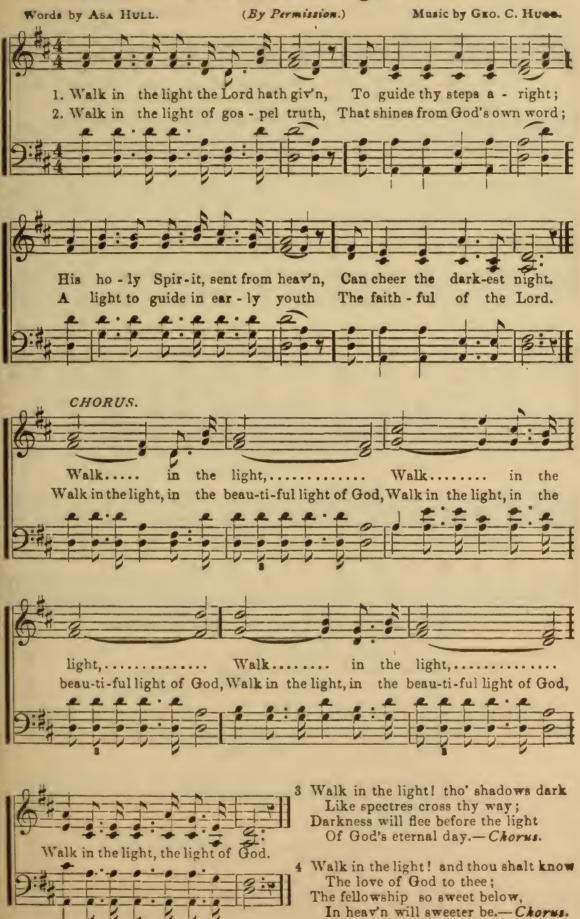
Nearer Home. Concluded.

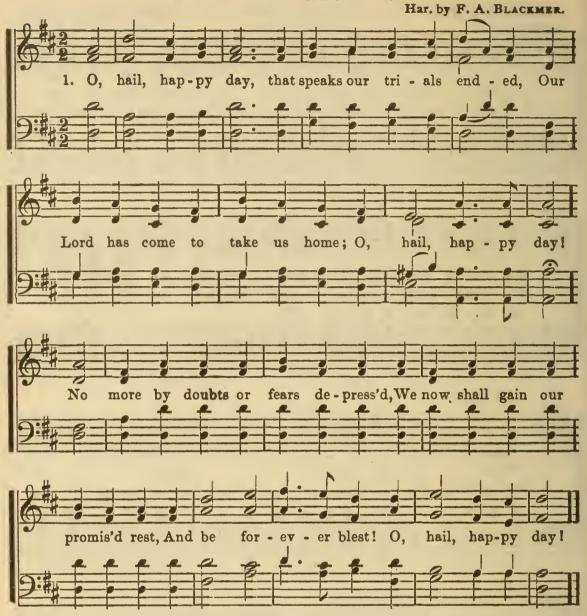


541 Draw Me Closer to Thee.

"And I will cause him to draw near."-Jer. xxx: 21.







2 Swell high the glad song, our bondage now is over; The Jubilee proclaims us free; O hail, happy day!

The day that brings a sweet release,

That crowns our Lord, the Prince of Peace,

When all our sorrows cease!

O hail, happy day!

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows, That brings us joy without alloy,

O hail, happy day!
Now peace shall wave her sceptre high, And love's fair banner greet the eye,

Proclaiming victory!

O hail, happy day!

4 All hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory! Thy blissful light breaks on our sight,

O hail, happy day!

Fair Beulah's fields before us rise, And sweetly burst upon our eyes

The scenes of Paradise!

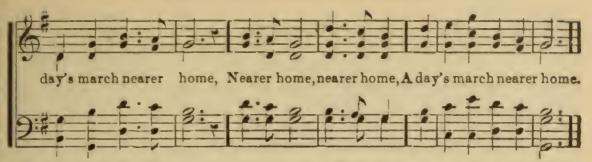
O hail, happy day!







Forever with the Lord. Concluded.



- 2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of the blest, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah, then my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love:
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 The city from above;
 From above, from above, etc.
- And oft my comfort flies;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies:
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace,
 Bow of peace, bow of peace, etc.
- 4 So when that day shall come,
 The vail be rent in twain,
 Through grace I shall escape the tomb,
 And life eternal gain;
 Then knowing, "as I'm known,"
 How shall I love that word,
 And often sing before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord,"
 With the Lord, with the Lord, etc.

547

- 1 The Church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see;
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set;
 And still in weeds of widowhood
 She weeps, a mourner yet.
 Mourner yet, mourner yet:
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- Has lived and loved and died;
 And, as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side;
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn:
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Glorious morn, glorious morn:
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

- We long to hear thy voice,

 To see thee face to face,

 To share thy crown and glory then,

 As now we share thy grace.

 Should not the loving bride

 The absent bridegroom mourn?

 Should she not wear the weeds of grief

 Until her Lord return?

 Lord return, Lord return:

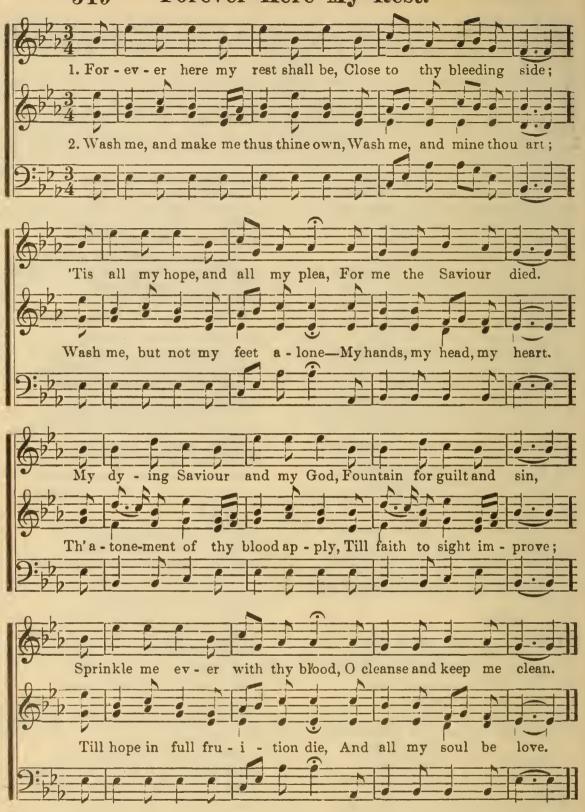
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 4 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of our
 Thine own fair world again.
 World again, world again:
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
 H. BONAR.

548

- 1 Rest for the toiling hand,
 Rest for the anxious brow,
 Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
 Rest from all labor now.
- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,
 Rest for the throbbing eye; [more
 Through these parched lips of thine no
 Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God
 Give out the welcome sound,
 That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
 And breaks the turf-sealed ground
- 4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
 Awake, come forth and sing!
 Sharp has your frost of winter been,
 But bright shall be your spring.
- 6 'Twas sown in weakness here, 'Twill then be raised in power; That which was sown an earthly seed, Shall rise a heavenly flower.
- 6 Then evermore to bloom,
 On the eternal shore,
 Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
 Where death shall come no more.

H. BONAR.

549 Forever Here My Rest.



550

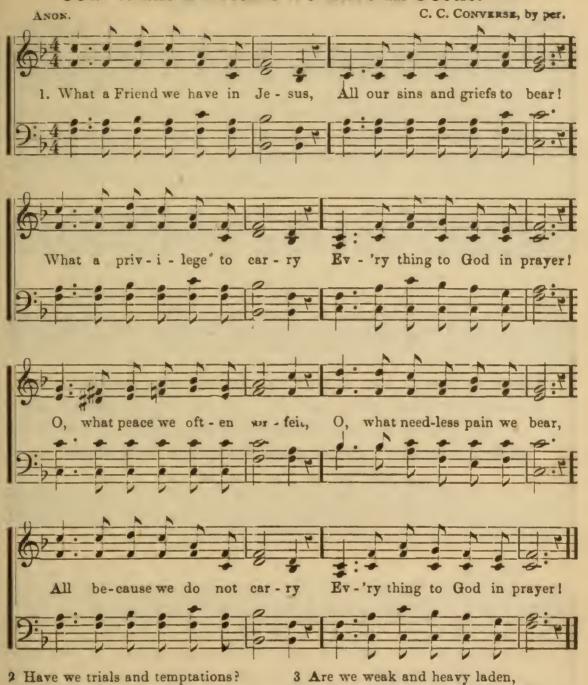
I Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
Tis full of anxious care.

- 3 Speak gently to the aged one, Grieve not the care-worn heart; The sands of life are nearly run, Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones; They must have toiled in vain; Perchance unkindness made them so; O, win them back again!

-0---

551 What a Friend we have in Jesus.



- 2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?—
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.



- 1. There's a land that is fair er than day, And by faith we can see it a far;
- 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me lo-di-ous songs of the blest;
- 3 To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a bove, We will of-ferour tribute of praise;

Mrs. E. CODNER.

(By Permission.)

J. H. TENNEY.



- 1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
- 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fath-er, Sin ful though my heart may be;
- 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour! Let me live and cling to thee;
- 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich, so free:





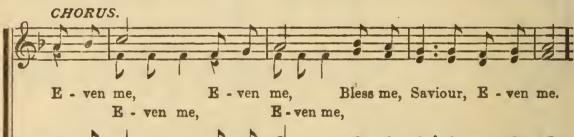
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some drops now fall on me.

Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er, Let thy mer - cy light on me.

I am long-ing for thy fa-vor; Whil'st thou'rt calling, O, call me.

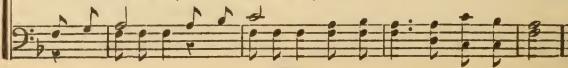
Grace of God—so strong and boundless, Mag-ni - fy them all in me.

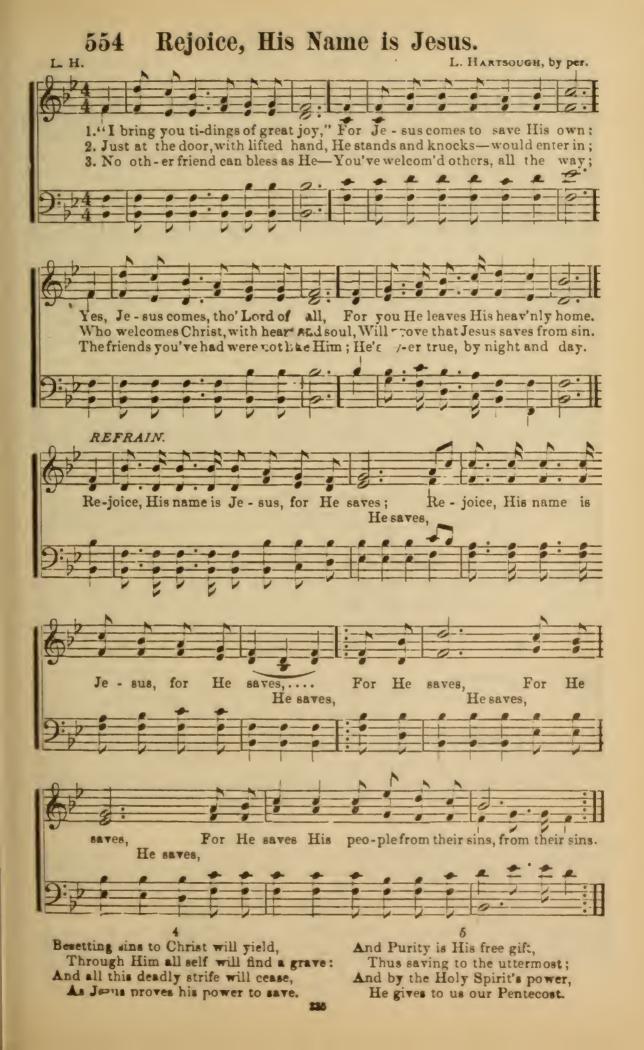










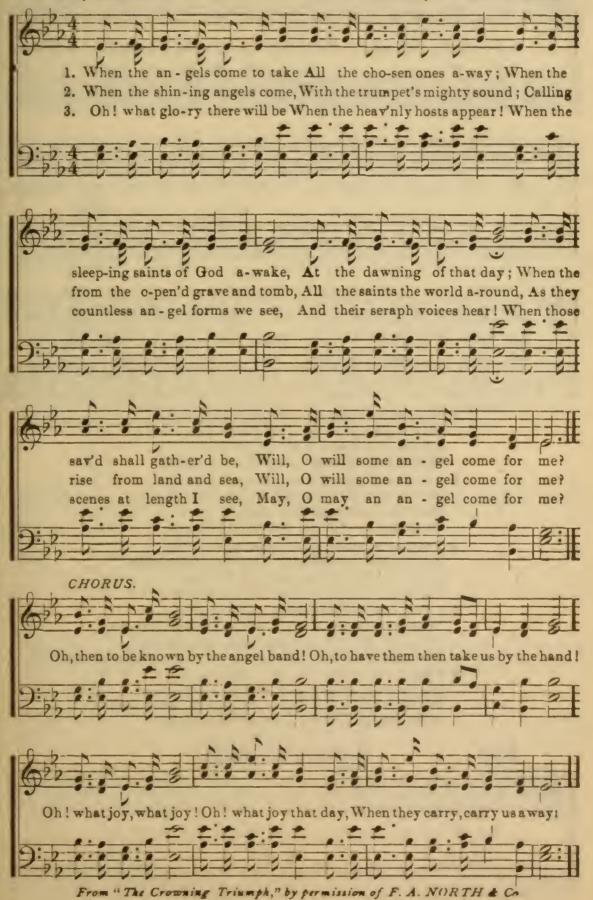


God is Love!



556 When the Angels Come.

"He shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect."—Matt. xxiv: 31.
Words by l. l. Leslie. Music by E. Manford Clark.

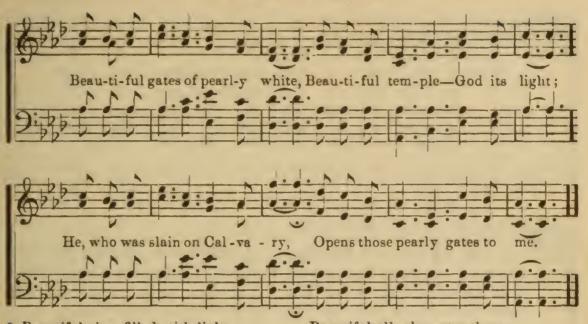




- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day: Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word, But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free: Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Thou upon me in early youth didst smile, And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee: On to life's close, O, Lord, abide with me.
- 5 I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 6 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness: Death's sting where then? the grave's proud victory, When evermore Thou shalt abide with me?



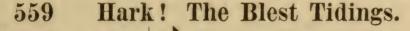
Beautiful Zion. Concluded.

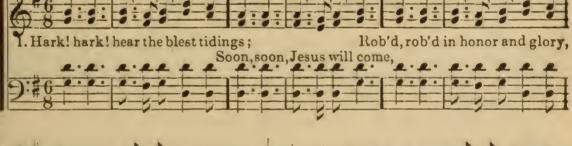


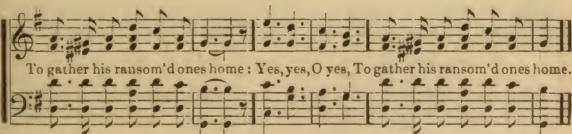
- 2 Beautiful city, filled with light,
 Beautiful angels cloth'd in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show, Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,

Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ, our King, Beautiful songs the saints shall sing, Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease, Beautiful home in perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see— Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

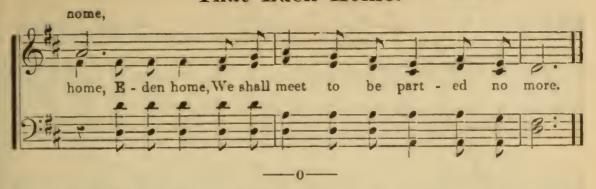






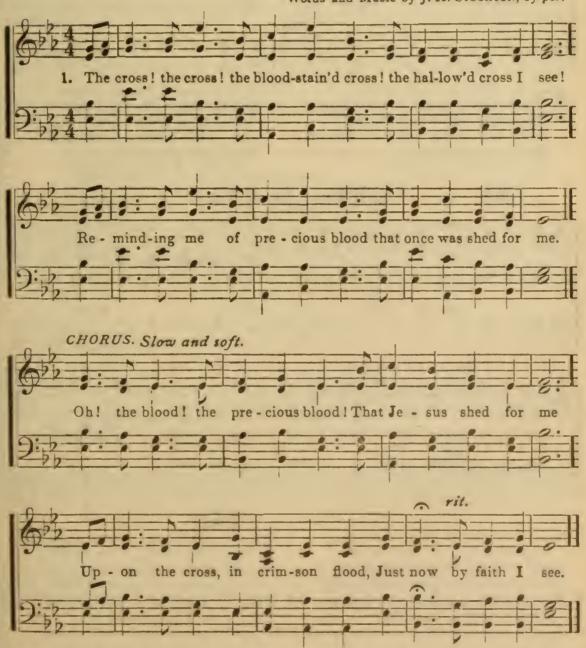
- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly; Sing, sing, glory to God: Soon, soon, Jesus is coming; Publish the tidings abroad. Yes, yes, &c.
- 3 Bright, bright seraphs attending; Shouts, shouts, filling the air; Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus our Lord will appear. Yes, yes, &c.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
 Shine, shine, visions to come;
 Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
 Cloudless and bright in our home.
 Yes, yes, &c.
- Still, still, rest on the promise;
 Cling, cling fast to his word;
 Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.
 Yes, yes, &c.

That Eden Home. Concluded.



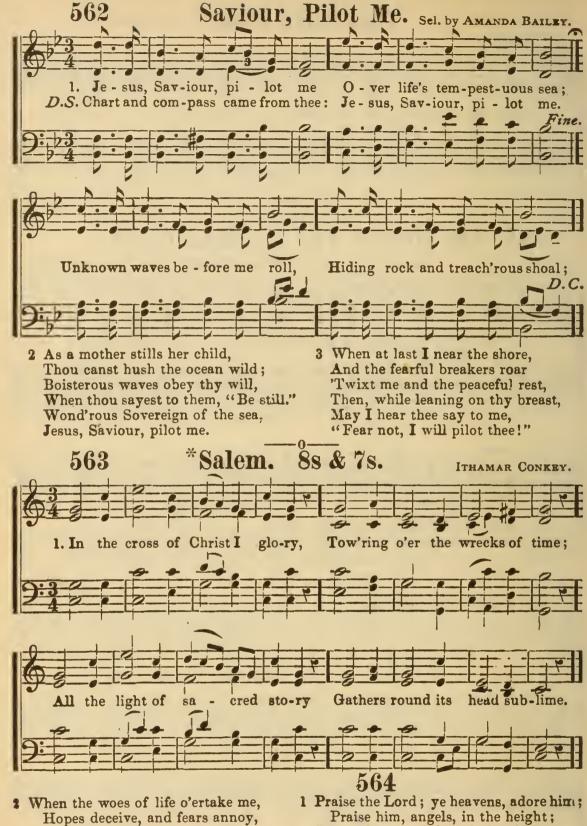
561 The Blood! The Precious Blood!

Words and Music by J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



The cross! the cross! the heavy cross, 3 The crown! the crown! the glorious The Saviour bore for me, The crown of victory! [crown! Which bowed him to the earth with grief On sad Mount Calvary.—Cho. When Jesus I shall see.—Cho.

241



Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

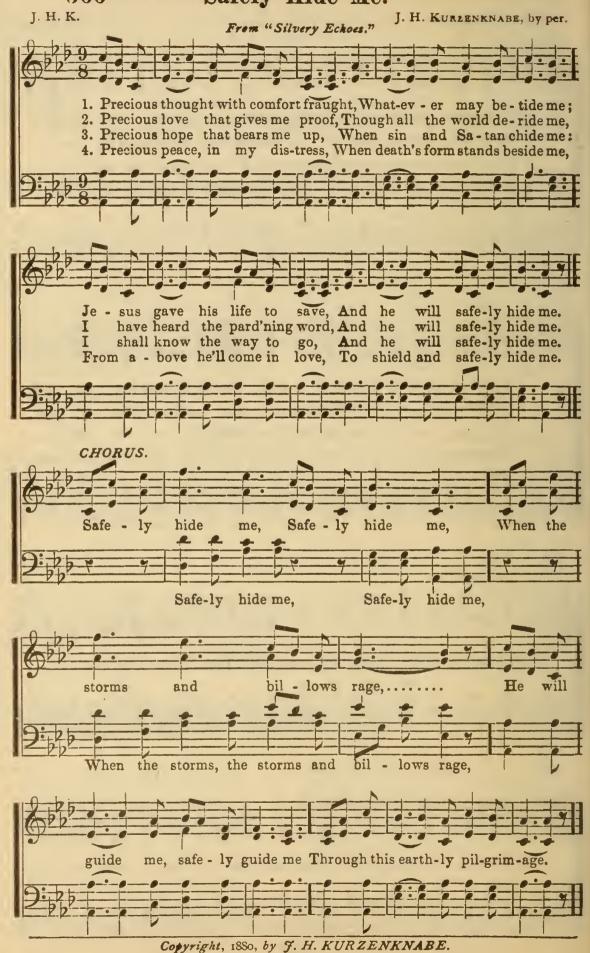
2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Never shall his promise fail: God will make his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.

3 Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation, Praise and magnify his name. 342

* By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

565 Child, your Father Calls, come Home.

ANNIE M. STOCKTON. (By Permission.) I. H. STOCKTON. 1. Come home, dear sin-ner, while the light Is beaming on your way; 2. Come home, dear sin-ner; by the cross Your Saviour waits for you; 3. Come home, dear sin-ner, while you may, The church is call - ing too; 4. Come home, dear sin-ner, Je - sus' blood Can wash out ev - 'ry stain; The door stands o - pen wide to-night, Re - turn while yet you He'll cleanse a - way your earthly dross, And make you hap - py With ear - nest faith be - gin to pray, And all will wel - come you. Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood Of Him who once was slain. CHORUS. Come home, come home, dear child, come home, Your Father bids you come; Come home, come home, this night come home, O, wea - ry wand'rer, come.

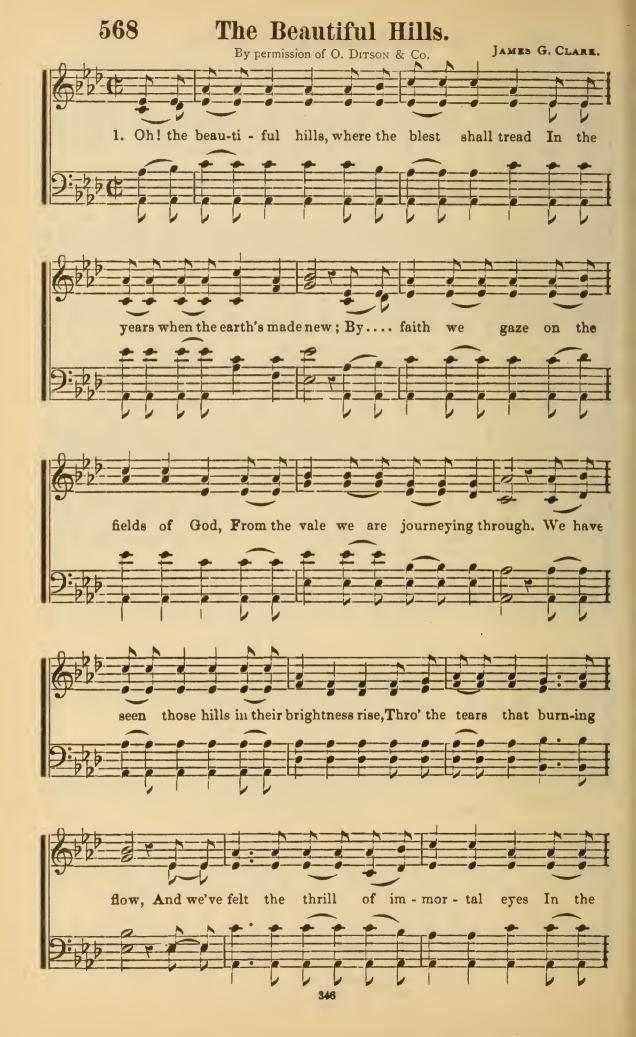


In the Sweet By and By.

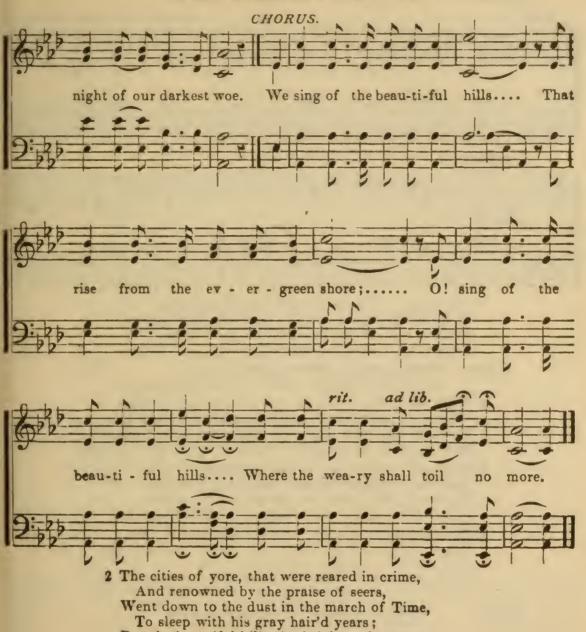
"And God shall wife away all tears from their eyes : and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."-Rev. xxi: 4. 1. H. KURZENKNABE, by per. E. A. HOFFMAN. 1. By and by all this weeping and this sorrow Will be drown'd in a glorious to 2. By and by all this en-vy and this er-ror, All the darkness of death and its 3. By and by all our anguish and our crying, With this wear isome heartache and That will dawn when this earth-life shall cease, shall cease, And will Will be swept in the grave to its doom, its doom, When his ter - ror, All shall cease; for no tear-moisten'd eye, dim eye, Will be sigh-ing, CHORUS. fill ev -'ry heart with its peace. In the sweet By and our souls shall glo - ry the sweet By. and by. known in By and by, In the by, By and by, We shall rest In the sweet, In the sweet By and by, sweet By and by, In the sweet By and By and In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall rest in the sweet By and by. by,

From "The Song Treasury."

In the sweet By and by,



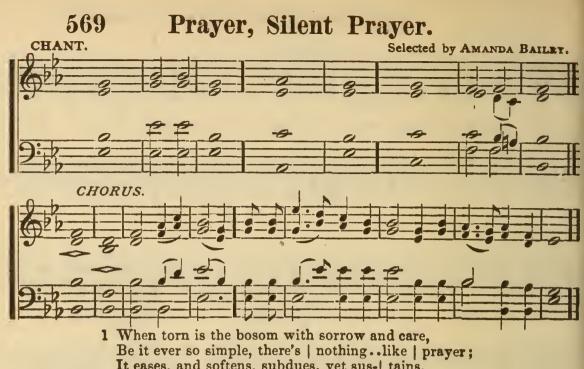
The Beautiful Hills. Concluded.



But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong, Through the smoke of old Time's red wars, As on that day when the first deep song Rolled out from the morning stars.—Cho.

3 We dream of rest on the beautiful hills, Where the trav'ler shall thirst no more; And we hear the hum of a thousand rills That wander the green glens o'er. We feel the zeal of the martyred men Who have braved a cold world's frown; We can bear the burden which they did then, Nor shrink from their thorny crown. - Cho.

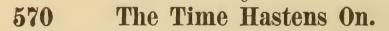
4 Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling To our feet this load of ours; The winds of Spring to the valleys sing, And the turf replies with flow'rs-And thus we learn on our weary way, How a mightier arm controls; And we press to enter the gates of day, Where the glory to sight unfolds.—Cha

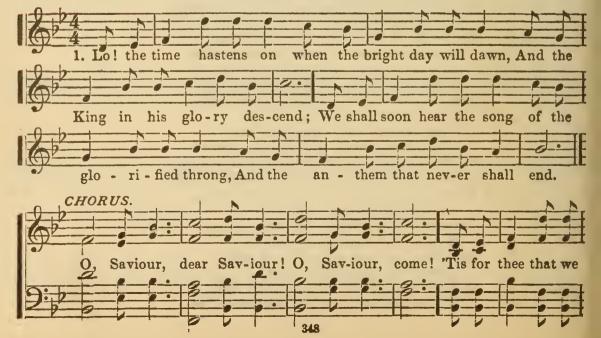


It eases, and softens, subdues, yet sus-| tains, Gives rigor to hope, and puts | passion..in | chains.

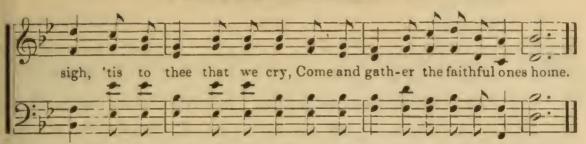
Chorus.—Prayer, prayer, O smeet prayer! Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

- 2 When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part, What fond recollections still | cling..to the | heart; Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are | there; How hurtfully pleasing till | hallowed..by | prayer. - Cho.
- 3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms, The siren sings sweetly, or | silent..by | charms; We listen, look, loiter, are caught in the | snare; In looking to Jesus we | conquer by | prayer.—Cho.
- 4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss, Heav'n pours its full streams through no | medium but | this! And till in the seraph's full ecstasy | share, Our chalice of joy must be | guarded by | prayer. - Cho.





The Time Hastens On. Concluded.



O, we long to be there, free from sorrow and care,
 In the land of the pure and the blest;
 There where love will abide, and where nought can divide,
 And the weary forever shall rest.— Cho.

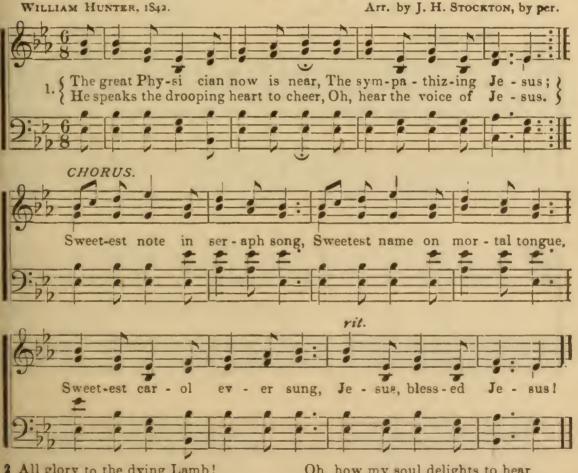
3 There our friends we shall meet, and our loved ones shall greet, Who are lying in death's cold embrace;
From the tomb they will come to their bright Eden home,
Clad in heavenly beauty and grace.—Cho.

4 That bright day now is near, and the tidings we hear,
As they come o'er the land and the sea;
And our hearts that were sad, are now joyful and glad

And our hearts that were sad, are now joyful and glad, While we know that we soon shall be free.—Cho.

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571 The Great Physician.



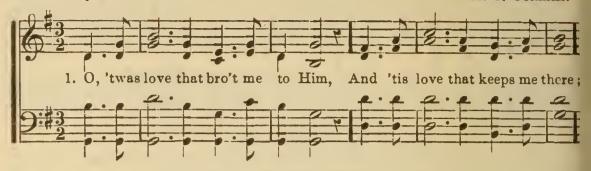
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—Cho.

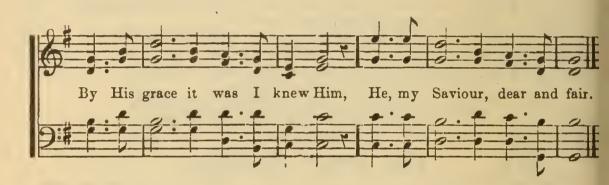
His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus; Oh, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.—Cho.

4 And when He comes to bring the crown,
The crown of life and glory;
Then by his side we will sit down,
And tell redemption's story.— Cho

Words by I. I. L.

A. T. GORMAN.





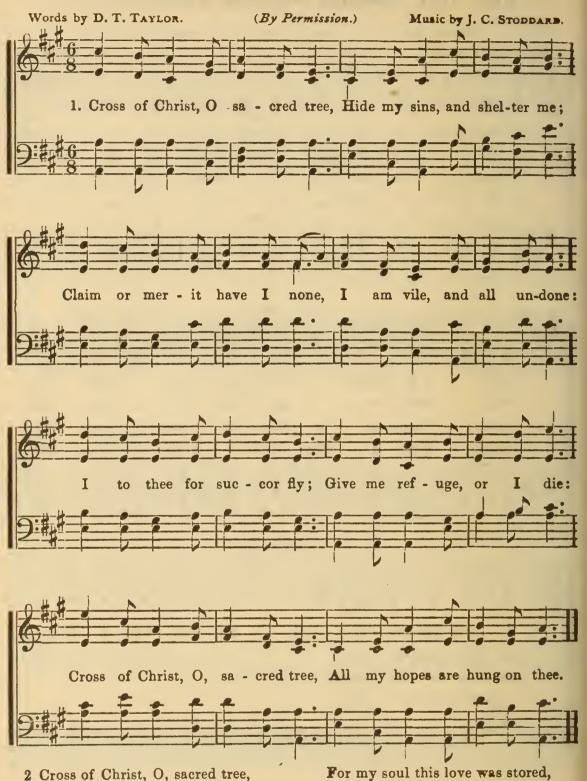




- 2 Dark it was before I found Him, And the way I could not see; Now the light that shines around Him, As I follow, falls on me. Refrain.-Love and grace, &c.
- 8 O how blest to walk with Jesus! Joy we never knew before; From our fears His presence frees us, While we trust Him more and more. Refrain.—Love and grace, &c.
- 4 Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk this narrow way; But He soon will call me to Him, In that bright, approaching day. Refrain.-Love and grace, &c.
- 5 Then my joy will be forever, There no clouds will intervene: And the darkness comes there never-I shall see Him as I'm seen. Refrain.—Love and grace, &c.

573 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."-Heb. xi: 16 Miss PHOBBE CARRY. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per. thought Comes to 1. One sweet - ly sol - emn me 2. Near - er Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny my man-sions 3. Near - er the bound of life. Where bur - dens 4. Be near when my feet slip - ping o'er the me Are o'er: to - day, home to - day, Near - er great white throne to - day, Near -42-Near - er leave the to - day, And tc cross brink. I to - day, Per near - er home ALTS CHORUS. have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my home, the crys-tal crown. near - er to the haps, than now I think. Near-er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

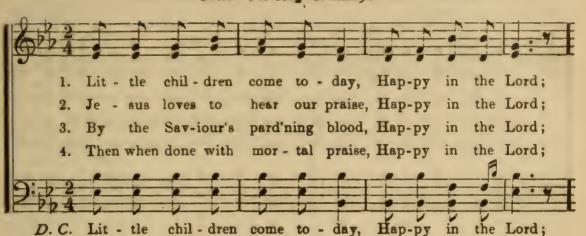


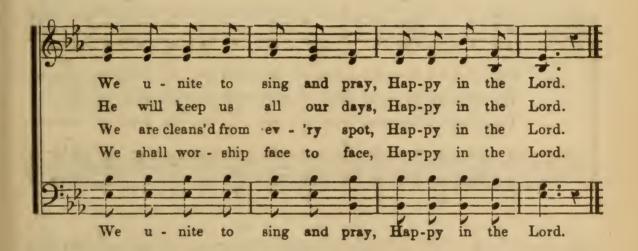
- 2 Cross of Christ, O, sacred tree, Let me to thy shadow flee; Here they mocked the crucified, Here the royal sufferer died; Here was shed the atoning blood, Till it crimsoned all the sod. Cross of Christ, O, sacred tree, Can the guilty trust in thee?
- 3 Cross of Christ, O, sacred tree, Type of love's deep mystery; 'Twas my sins provoked this love, I this matchless passion moved;
- For my soul this love was stored, On my head the blessing poured. Cross of Christ, O, sacred tree, Now I solve love's mystery.
- 4 Cross of Christ, O, sacred tree,
 This my boast shall ever be:
 That the blood for me was shed,
 That for me he groaned and bled;
 Now I catch that gracious eye,
 Now I know I shall not die.
 Cross of Christ, O, sacred tree,
 All my guilt is lost in thee.

Happy in the Lord.

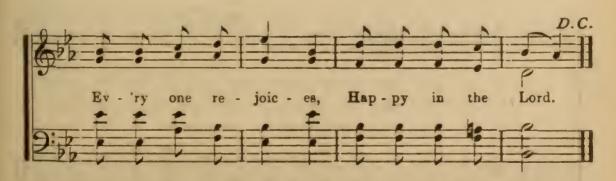
J. H. K.

From "The Song Treasury." J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.

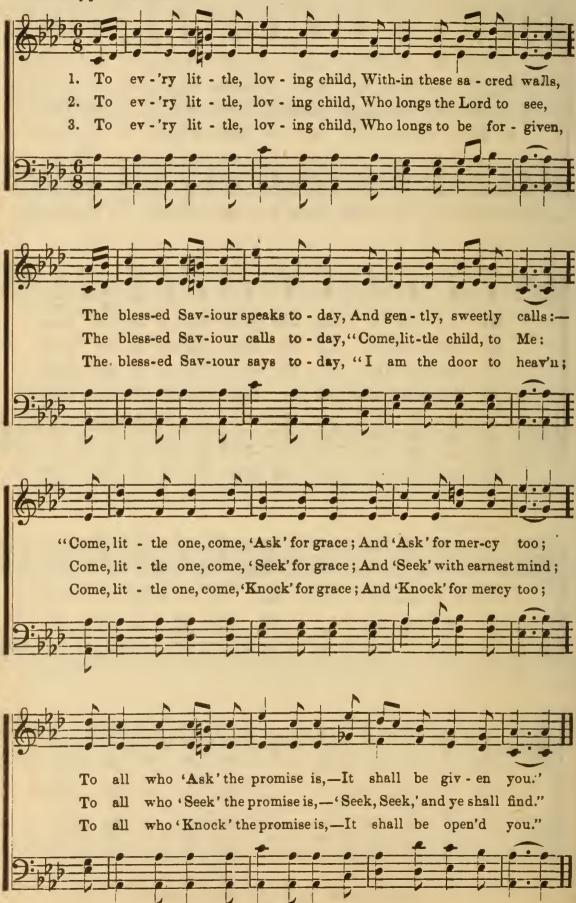


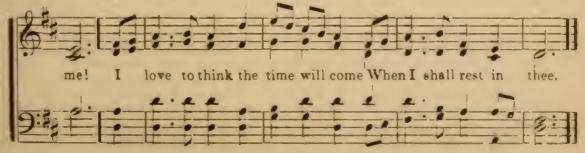




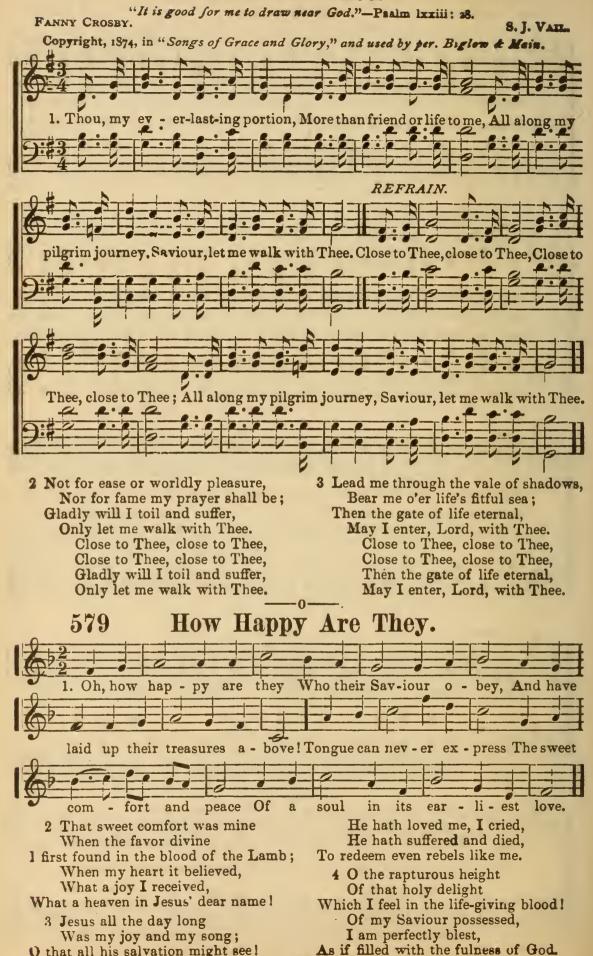


"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—John xvi: 24. Words by J. C. Proctor.





U that all his salvation might see!



356

Clinging to the Rock.

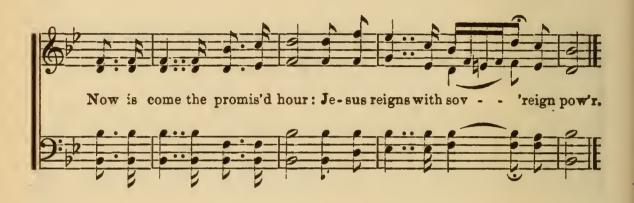
Words and Music by Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON. From A. Hull's "S. S. Gem," by permission.

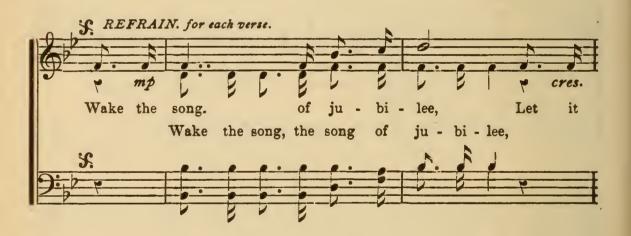


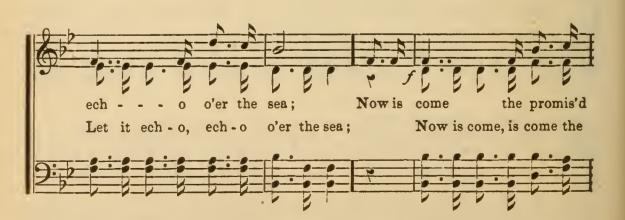
581 Wake the Song of Jubilee.

Music by Asa Hull, by per.

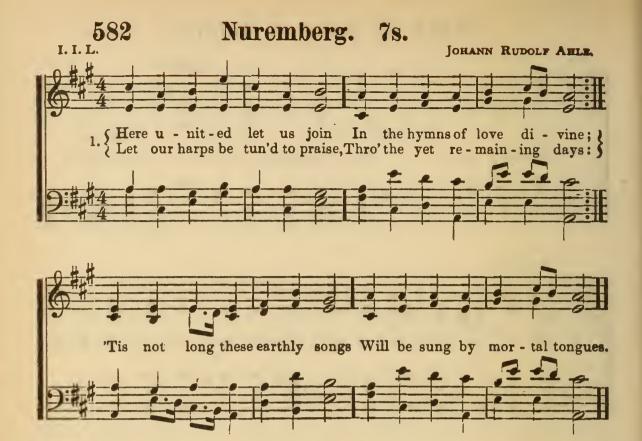








Wake the Song of Jubilee. Concluded. Fine. Je - sus reigns with sov Je - sus reigns with sov - ye na-tions join and sing, Christ of lords and kings, is King! Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more! Solo. 3. Now the des-ert lands re-joice, And the is - lands join their voice: D.S. Yea, the whole cre - a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of kings! Notz. - Return to Refrain after singing the 2d verse, also after 3d verse. 359



2 Now a little while and we Shall be over life's rough sea; Then a sweeter song we'll sing Than the ones we here do bring— Song of our redemption there, Free from death, and pain and care.

583

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine; Give we all, with one accord, Glory to our common Lord; Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; Sing as in the ancient days.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive; Let the purer flame revive, Such as in the martyrs glowed, Dying champions for their God: We like them may live and love; Called we are their joys to prove.
- Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,
 Now as yesterday the same;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace:
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

584

1 Christians, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise; For his mercy and his love, Sing as angels do above. 2 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again, Meet again to part no more; There our wanderings will be o'er.

H. KIRKE WHITE, ALT.

585

1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep;
From the grave and death us bring,
And the victory to sing.

2 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.
Christ the Son has ris'n that we
Might o'er death have victory.

JOHN NEWTON, ALT.

586

- 1 Now to Him who gave us breath,
 And to Him who saves from death,
 Be our praise and sweetest song—
 Tis to Him we each belong:
 "I'is his mercy and his grace
 Bring us to our heavenly place.
- 2 While we wait to join the throng
 That shall come with sweeter song,
 Let us love and sing and pray,
 Looking for that brighter day:
 Hearts and voices joined to bring
 Glory to the Coming King.

HYMNS.

587 L. M. Tune, No. 95.

- 1 The perfect world, by Adam trod, Was the first temple built by God; His fiat laid the corner-stone; He spake, and lo! the work was done.
- 2 He hung his starry roof on high, The broad expanse of azure sky; He spread its pavement, green and bright.

And curtained it with morning light.

- 3 The mountains in their places stood, The sea, the sky—and all was good; And when its first pure praises rang, The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea, And earth and sky, a house for thee; But in thy sight our off'ring stands, A humble temple built with hands.

588 L. M. Tune, No. 97.

1 There is a God—all nature speaks, Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies.

See, from the clouds his glory breaks, When the first beams of morning rise

- 2 The rising sun serenely bright, O'er the wide world's extended frame, Inscribes, in characters of light, His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad, And trace creation's wonders o'er, Confess the feotsteps of your God, And bow before him, and adore,

589 L. M. Tune, No. 106.

I All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,

Come ye before him and rejoice.

- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed; Without our aid he did ns make; We are his flock, he doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise, Approach with joy his courts unto; Praise, land and bless his name always,

For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good, His mercy is forever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

590 L. M. Tune, No. 164. .

- 1 Let all that wait are Coming King, Now to his name sweet praises bring; He cometh quickly, sound it high, Till echoes meet the socal sky.
- 2 Earth shall depart, and like a scroll, The passing heavens together roll; For Jesus' faithful words shall be Enduring as eternity.
- 3 Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord, As thou hast promised in thy word—Fill earth with glory like a sea—Oh, speak the word, and it shall be.

591 L. M. Tune, No. 140.

The Lord is coming! let this be The herald note of jubilee;
And when we meet, and when we part,

The salutation from the heart.

2 The Lord is coming! sound it forth, From East to West, from South to North.

Speed on! speed on the tidings glad, That none who love him may be sad.

3 The Lord is coming! watch and pray!

Watch ye, and haste unto the day; So shalt thou then escape the snare, And Christ's eternal glory share.

592 L. M. Tune, No. 214.

- 1 Command thy blessing from above, O God, on all assembled here! Behold us with a Father's love, While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord; May we thy true disciples be; Speak to each heart the mighty word, Say to the weakest, "Follow me."
- 3 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide, Our gracious God, by us confessed; May naught in life or death divide The saints in thy communion blessed.
- 4 With thee, and these, forever bound,
 May all who here in prayer unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne
 surround,

Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

593 L. M. Tune, No. 378.

1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,

Ten thousand angels filled the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee
wait.

Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious when the Lord was there,

While he pronounced his dreadful

And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 Raised by his Father to the throne, He sent the promised Spirit down, With gifts and grace for rebel men, That God might dwell on earth again.

594 L. M. Tune, No. 140.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess:
 So let our works and virtues shine
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God, When his salvation reigns within. And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion, and envy, lust and pride; While justice, mercy, truth and love, Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on his word.

595 L. M. Tune, No. 214.

- 1 Jehovah reigns! he dwells in light, Girded with majesty and might; The world, created by his hands, Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundation laid,
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise, And aim their rage against the skies, In vain their rage they aim so high! At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure; Thy promise stands forever sure; And everlasting holiness Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

596 L. M. Tune, No. 54.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,

And gay their sinken leaves unfold All careless of the noontide heats, And fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast, Parched by the sun's intensest ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties pass away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine, When youth its pride of beauty shows,

Fairer than spring the colors shine.
And sweeter than the blushing rose.

4 But worn by slowly rolling years
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

6 Yet these, new rising from the tomb, With lustre brighter far shall shine; Shall have a never-ending bloom, Safe from disease and from decline.

597 L. M. Tune, No. 54.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies,

When sinks the weary saint to

rest;

How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves the faithful breast.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.

But soon shall shine that marble brow.

When slumb'ring saints arise and sing.

"O grave. where is thy vict'ry now, And where, O death, is now thy sting?"

598 L. M. Tune, No. 214.

- 1 HE wills that I should holy be:
 That holiness I long to feel;
 That full, divine conformity
 To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul Accomplished in the change of mine;

And plunge' me, every whit made whole,

In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my sonl is stayed, And waits to prove thine utmost will;

The promise, by thy mercy made, Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power, Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:

Hasten the long-expected hour.

And bless me with thy perfect love.

599 L. M. Tune, No. 158.

1 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies; Cut off for sins, but not his own; Accomplished is the sacrifice; The great redeeming work is done.

- 2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid; Justice divine is satisfied; The grand and full atonement made; 'Christ for a guilty world hath died.
- 3 The veil is rent; in him alone
 The living way to God is seen;
 The middle wall is broken down,
 And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled; Exacted is the legal pain; The precious promises are sealed; The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

600 L. M. Tune, No. 106.

- 1 I, Jesus, am ascended high,
 No more to suffer, bleed, and die:
 I live to bless—my name is Love;
 I live with Him who reigns above.
- 2 Behold. I live forevermore My love's an everlasting store: I live to plead the sinner's cause. To magnify Jehovah's laws.
- 3 I live to hear his children's cries; I live to wipe their weeping eyes; I live to sanctify their woes; I live to conquer all their foes.
- 4 I live to help in each distress; I live t'enrich their souls with grace; I live to pour my spirit down; I live t'insure their heavenly crown.

601 L. M. Tune, No. 95.

- 1 SINNERS exposed to death and woe, Arise and to King Jesus go; Your guilt confess, his favor seek, And wait to hear what God will speak.
- 2 Fear not the law; 'tis grace that reigns;Jesus the sinner's cause maintains;He ransomed rebels with his blood,
- And now he intercedes with God.

 3 To him approach with fervent prayer,
 And if you perish, perish there,

Resolved at Jesus' feet to lie, Suing for mercy till you die.

4 Thrice happy souls, who thus address

The God of love and boundless grace!

Jesus will such completely save, And life eternal they shall have.

602 L. M. Tune, No. 351.

- 1 We have no outward righteousness,
 No merits or good works to plead:
 We only can be saved by grace;
 Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.
- 2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,—

A faith thou must thyself impart, A faith that would by works be shown,

A faith that purifies the heart, —

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,

A faith that shows our sins forgiven,

- A faith that sweetly works by love, And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 4 This is the faith we humbly seek,

 The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;

That faith which doth for sinners speak,

O, let it speak us up to God!

603 L. M. Tune, No. 378.

- 1 Who shall ascend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man who minds religion now, And humbly walks with God below;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean:

Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;

No slanders dwell upon his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

- 3 He loves his enemies, and prays
 For those who curse him to his face;
 And does to all men still the same
 That he would hope or wish from
 them.
- 4 Yet when his holiest works are done, His soul depends on grace alone; This is the man thy face shall see, And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

604 L. M. Tune, No. 227.

1 Awake, my soul! and with the sun Thy daily course of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart! And with the angels bear thy part, Who, all night long, unwearied sing High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept: Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew; Scatter my sins as morning-dew; Guard my first springs of thought

and will, And with thyself my spirit fill.

605 L. M. Tune, No. 214.

- 1 Servants of God! in joyful lays, Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise; His glorious name let all adore, From age to age, forevermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest, From the sun's rising to its rest:

 Above the heavens his power is known;

Through all the earth his goodness shown.

- 3 Who is like God?—so great, so high, He bows himself to view the sky; And yet, with condescending grace, Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan Of those who sit and weep alone; He lifts the mourner from the dust, And saves the poor who in him trust.

606 L. M. Tune, No. 126.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives; What joy the blest assurance gives! He lives, he lives, who once was dead;

He lives, my everlasting Head.

- 2 He lives, and grants me daily breath; He lives, and I shall conquer death; He lives, my mansion to prepare; He lives to bring me safely there.
- 3 He lives, all glory to his name; He lives, my Saviour, still the same; What joy the blest assurance gives, I know that my Redeemer lives!

- 1 My Maker and my King!
 To thee my all I owe;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 Whence all my blessings flow.
- Thou ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.
- 4 Lord, what can I impart,
 When all is thine before;
 Thy love demands a thankful heart;
 The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due?
 And shall my passious rove?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.
- 6 Oh, let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

608 S. M. Tune, No. 451.

- 1 Thou ever-present Aid
 In suffering and distress!
 The mind, which still on thee is stayed,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul, by faith reclined On the Redeemer's breast, Mid raging storms, exults to find An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er thy face appears;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
- It hallows every cross,
 It sweetly comforts me;
 It makes me now forget my loss,
 And lose myself in thee.
- Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Will all my wishes fill;
 What though created streams are dry?
 I have the fountain still.

609 S. M. Tune, No. 417.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished. O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear: In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

610 S. M. Tune, No. 221.

- 1 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command:
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his
 way,
 How wise, how strong his hand!
- 3 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath
 wronght
 That caused thy needless fear.

611 S. M. Tune, No. 123.

- I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
- 2 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 3 The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; He followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild:
- 4 He found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone,
 He bound me with the bands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.

612 S. M. Tune, No. 271.

- 1 How sweet the cheering words,
 "Whoever will" may come;
 The door of mercy open stands,
 As yet there still is room.
 Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free!
 I'm glad salvation's free!
 Salvation's free for you
 and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free!
- 12 'Tis the "accepted time,"
 The day of grace and love;
 And God invites "whoever will"
 His faithfulness to prove.
- 3 The Saviour sits on high,
 The proof that all is done;
 And sinners now God can accept
 Through his beloved Son.

613 S. M. Tune, No. 234.

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear;
 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray;
- To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When rob'd in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 Th' immortal Son of man.
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 Attentive to the gospel's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we all insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch each moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

614 S. M. Tune, No. 242.

1 "All things are ready," come, Come to the supper spread;Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,Come, and be richly fed.

- 2 "All things are ready," come,
 The invitation's given,
 Through Him who now in glory
 sits
 At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 All things are ready," come,
 The door is open wide;
 O feast upon the love of God,
 For Christ, his Son, has died.

615 S. M. Tune, No. 191.

- 1 The Lord forgives thy sins, Prolongs thy feeble breath; He healeth thine infirmities, And ransoms thee from death.
- 2 He clothes thee with his love, Upholds thee with his truth; And like the eagle he renews The vigor of thy youth.
- 3 Then bless his holy name
 Whose grace hath made thee whole;
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
 O bless the Lord, my soul!

616 S. M. Tune, No. 417.

- Down to the sacred wave,
 The Lord of life was led;
 And he who came our souls to save,
 In Jordan bowed his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way;
 He fixed the holy rite;
 He bade his ransomed ones obey,
 And keep the path of light.
- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread In thine appointed way; Let glory o'er these scenes be shed, And smile on us to-day.

617 S. M. Tune, No. 221.

- Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace;
 Now, sinners come without delay, And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time, The Saviour calls to-day; To-morrow it may be too late— Then why should you delay?

8 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

618 S. M. Tune, No. 365.

- 1 And canst thou, sinner, slightThe call of love divine?Shall God, with tenderness invite,And gain no thought of thine?
- Wilt thou not cease to grieve The Spirit from thy breast.
 Till he thy wretched soul shall leave With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pard'ning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray;
 To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
 Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But, grace so dearly bought
 If yet thou wilt despise,
 Thy fearful doom, with vengeance
 fraught,
 Will fill thee with surprise.

619 S. M. Tune, No. 394.

- 1 I HEAR thy word with love, And I would fain obey; Send thy good Spirit from above To guide me, lest I stray.
- Warn me of every sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 3 While, with my heart and tongue, I spread thy praise abroad. Accept the worship and the song, My Saviour and my God!

620 S. M. Tune, No. 242.

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name.
- Thy name salvation is.
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace.
 And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride Or selfishness we meet; From nature's paths we turn aside, ' And worldly thoughts forget.

621 S. M. Tune, No. 191.

- 1 Come, Lord, and tarry not:
 Bring the long-looked-for day;
 Oh! why'these years of waiting here!
 Oh! why this long delay?
- Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of thy stay,
 Worn out by these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.
- 3 Is not the field now ripe?
 Come, with thy sickle, then,
 Reap the great harvest of the earth,
 Come, gather in the grain.

622 S. M. Tune, No. 249.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging
 thirst
 With springs that never dry.

623 C. M. Tune. No. 221.

- Now let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 All honor to his name,
 Who marks the shining way!
 To him who leads the wanderers or
 To realms of endless day!

624 C. M. Tune, No. 147.

- 1 I want a principle within,
 Of jealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride or fond desire;
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make; Awake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.

625 C. M. Tune, No. 236.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly toys; Our souls how heavily they go, To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle thy love in all our hearts, And that shall kindle ours.

626 C. M. Tune, No. 28.

- 1 Buried beneath the yielding wave, The dear Redeemer lies; Faith views him in the watery grave, And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day Their ardent zeal t' express, And in the Lord's appointed way Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread, And would his cause maintain; Like him be numbered with the dead, And with him rise again.

627 C. M. Tune, No. 40.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high:
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love
 That shows salvation nigh.
- On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 Welcome each closing year.
- Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
 Ye mortal powers, decay!
 Fast as ye bring the gloomy night,
 Ye bring eternal day.

628 C. M. Tune, No. 41.

- I Love the Lord: he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan:
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear, And chased my grief away; O let my heart no more despair. While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
 He bade my pains remove:
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

629 C. M. Tune, No. 64.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne Still may we dwell secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
- 3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the
 night,
 Before the rising sun.

630 C. M. Tune, No. 175.

- No longer far from rest I roam, And search in vain for bliss;
 My soul is satisfied at home;
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 His person fixes all my love; His blood removes my fear; And, while he pleads for me above. His arm preserves me here.
- 3 His word of promise is my food; His spirit is my guide; Thus daily is my strength renewed, And all my wants supplied.
- 4 For him I count as gain each loss;
 Disgrace, for him, renown;
 Well may I glory in his cross,
 While he prepares my crown.

631 C. M. Tune, No. 64.

- 1 On! could I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God.
 Then would my hours glide sweet
 away.
 While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord. I desire with thee to live Anew from day to day, In joys the world can never give, Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine, That I may never more depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.

632 C. M. Tune, No. 121.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear

My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,

To thee lift up mine eye—

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness!
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

633 C. M. Tune, No. 506.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest,
 Lay down, thon weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
- I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water thirsty one
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul
 revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light, Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

634 C. M. Tune, No. 26.

- 1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God, Through all my mortal days, And in eternity prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- When anxions grief and gloomy care Afflict my throbbing breast, My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise. And hill each pain to rest.
- 3 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honors of my God;
 My life with all its active powers,
 Shall spread thy praise abroad

635 C. M. Tune, No. 506.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts
 Let warmest thanks arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield, Our keeper and our guide; His care was on our weakness shown, His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies
 were
 More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
 Do a new song require:
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

636 C. M. Tune, No. 28.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace,Thy bounties how complete!How shall I count the matchless sum,How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light Dost thou exalted shine;What can my poverty bestow, When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below, The partners of thy grace, And wilt confess their humble names Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice is heard.

637 C. M. Tune, No. 32.

- 1 She loved her Saviour, and to him
 Her costliest present brought;
 To crown his head, or grace his name,
 No gift too rare she thought.
- 2 So let the Saviour be adored,And not the poor despised;Give to the hungry from your board,But all, give all to Christ.

- 3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind, Give to the weary rest; For sorrow's children comfort find, And help for all distressed;
- 4 But give to Christ alone thy heart, Thy faith, thy love supreme; Then for his sake thine alms impart, And so give all to him.

638 C. M. Tune, No. 32.

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,

By lane and cell obscure, And let love's treasures still be spent Like his, upon the poor.

- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill; And that thy followers may be tried, The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make; Yet thou hast taught us, Lord, If given for the Saviour's sake, They lose not their reward.

639 C. M. Tune, No. 121.

- 1 Grant me within thy courts a place,
 Among thy saints a seat,
 Forever to behold thy face,
 And worship at thy feet;—
- 2 In thy pavilion to abide,
 When storms of trouble blow,
 And in thy tabernacle hide,
 Secure from every foe.
- 3 "Seek ye my face!" Without delay, When thus I hear thee speak, My heart would leap for joy, and say, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."
- 4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
 And earthly comforts flee;

When father, mother, kindred fall, My God, remember me!

640 C. M. Tune, No. 64.

- 1 Workman of God! O lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell That God is on the field, when he Is most invisible.
- 3 Blest too is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie.
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men.
 And learn to lose with God:
 For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee his road.

641 C. M. Tune, No. 32.

- The Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in that blissful sound!

 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads delight around.
- ? Here pardon, life, and joy divine In rich effusion flow. For guilty rebels, lost in sin, Who to destruction go.
- 3 The almighty Former of the skies
 Stoops to our vile abode;
 While angels view with wondering
 eyes.
 And hail the incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine, Of bliss a boundless store! Redeemer, let me call thee mine, Thy fullness I implore.

642 C. M. Tune, No. 176.

- 1 I Love to meet where Christians do, Who meet for prayer and praise, To speak of God's rich grace to them, And of his works and ways.
- 2 I love to hear the Christian tell Of hope beyond the grave; And, too, to hear him oft express His faith in Christ to save.

3 I love to hear the voice of praise
Ascending to His throne,
And fervent prayer in faith go up;
It brings the blessing down.

643 C. M. Tune, No. 64.

- 1 Tris faith that purifies the heart; Tris faith that works by love; It bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 This faith shall every fear control By its celestial power; With holy triumph fill the soul, In death's approaching hour.
- 3 By faith, where'er His hand shall lead,
 The darkest path we'll tread;
 In faith we'll leave these living scenes,
 And mingle with the dead.

644 C. M. Tune, No. 40.

- O LET triumphant faith dispel Our fear and guilt and woe; If God be for us. God the Lord, Who, who shall be our foe?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up
 To death, that we might live;
 Shall he not all things freely grant
 That boundless love can give?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?
 "Tis God hath justified;
 Who now his people shall condemn?
 The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath ris'n again, Triumphant from the grave; At God's right hand for us he pleads, Omnipotent to save.

645 C. M. Tune, No. 121.

- 1 O'TIS delight without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name:
 My spirit leaps with inward joy;
 I feel the sacred flame.
- My passions hold a pleasing reign,
 When love inspires my breast,
 Love, the divinest of the train,
 The sovereign of the rest.

Tune, "Waiting and watching for ME."

1 O Jesus, we're longing thy face to behold.

To see thee descend from above; To walk that fair city with streets of pure gold,

And enter the Eden of love.

Though trouble and trials encompass us here,

We soon from all these shall be free:

Dear Jesus, our Saviour, O quickly appear,

We're waiting and watching for thee:

We're waiting, etc.

2 Here pilgrims and strangers we tread the lone way,

And sigh for that long-looked-for home:

When in those blest mansions, there ever we'll stay,

And nevermore, nevermore roam.

And then with the ransomed and glorified there.

The face of our Lord we shall see: ||Dear Jesus, our Saviour, O quickly appear,

We're waiting and watching for thee:

We're waiting, etc.

3 O Jesus, thy people are weary and sad

That thou should'st so long be away;

O hasten, dear Saviour, and make our hearts glad;

We long for the dawn of that day! And many are sleeping in death's cold embrace,

And waiting thy glory to see; ||Dear Jesus; our Saviour, O quickly appear,

We're waiting and watching for thee:

We're waiting, etc.

J. E. Hudson.

647 7s & 6s. Tune, No. 253.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet-call obey:
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day;
 Ye that are men! now serve him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He, with the King of glory,
 Shall reign eternally.

648 7s. Tune, No. 274.

- 1 Make us of one heart and mind, Courteous, pitiful, and kind, Lowly, meek in thought and word, Altogether like our Lord.
- 2 Let us for each other care, Each the other's burden bear; To thy Church the pattern give, Show how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride, Let us thus in God abide; All the depths of love express, All the heights of holiness.

649 8s. Tune, No. 244.

1 The church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints with desire still wait,
To see him again in the air.
The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend;
And place her, enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And gladly I join in the cry;
O Jesus, in triumph appear!
Appear in the clouds of the sky.
Come, Lord, to the bride of thy love,
In fulness of majesty come;
And bring me the mansion above,
Prepared for my heavenly home.

650 7s. Tune, No. 196.

- 1 Coming Saviour, now in faith, We remember still thy death; Thou wast broken—thou hast died; For us thou wast crucified.
- 2 While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign; Wash us pure from every stain, Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee, But we long thy face to see— Long to reach our heavenly home; Come. Lord Jesus, quickly come!
- 4 Quickly, thou thyself wilt come; Thou wilt raise us to thy throne, And thy glories here display Through a never-ending day.

651 8s & 7s. Tune, No. 102.

- 1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to Heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne,

652 7s. Tune, No. 101.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood;
Sinful sonl, what hast thon done?
Murdered God's beloved Son.

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed, Drove the nails that flx'd him there; Crown'd with thorns his sacred head, Pierced him with a soldier's spear; Made his soul a sacrifice,— For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue your Lord?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood?
 No! with all my sins I'll part,
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

653 7s & 8s. Tune, No. 101.

- 1 When this passing world is done, When has sunk you glaring sun, When we stand with Christ at last, Looking o'er life's journey past, Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.
- When I stand before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own; When I see thee as thou art, Love thee with unsiming heart; Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of heaven I hear, Loud as thunders to the ear, Loud as many waters' noise, Sweet as harp's melodious voice; Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

654 7s. Tune, No. 177.

- 1 Holy Bible, Book divine; Precious treasure! thou art mine: Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am:
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love: Mine art thou to guide my feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit:
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,If the Holy Spirit bless:Mine to show, by living faith,Man can trinmph over death!

655 6s & 4s. Tune, No. 113.

- 1 Trusting, my God, in Thee,
 Trusting in Thee,
 From every stain of sin,
 Thou cleansest me—
 Glory! my soul is free!
 Trusting, my God, in Thee,
 From every stain of sin,
 Thou cleansest me.
- 2 Resting, my God, in Thee,
 Resting in Thee,
 From every doubt and fear,
 Thou keepest me—
 Glory! my soul is free!
 Resting, my God, in Thee,
 From every doubt and fear,
 Thou keepest me.
- 3 Dwelling, my God, in Thee,
 Dwelling in Thee,
 From foes without, within,
 Thou guardest me.
 Glory! my soul is free!
 Dwelling, my God, in Thee,
 From foes without, within,
 Thou guardest me.
- 4 Rising, my God, in Thee,
 Rising in Thee,
 From scenes that grieve me now,
 Thou takest me—
 Glory! my soul is free!
 Rising, my God, in Thee,
 From scenes that grieve me now,
 Thou takest me.

656 8s & 7s. Tune, No. 102.

- 1 Thou hast said, exalted Jesus,
 "Take thy cross and follow me;"
 And I'll take it, I will take it,
 And rejoicing, follow thee.
 I will follow, I will follow,
 Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee.
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying, Emblem of my Saviour's grave, Shall I shun its brink, betraying Feelings worthy of a slave? No! I'll enter; no, I'll enter, Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- Patenthe sign which thus reminds me, Saviour, of thy love for me; But more blest the love that binds me. In its deathless bonds to thee; O what pleasure, O what pleasure, Buried with my Lord to be!

- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,
 Should I suffer shame or loss,
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
 I have been where Jesus was,
 Will revive me, will revive me,
 When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with him possessing,
 Let me die to earth and sin;
 Let me rise t'enjoy the blessing
 Which the faithful soul shall win,
 May I ever, may I ever,
 Follow where my Lord has been.

657 7s. Tune, No. 308.

- Never further than Thy cross:
 Never higher than thy feet:
 Here earth's precious things seem dross:
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
- 2 Here we learn to serve and give, And, rejoicing, self deny; Here we gather love to live, Here we gather faith to die.
- 3 Till amid the hosts of light,
 We in thee redeemed, complete,
 Through thy cross made pure and
 white,
 Cast our crowns before thy feet.

658 7s. Tune, No. 219.

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler, o'er you mountain height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray,
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman, will its beams along

Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler, ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Traveler, darkness takes its flight; Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

659

78 & 88.

- 1 What subdued and conquered me?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;"
 What first set my spirit free?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."
 - CHORUS: —
 "O precious is the flow
 That makes me white as snow;
 No other fount I know,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus."
- 2 What now sanctifies my soul? "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;" What now makes my spirit whole? "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."
- 3 What now saves me from all sin?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;"
 What now keeps me pure within?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."
- 4 What gives vict'ry day by day?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;"
 What gives joy throughout life's
 way?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."
- 5 What takes me through every snare?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;"
 What takes out the sting of care?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."
- 6 What brings help in daily toil?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;"
 What brings peace in life's turmoil?
 "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

660 7s.

- 1 Here we meet, and here we part;
 This we're doing all the way;
 Hand to hand, and heart with heart,
 And the few words that we say;
 Then we go, and tears must come,
 Tears we hardly wipe away,
 Wand'ring to a distant home,
 Or as pilgrims still to stray.
- 2 By and by this will be o'er,
 When immortal there we stand;
 Tears and partings nevermore.
 When we reach that better land.

There the beautiful will be;
It will be a sinless band;
It is Jesus we shall see;
There with Jesus we shall stand.

3 Love of Jesus! O how strong!
How it binds our hearts in one,
As we join in prayer and song,
Telling what the Lord has done—
And the joy it bringeth here!
Joy which only they can know
Who to Jesus come so near,
And with Jesus onward go.

661

8s & 7s.

1 "CALL them in,"—the poor, the wretched,

Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold;

Peace and pardon freely offer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?

"Call them in" — the weak, the weary,

Laden with the doom of sin; Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting—"call them in."

2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;

Bid the stranger to the feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the noble,

From the highest to the least:
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones—"call them
in."

3 "Call them in"—the mere professors.

Slumbering, sleeping on death's brink;

Nought of life are they possessors, Yet of safety vainly think;

Bring them in — the careless scoffers,
Pleasure-seekers of the earth;
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted, Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;

Speak Love's message, low and tender,

Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—" call them in."

- 1 Knocking, knocking, who is there?
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
 'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before.
 Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
 Wilt thou not undo the door?
- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair; But the door is hard to open, For the weeds and ivy-vine, With their dark and clinging tendrils, Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking what, still there?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
 Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crowned hair
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
 Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

663

7s.

1 SIMPLY trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way; Even when my faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS: -

Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by, Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine; While He leads I cannot fall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear; If in danger, for Him call; Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till within the jasper wall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

664

7s & 8s.

1 Oh, to be nothing, nothing; Only to lie at His feet An empty and earthen vessel, For the Master's use made meet. Empty that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Earthen, that all the glory
To Him alone might flow.

CHORUS: —

Oh, to be nothing, nothing;
Only to lie at His feet,
An empty and earthen vessel,
For the Master's use made
meet.

- 2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by His hand;
 A messenger at His gateway.
 But waiting for His command;
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at His will,
 Willing, should He not require me,
 In silence to wait on Him still.
- 3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing;
 Painful the humbling may be;
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
 That the world might my Saviour see.
 Rather be nothing, nothing,—

Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To Him let their voices be raised:
He is the fountain of blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

665

6s & 5s.

- 1 Go bury thy sorrow,
 The world has its share;
 Go bury it deeply,
 Go hide it with care;
 Go think of it calmly,
 When curtained by night,
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 And all will be right.
- 2 Go tell it to Jesus,
 He knoweth thy grief;
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 He'll send thee relief;
 Go gather the sunshine
 He sheds on the way;
 He'll lighten thy burden,
 Go, weary one, pray.
- With heavier woe.

 With heavier woe.

 Now droop 'mid the darkness—
 Go comfort them, go:
 Go bury thy sorrows,
 Let others be blest;
 Go give them the sunshine—
 Tell Jesus the rest.

1 To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair;

She heard in the city that Jesus was

Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,

: She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.:

2 The frown and the murmur went round through them all,

That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;

And some said the poor would be objects more meet.

| : As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet. :

3 She heard but the Saviour, she spoke but with sighs;

She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;

And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,

: As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed. .

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow. —

In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,

He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven."

: And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven. : ||

667

Ss & 7s.

1 There is a gate stands open wide, And through its portals gleaming A radiance from the crimson tide That from the cross is streaming.

REF.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be That gate was opened wide for me? For me, for me? Was opened wide for me?

2 That gate stands open wide for all Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,

While mercy's gate is open; Accept the cross, and win the crown, Love's everlasting token. 4 Beyond the cross of Calvary,
Beyond the one we're bearing,
There is the crown for you and me,
His love and mercy sharing.

668 C. P. M. Tune, No. 124.

Let all on earth their voices raise,
 To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
 And bless his holy name:
 His glory let the heathen know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; He built the sky; He made the shining worlds on high, And reigns in glory there: His beams are majesty and light; His beauties, how divinely bright!

His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious

hour,
When earth shall feel His mighty

power,
All nations fear His name:
Then shall the race of men confess
His justice and His holiness;

His saints His grace proclaim.

669 P. M. Tune, No. 244.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our happy abode,
The city that comes from above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus' mild beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

7s. Tune, No. 515.

- 1 "TILL He come!"—Oh, let the words Linger on the trembling chords; Let the "little while" between In their golden light be seen; Let us think, how rest and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"
- 2 When the weary ones we love To the silent grave remove, When their words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear, Hush! be every murmur dumb, It is only "Till He come!"
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss, Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Pain us only "Till He come!"
- 4 See the feast of love is spread; Drink the wine, and eat the bread; Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board, Scattered now, and far from home, Severed only "Till He come!"

6719s & 6s. Tune, No. 289.

- 1 By faith I view my Saviour dying, On the tree, On the tree; To every nation He is crying, Look to me, Look to me; He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear: Hark, hark, what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free!
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pity me, Pity me? And did He snatch my soul from ruin? Can it be, Can it be! Oh, yes! He did salvation bring: He is my Prophet, Priest and King; And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes; Mercy's free, Mercy's free. And every moment Christ is precious Unto me, Unto me. None can describe the bliss I prove, While through this wilderness I rove; All may enjoy the Saviour's love, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying, Mercy's free, Mercy's free. And this shall be my theme when

Mercy's free, Mercy's free. And when the vale of death I've passed.

When I'm beyond the stormy blast, I'll sing, while endless ages last, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

672 9s.

By permission of O. Ditson & Co. 1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day, And no sorrow or death will be there;

And the Father who loveth, they say, Will prepare us a home over there.

CHORUS: -

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore, The melodious songs of the blest; We shall labor and sorrow no more, Nor again seek the blessing of rest.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above We will offer our tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

673 8s & 7s.

1 Sweet and precious is the promise, God has giv'n each passer by, On the way to rest and glory, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Refrain: —

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye; On the way to rest and glory, I will guide, thee with mineeye.

- 2 In thy trouble, care and sorrow, And when hope is near to die; Let this promise keep thee steadfast, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Ref. — I will guide thee, &c.
- 3 When the tempter comes to 'lure thee From the way, and foes are nigh, Let this promise then assure thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Ref. — I will guide thee, &c.

- When thy last fond hope is numbered, 4 At the smiling of the river. And thy present comforts fly, Let this promise be remembered, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Ref. — I will guide thee, &c.
- 5 When through deeper shades and darkness.

Onward still thy path may lie, Hear Him say. "I will be with thee," "I will guide thee with mine eye." Ref. - I will guide thee, &c.

674 88.

1 My hope is built on nothing less, Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS: -

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand: All other ground is sinking sand. All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale. My anchor holds within the vail.
- 3 His oath, His covenant. His blood, Support me in the whelming flood: When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound.

O, may I then in Him be found; Drest in His righteousness alone. Faultless to stand before the throne!

675 8s & 7s.

1 Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod? With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS. -

Yes, we'll gather at the river. The beautiful, the beautiful river: Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day,
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down: Grace our humble hearts deliver, And provide a robe and crown.

- Mirror of the Saviour's face. , Saints, whom death will never sever. Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease, Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

676 P. M.

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,

And all the midnight shadows flee, Tinged are the distant skies with

A beacon light hangs out for thee. Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er

Thy name is graven on the throne, Thy home is in that world of glory Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges.

> Calmly composed and dauntless stand:

For lo, beyond these scenes emerges The heights that bound the promised land.

Christian, behold, the land is near-

Where the wild sea-storm's rage is

Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering!

See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,

> Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;

The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory

Invite thy happy soul away.

Away, away, leave all for glory.

Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in that world of glory Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Rev. JOSEPH RUSLING, 1832.

677

10%.

1 I Am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of his love in the Book he has given.

Wonderful things in the Bible I see: This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

7s.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,

Then he doth seek me wherever I stray;

Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,

When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,

When in His beauty I see the great

King,

This shall my song in eternity be, "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loved me."

678

11s & 10s.

l Dark is the night, and fierce the winds are blowing,

Nearer and nearer comes the breaker's roar;

Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?

Hide me, my Saviour, till the storm is o'er.

CHORUS: —

With his loving hand to guide, let the clouds above me roll,

And the billows in their fury dash around me;

I can brave the wildest storm, with his glory in my soul,

I can sing amid the tempest— Praise the Lord!

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;

He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;

Safe he will lead me through the pathless waters,

Jesus, the mighty One, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,

Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;

Now at the helm I see my Father standing,

Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

1 TRUSTING Jesus, day by day, Trusting Him through all the way; Even though my faith be small, Trusting Jesus, All-in-All.

Cho. — Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, All-in-All.

- 2 Brightly doth the Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine; While He leads I cannot fall, Trusting Jesus, All-in-All.
- 3 Singing if my way be clear; Praying if the path be drear; If in danger, for Him call; Trusting Jesus, All-in-All.
- 4 Trusting Him until that day, Trusting Him till He shall say, "Come within the jasper wall"— Trusting Jesus, All-in-All.

680

679

P. M.

1 The Lord and Saviour will appear; He now is near, He now is near; O sinner list! the warning hear— What will you do in that day?

CHO. — Turn, turn sinner,
O turn, sinner;
Turn, turn sinner,
What will you do in that day?

- 2 No longer now go on in sin The day of God will soon begin; When all the saved shall enter in: What will you do in that day?
- When you shall see the Judge's face, O where will be your hiding place? Without his pard'ning love and grace, What will you do in that day?

4 When the great trumpet's voice is heard,

When all the world is by it stirred, And there is then no pardoning word, What will you do in that day?

5 And when before the throne you stand,

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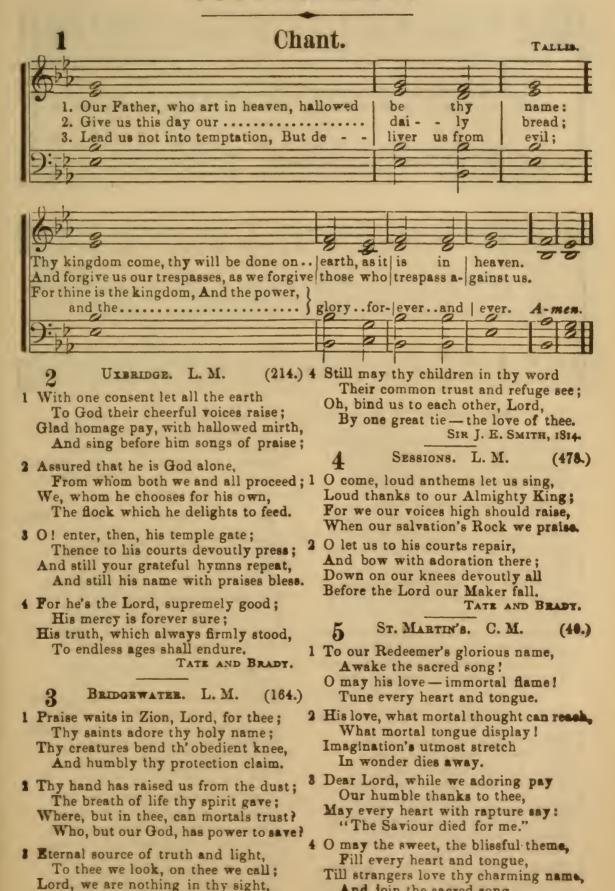
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7s & 6s. Advent Call	362 228 521 22 272 77 36 253 116 305 380	10s & 11s. Lyons	390 217 463 151 167
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No. of 7	Tune.	No. of	Tune.
11s & 12s.	•	Glad Tidings of Joy	532
		Gleams of the Golden Morning	461
The Old Fashioned Bible	367	God is Love	555
		God Speed the Right	363
12s.		Grace is Free	161
		Hallelujah! I'm Saved	241
Save or We Perish	?18	Happy in the Lord	575
The Chariot	263	Hallelujah 'tis done	492
The Voice of Free Grace	58	Hark! the Blest Tidings	559
10.00		He Leadeth Me	403
12s & 9s.		Here is no Rest	435
N. T. (10.1.IV	00=	He's Coming	51
My Beautiful Home	395	He Shall Appear	416
The Time Hastens On	570	He Will Gather the Wheat	224
10.011.		Homeward Bound	288
12s & 11s.		How Happy Are They	579
Omega	975	How Precious the Name	233
Omega	275	I am Bound for the Land	73
Н. М.		I Long to be There I Love Thee	482 15
11. 1/1.		I'm a Pilgrim	425
Lenox	8	In the Sweet By-and-By	567
Milleunium	488	I Shall be Justified	69
	100	Is Your Lamp Burning	469
P. M.		It Is I Be Not Afraid	266
		Jesus is Coming Again	162
A Home by Life's Fountain	72	Jesus is Waiting to Save	445
Almost Persuaded	415	Jesus Spoke Peace	460
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Are We Almost There	172	Joy in Heaven	535
Are You Ready	256	Keep Your Lamps Burning	312
Are You Washed	505	Knocking at the Door	330
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Beautiful Gates	134	More Like Thee	441
Beautiful Land of Light	218	My Ain Countrie	115
Beautiful Mansions	251	My Brighter Home	577
Beautiful White Robes	454	My Mission Field	220
Beautiful World	436	My Home is Over Jordan	381
Behold What Love	404	Nearer Home	539
Blessed are the Faithful Servants	537	None of Self	530
Beyond the Swelling Flood	$\begin{array}{c} 258 \\ 496 \end{array}$	O Hail Happy Day Oh to be Over Yonder	543
Bright Eden	335	Oh to be Ready	87 487
Child Your Father Calls	565	Only Jesus Will I Know	186
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Clinging to the Rock	580	O Sinner Come	495
Close to Thee	578	One Sweetly Solemn Thought	573
Come Drink at the Fountain	208	Pardon For All	374
Come Little Soldiers	534	Praise the Lord	289
Come to Jesus Just Now	93	Prayer Silent Prayer	569
Come Unto Me	145	Pray Without Ceasing	432
Coming to the Saviour	316	Precious is the Promise	294
Cowper	244	Remember Me	485
Crucifixion	387	Remember Jesus Leads	462
Draw Me Closer	541	Rest Over There	53
Gathering Home	67	Revive Us Again	470
Geth-cmane	206	Roll Jordan Roll	360
Give Me Jesus	226	Safely Hide Mc	566

No. of T	une.	No. of 7	Pane.
Save Me Gracious God	513	Time's Farewell	531
Sing of His Love	509	Trusting in the Promise	209
Shall We Meet Beyond	447	Wake the Song of Jubilee	581
Showers of Blessing	553	Watching and Waiting	278
Submission	52	Watch for the Time is Short	540
Sweetly I'm Resting in	119	We Are Voyagers	525
Testify To-Night	354	We Shall Know	229
That Eden Home	560	We'll Stand by That Stream	310
The Band Hymn	303	What a Gath'ring	514
The Beautiful Hills	568	What a Wonderful Saviour	433
The Beautiful Vale	118	What Can I Do For Thee	370
The Better Land	277	What I Want	150
The Blood the Precious Blood	561	What Will The Harvest Be	350
The Good Time Coming	491	When the Angels Come	556
The Gospel Ship	79	When the King Comes	31
The Great Physician	571	Whiter than Snow	120
The Home of the Blest	524	Who'll Stand up for Jesus	131
The Home Over There	86	Wholly Thine	70
The Lamb of God	248	Worthy is the Lamb	420
The Lord Will Provide	536	Who's Like Jesus	112
The New Song	52 0	Will Jesus Find us Watching	438
The Pearl and Crown	88	Will You Go With Me	412
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The Prodigal's Call	44	Wonderful Grace	117
The Realm of Delight	459		
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The Thrilling Cry	331	Ariel	124
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The Sun-Bright Clime	401	The Garden Hymn	255
There Are Angels Hovering	59		

THE END.

SUPPLEMENT.



1

But thou to us art all in all.

And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.



- 1 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
 My God demands the grateful song;
 Let all my inmost powers record
 The wondrous mercy of the Lord.
- 2 Divinely free his mercy flows, Forgives my sins, allays my woes, And bids approaching death remove, And crowns me with indulgent love.
- 3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
 Forever shines, while time decays;
 And children's children shall record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord.
- 4 While all his works his praise proclaim, And men and angels bless his name, Oh, let my heart, my life, my tongue Attend, and join the blissful song. ANNE STEELE.

Hendon. 7s. (308.)

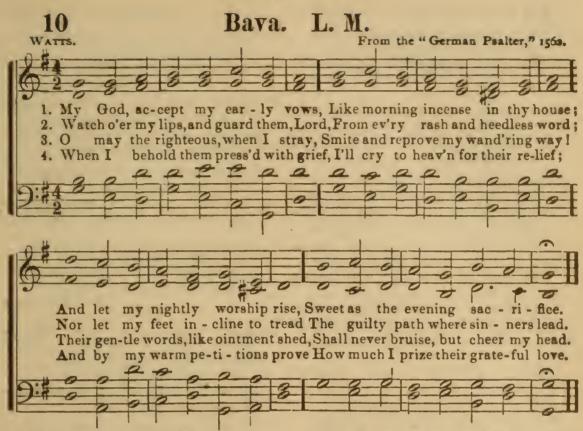
- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born: Songs of praise arose, when he Captive led captivity.
- 8 Heaven and earth must pass away; Songs of praise shall crown that day: God will make new heavens and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church is called to raise
Psalms and hymns of grateful praise.
(MONTGOMERY.)

Q AMBOY. 7s. (456.)

- Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days!
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ!
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the joy which harvests bring,
 Grateful praises now we sing.
- Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her overflowing stores:—
- 3 These, to that dear Source we owe,
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
 These, through all my happy days,
 Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
 Grateful, never-ending praise;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1773



11 BAVA. L. M.

1 Saviour of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest, Delight in what thyself hast given; On thy own gifts and graces feast, And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.

Smell the sweet odour of our prayers, Our sacrifice of praise approve; And treasure up our gracious tears, Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.
WESLEY.

12 OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (106.)

1 Let all that wait the Coming King, Now to his name sweet praises bring; He cometh quickly! sound it high, Till echoes meet the vocal sky.

2 Earth shall depart, and, like a scroll, The passing heavens together roll; For Jesus' faithful words shall be Enduring as eternity.

8 Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord,
As thou hast promised in thy word—
Pill earth with glory like a sea—
Oh! speak the word, and it shall be.
EMILY C. PEARSON.

13 HAPPY ZION. 88 & 78. (512.)

Praise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above.
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

JOSIAH CONDER.

14 TAKE MY HEART. 86 & 78. (10.)

May the grace of Christ, the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

JOHN NEWTON.

15 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 78. (196.)

1 Now may he, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

Nawrow.

16 Missionary Chant. L.M. (140.)

- 1 When, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rights, what honor shall we pay?
 How spread his sovereign name
 abroad?
- From marble domes and gilded spires Shall curling clouds of incense rise; And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 8 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth
 prayer.
- Oh, grant us in this solemn hour, From earth and sin's allurements free,
 - To feel thy love, to own thy power,
 And raise each raptured thought to
 thee. Anna L. Barbauld.

17 Migdol. L. M. (158.)

- 1 Again the Lord's own day is here, The day to Christian people dear, As, week by week, it bids them tell How Jesus rose from death and hell.
- For by his flock their Lord declared His resurrection should be shared; And they who trust in him to save In him are risen from the grave.
- 8 We, one and all, of him possest Are with exceeding treasures blest; Though absent yet his grace we share; Our every need is yet his care.
- 4 And therefore unto thee we sing, O Lord of Peace, Eternal King; Thy love we praise, thy name adore, Both on this day and evermore.

18 Brown. C. M. (176.)

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell; To-day the saints his triumph spread, And all his wonders tell.
- Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 But in the kingdom, when he reigns
 He shall have nobler praise. WATTS.

19 PETERBORO. C. M. (27.)

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Dispels the darkness of the night,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom!
 O what a sun which broke this day
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 The Lord of all below;
 Thro'him is pardoning love dispensed
 And boundless blessings flow.
- 4 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
 MRS. BARBAULD

20 DUNDEE. C. M. (175.)

- 1 And now another week begins,
 This day we call the Lord's;
 This day he rose, who bore our sins
 For so his word records.
- 2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
 Their voices fill the sky;
 They hail their great victorious King.
 And welcome him on high.
- We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
 May we their rapture feel;
 Our thankful songs with their's we'll
 raise
 And emulate their zeal.
- 4 Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing
 Of Christ, our risen Lord—
 Of Christ, the everlasting King—
 Of Christ, th' incarnate word.

 KELLY.

21 SHIRLAND. S. M. (242.)

- 1 The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes;
 This day proclaims it all divine—
 This day did Jesus rise.
- We hail the glorious day
 With thankful heart and voice,
 Which chased each painful doubt away,
 And bade the church rejoice.
- 3 Since he hath left the grave,
 His promises are true;
 And each exalted hope he gave,
 Confirmed of God we view.
- 4 That we possess thy word,
 Which all this grace displays;
 Accept, thou Father of our Lord,
 Our sacrifice of praise.

(421)WARD. L. M. 22

1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid To him who earth's foundation laid; Praise to the God whose strong decrees Sway the creation as he please.

Firm are the words his prophets give, Sweet words on which his children live; 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll, Each of them is the voice of God, Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

8 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith, To credit what th' Almighty saith; T'embrace the message of his Son, And call the joys of heaven our own.

4 Then should the earth's old pillars shake.

And all the wheels of nature break: Our steady souls shall fear no more Than solid rocks when billows roar. WATTS.

WOODWORTH. L. M. (49.) 23

1 O Lord, how full of sweet content Our years of pilgrimage are spent! Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee, In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time; Our country is in every clime; We can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

8 While place we seek, or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with our God to guide our way, 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not, That were indeed a dreadful lot: But regions none remote we call, Secure of finding God in all.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (106.) 24

MADAME GUYON.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow, with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone: He can create, and he destroy.

1 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men: And when, like wandering sheep, we straved,

He brought us to his fold again. • We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful

High as the heaven our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

• Wide as the world, is thy command; Vast as eternity thy love;

Firm as a rock thy truth shall stan i, When rolling years shall cease to move. WATTS. Uxbridge. L. M. (214)

1 Eternal source of every joy, Thy praise may well our lips employ, While in thy temple we appear, Whose goodness crowns the circling

Thy hand supports and guides the

whole;

The sun is taught by thee to rise. And darkness when to veil the skies.

8 The flow'ry spring, at thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours Thro' all our coasts abundant stores; And winters, softened by thy care, No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Still be the cheerful homage paid With morning light and evening shade. Seasons and months, and weeks and

Demand successive songs of praise. RIPPON'S COLL.

HEBRON. L. M. 26 (5.)

1 My God! how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening new; And morning mercies from above. Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,

Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!

Thy sovereign word restores the light. And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command; To thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings from thy hand Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Migdol. L. M. (158.)

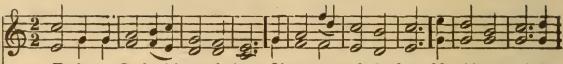
1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand, By which supported still we stand! The opening year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God: By his incessant bounty fed, By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own; The future—all to us unknown, We to thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs, And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our helper, God, in whom we trust, Shall keep our souls and guard our dust. RIPPON'S COLL

Lanesboro'. C. M.



1. Early, my God, with-out de-lay. I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir-it

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling 3. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r Thro' all thy temple shine: MyGod, repeat that

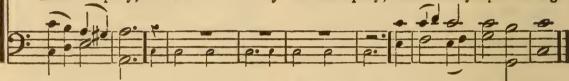
4. Not life it-self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my

5. Thus, till my last, ex-piring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my





faints a - way, My thirsty spirit faints a - way, Without thy cheering grace. stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. heavenly hour, My God, re-peat that heavenly hour, That vis-ion so di-vine. cheer-ful voice, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As thy for - giv-ing love. hands to pray, Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.



EMMONS. C. M.

1 God is our refuge and our strength, When trouble's hour is near:

A very present help is he; Therefore we will not fear.

2 Although the pillars of the earth Shall clean removed be, The very mountains carried forth, And cast into the sea:

8 Although the waters rage and swell, So that the earth shall shake, Yea, and the solid mountain roots Shall with the tempest quake: -

4 There is a river that makes glad The city of our God,— The tabernacle's holy place Of the Most High's abode.

The Lord is in the midst of her; Removed she shall not be, Because the Lord our God himself Shall help us speedily.

ALFORD.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord; This work belongs to you: Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How holy, just and true!

(61.) 2 By his creative word of might, The heavenly arch was reared, And all the beauteous hosts of light At his command appeared.

> 3 He bade the mighty waters flow To their appointed deep; The swelling seas their limits know, And their own stations keep.

4 His works of nature and of grace, Reveal his wondrous name; His mercy and his righteousness, Let heaven and earth proclaim. WATTS.

SILOAM. C. M. (32.)

1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, Thy goodness we adore: A spring, whose blessings never fail,

A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon and stars, thy love attest, In every golden ray; Love draws the curtains of the night, And love brings back the day.

3 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord, Is in the gospel seen; There, like a sun, thy mercy shines, Without a cloud between.

GIBBORS.

OLMUTZ. S. M. (Sup. 52.) 32

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is within me join To bless his holy name.

- 2 He will not always chide; He will with patience wait; His wrath is ever slow to rise, And ready to abate.
- 8 He pardons all thy sins, Prolongs thy feeble breath; He healeth thy infirmities, And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He clothes thee with his love, Upholds thee with his truth; Then, like the eagle, he renews The vigor of thy youth.
- I Then bless his holy name, Whose grace hath made thee whole; Whose loving kindness crowns thy days: Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! MONTGOMERY.

HAPPY ZION. 88 & 78. (512.)

- 1 Call the Lord thy sure salvation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; In his secret habitation Dwell, and never be dismayed! There no tumult can alarm thee, Thou shalt dread no hidden snare, Guile nor violence can harm thee, In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 From the sword, at noonday wasting, From the noisome pestilence, In the depth of midnight blasting, God shall be thy sure defense: Fear not thou the deadly quiver, When a thousand feel the blow; Mercy shall thy soul deliver, Though ten thousand be laid low.
- Since, with pure and firm affection, Thou on God hast set thy love; With the wings of his protection He will shield thee from above; Thou shalt call on him in trouble, He will hearken, he will save; Here, for grief, reward thee double, Crown with life beyond the grave.

AMERICA. 68 & 48.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah's name; Praise through his courts proclaim; Rise and adore; High o'er the heavens above, Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let your voices raise Triumphant sounds of praise, Wide as his fame; Have you the Saviour found? Then let your joys abound; Loud your glad songs resound, Filled with his praise.
- 8 While his high praise ye sing, Shake every sounding string; Sweet the accord! He vital breath bestows; Let every breath that flows. His noblest fame disclose: Praise ye the Lord. (W. Goods.)

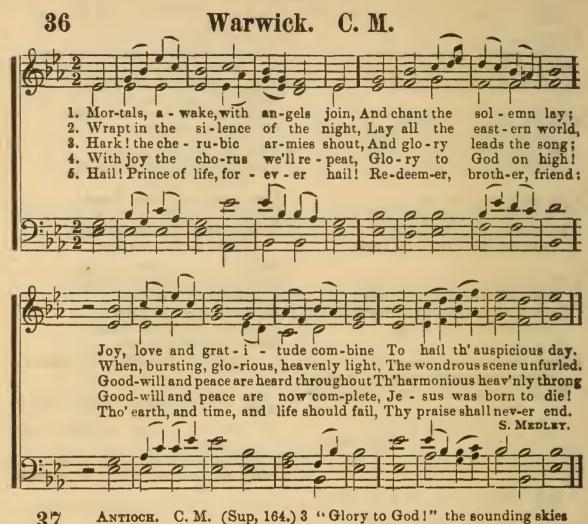
MY BELOVED. 118 & 8s. (225.) 35

1 In songs of sublime adoration and praise, Ye pilgrims for Zion who press, Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days, His rich and distinguishing grace.

- 2 His love from eternity fixed upon you, Broke forth and discovered its flame, When each with the cords of his kindness he drew, And brought you to love his great
- 8 O, had not he pitied the state you were in, Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt: You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin, And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem, Or give the Creator delight? "Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,
 - "Because it seemed good in thy sight."
- 5 Then give all the glory to his holy name, To him all the glory belongs; Be yours the high joy still to sound

his great fame, And crown him in each of your songs.

MONTGOMERY.



1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!

Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before him burst, The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestlal day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

DODDRIDGE.

38 SILOAM. C. M. (32.)

1 Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains, Where wild Judeah stretches far Her silver-mantle plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above, Shed sacred glories there, And angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make music on the air. Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
E. H. SEARS.

39 Lamb of Calvary. 68 & 48. (481.)

1 Come, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hark! how angelic lays
Filled with the Saviour's praise,
Dwell on his name;
Soon like them we'll be found,
Whene'er the trump shall sound,
While all the heavens resound—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

To him our hearts we raise,
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name!
We who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

CHRIST.

11s & 10s.

1 Hail, thou blest morn, when the great Mediator

Down from the mansion of heaven did descend!

Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger:

Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

2 Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration.

Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife:

There we receive his divine consolation,

Flowing afresh from the fountain of

8 Star of the morning! thy brightness increases;

Soon from the mansion of heaven shall descend,

Glorious in light, he whose love never ceases;

Shepherds, and all men, the warning attend! HEBER.

No. 10. ROYAL SONGS.

1 I am redeemed, O wonderful love! Twas love that brought my pardon; By him who came the sinner to save, Who suffered in the garden.

CHORUS.

O, it was love, 'twas wonderful love; He who purchased my pardon;

Praying in sorrow, shedding his blood, Jesus alone in the garden.

2 Laden with anguish, smitten with grief. He entered in the garden;

Praying in sorrow, shedding his blood, The blood that seals our pardon.

I am redeemed, I'm no more my own; But his who sealed my pardon;

Life is the boon, through Jesus alone, Who suffered in the garden.
G. W. SEDERQUIST.

No. 12. ROYAL SONGS. C. M.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind Nailed to the shameful tree! How great the love that him inclined To bleed and die for me!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,

And the burden of my heart rolled

It was there, by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

40 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. (268.) 2 "My God!" he cries, all nature shakes And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's vail in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend.

> 3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid, "Receive my soul!" he cries: Behold, he bows his sacred head! He bows his head and dies!

> 4 But soon he'll break death's captive chain,

And in full glory shine;

O Lamb of God! was ever pain-Was ever love like thine?

(S. WESLEY.)

43 No. 13. ROYAL SONGS.

1 'Twas early in the morning, at the breaking of the day, That Mary came with spices to the place where Jesus lay; She met her friends in sorrow as the

journeyed from her home,

And they said to one another, who shall roll away the stone?

CHORUS.

Bright angels, bright angels, at the breaking of the day Bright angels, bright angels, they rolled the stone away.

2 They saw two shining angels, clad in garments pure and white;

They saw the linen grave cloths, and they trembled at the sight;

But Christ, their Lord and Master, was not found within the tomb,

For he conquered death when angels came and rolled away the stone.

3 But Mary wept in anguish, for her heart was torn with grief;

She said, Where have you laid him? then the angels brought relief:

He is not here, but risen, as he said to you before;

Go to Galilee and see him; he's alive forevermore.

4 He burst death's bars asunder, and he triumphed o'er the grave;

He holds the keys of hades, the almighty one to save;

Behold my hands, said Jesus, I'm your living Lord and King;

From the grave I will redeem you, all my jewels I will bring.
G. W. SEDERQUIST.

44 "Welcome, Happy Morning!" 6s & 5s.

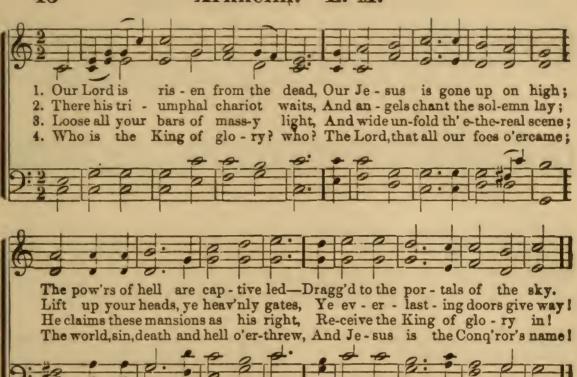
W. A. BURCE.



- 2 Months in due succession, Days of lengthening light, Hours and passing moments, Praise thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning, Sky, and fields, and sea, Vanquisher of darkness, Bring their praise to thee. "Welcome, happy morning!" Age to age shall say.
- 3 Thou of life the Author, Death didst undergo, Tread the path of darkness, Saving strength to show; Come, then, true and faithful, Now fulfil thy word; 'Tis thine own third morning; Rise, O buried Lord! "Welcome, happy morning!" Age to age shall say.
- 4 Loose the souls long prisoned, Bound with Satan's chain; All that now is fallen, Raise to life again: Show thy face in brightness, Bid the nations see; Bring again our daylight; Day returns with thee! "Welcome, happy morning!" Age to age shall say.

Latin of VENATIUS FORTUNATUS (Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.) 5 "Welcome, happy morning!" Age to age has said; Wait we now another Resurrection of the dead. Soon our Lord returning, Easter light once more, Saints shall hear his summons To earth's farthest shore. Come, then, "happy morning!" Age to age has said. 10 Art .- W. A. B.

Arnheim. L. M.



46 UXBRIDGE. L. M. (214.)

When I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie, 3
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim

How weak the bands of conquered 4 The chief of sinners he receives;

death:

His saints he loves, and never less

Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul! behold;
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou, too, shalt bear a harp of gold—
A crown of joy, when he appears.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

47 HAMBURG. L. M. (126.)

1 The Saviour lives, no more to die; He lives our Head, enthroned on high; He lives triumphant o'er the grave; He lives eternally to save.

1 He lives to still his people's fears; He lives to wipe away their tears; He lives their mansions to prepare; He lives to bring them safely there.

Then let our souls in him rejoice, And sing his praise with cheerful voice; Our doubts and fears forever gone, For Christ is on the Father's throne.

The chief of sinners he receives; His saints he loves, and never leaves; He'll guard us safe from every ill, And all his promises fulfil.

48 HENDON. 7s. (308.)

1 Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom!

2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise! Let the earth's remotest bound Echo to the joyful sound.

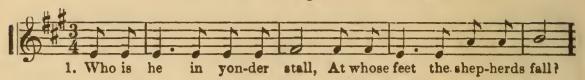
3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes; See the Conqueror mount the akies; When he comes, ye conquer too; He has triumphed thus for you.

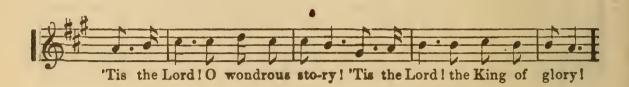
4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide; Glorious Hero, through them ride; King of glory, mount thy throne! Boundless empire is thy own.

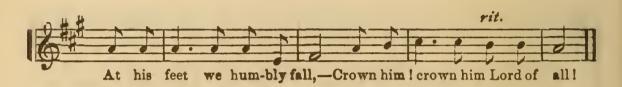
11

GIBBONS.

49 Who is He in yonder Stall?







- 2 Who is he in deep distress, Fasting in the wilderness?
- Who is he to whom they bring All the sick and sorrowing?
- 4 Who is he who stands and weeps
 At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
- 5 Lo! at midnight, who is he Prays in dark Gethsemane?
- Who is he on yonder tree Dies in grief and agony?
- 7 Who is he who from the grave Comes to succor, help, and save?
- Who is he who soon shall come Robed in light, to take us home?

50 P. M

- 1 'Tis the very same Jesus, 'tis the very same Jesus,
 - 'Tis the very same Jesus, the Jews crucified.

But he rose, he rose, he rose, And went to heaven in a cloud.

- In: The grave, it could not hold him,:

 For he was the Son of God.

 And he rose, &c.
- I: Poor Mary came a weeping,: And looking for her Lord. But he'd, &c.
- 4 ||: Two men, in shining raiment,:||
 They sat within the tomb. Said he, &c.
- 6 ||: Go preach to every nation, :||
 And tell to dying men, that he rose, &c. 4
- And take his people home. [rise, Then we'll rise, we'll rise, we'll And go to meet him in the clouds.

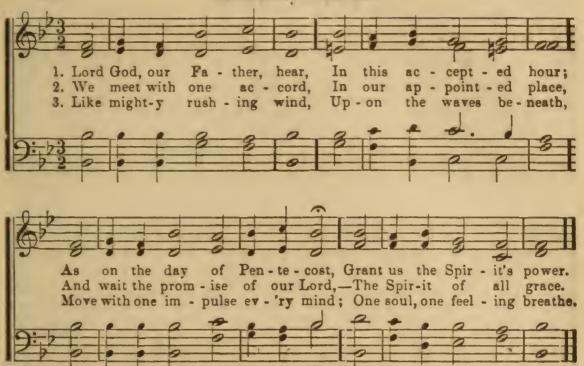
51 TRURO. L. M. (Sup. 56.)

- 1 Where high the heavenly temple stands, The house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our nature wears,— The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye; Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains A fellow-feeling of our pains; And still remembers, in the skies, His tears his agonies, and cries.
- 4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne, Let us make all our sorrows known; And ask the aid of heavenly power, To help us in the evil hour. LOGAN.

52 BALERMA. C. M. (147.)

- 1 We may not climb the heavenly steeps,
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.
- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
 A present help is he;
 And faith has yet its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
- Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch him in life's throng and press.
 And we are whole again.
- O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine.
 J. G. WHITTER.

Olmutz. S. M.



- 4 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 6 On us thy Spirit pour,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day.

54 ARLINGTON. C. M. (20.)

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
 - With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He comes, his graces to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to fix his rest.
- 8 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even, [fear, 2
 That checks each fault, that calms each
 And speaks to us of heaven.
- And all the good that we possess,

 His gift to us we own;

 Yea. every thought of holiness
 Is his, and his alone.

55 MARTYN. 78. (177.)

1 Saviour, at thy feet we bow;
O, vouchsafe to meet us now!
At thy people's earnest cry,
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.

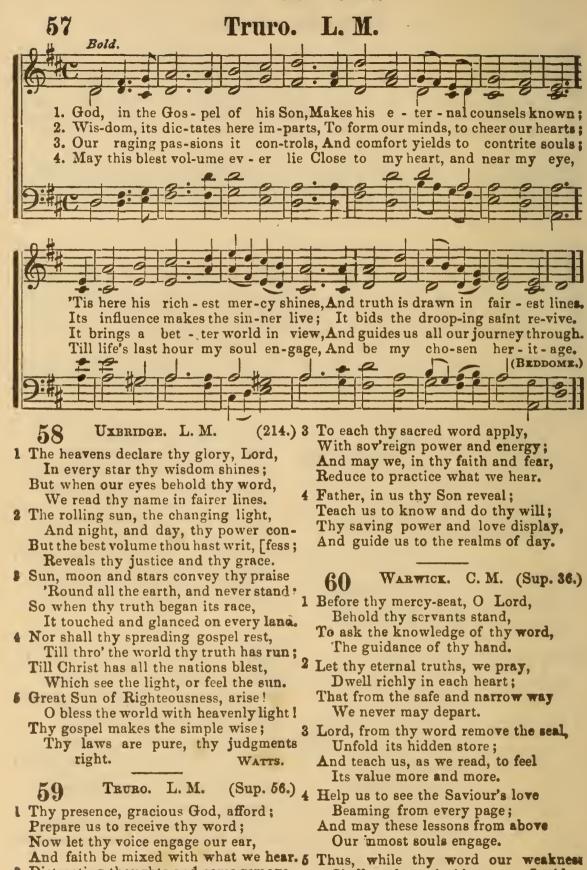
- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three In thy worship shall agree,
 That thou wilt be present there,
 Answering their faithful prayer.
- 2 Lord, we plead thy promise here; Let thy presence now appear; On our souls thy spirit pour; Light, and life, and peace restore:
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below;
 Faith's discerning eye bestow;
 Let our hearts, from sin made free,
 Hold sweet intercourse with thee.

56 MENDON. L. M. (Sup. 6.)

- 1 Professed followers of the Lamb, Hark to his word and bless his name; Your bodies, if in him you trust, Are temples of the Holy Ghost.
 - Let this important, solemn truth,
 Dwell on your minds in age and youth;
 Be this your honor and your boast,
 You're temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 3 Let gravity and holiness, A modest, plain, and decent dress, And Christ's bright robes adorn you most,

As temples of the Holy Ghost.

4 Set his example in your view; Be this the pattern you pursue; Think as his body so yours must Be temples of the Holy Ghost.



2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,

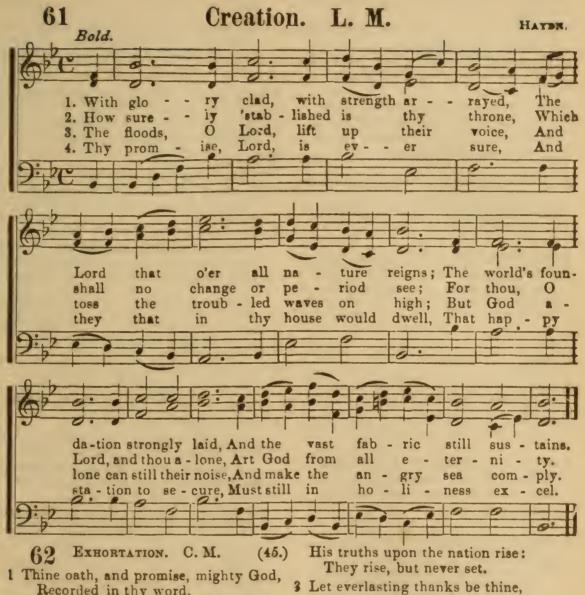
And fix our hearts on things above;

With food divine may we be fed,

And satisfied with living bread.

Shall we be truly blest; [guides And safe arrive where love provides An everlasting rest.

14 (Wm. H. Bathurst.)



Recorded in thy word, Become our hope's foundation broad, And confidence afford.

Like Abraham, the friend of God, Thy faithfulness we prove; We tread in paths the fathers trod,

Blest with thy light and love. 1 Largely our consolation flows. While we expect the day That ends our griefs, and pains, and And drives our fears away.

1 Let nature all convulse and shake, And angry nations rage;

Thy name, our hiding-place we make: To save thou dost engage. EDWIN BURNHAM, 1848.

SILOAM. C. M. (32.)63

1 What glory gilds the sacred page! Majestic, like the sun, It gives a light to every age: It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat;

ror such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day!

4 My soul rejoices to pursue The steps of him I love, Till glory breaks upon my view,-The city from above. (COWPER.

C. M 64

1 How precious is the book divine. By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, The light of God from heaven.

2 It shows to man his wandering ways, And where his feet have trod; And brings to view the matchless grace Of a forgiving God.

8 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and comfort it imparts, And calms our anxious fears. JOHN FAWCETT.

- 65 LANESBORO. C. M. (Sup. 28.)
- Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.
- 8 'Tis a broad land—of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,—
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- It makes our sorrows blest,
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

66 EMMONS. C. M. (61.)

- I Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
 To thee I lift mine eyes;
 Teach and instruct me by thy word,
 And make me trul; wise.
- Make me to know and understand
 Thy whole revealed will;
 Fain would I learn to comprehend
 Thy love more clearly still.
- Help me to read the Bible o'er
 With ever new delight;
 Help me to love its Author more;
 To seek thee day and night
- 4 O, let it purify my heart,
 And guide me all my days;
 Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

67 ZERAH. C. M. (184.)

- 1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
 Dispel the shades of night;
 Diffusing o'er the mental world
 The healing beams of light.
- 2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid, Restores our wand'ring feet; Converts the sorrows of the mind To joys divinely sweet.
- 8 O, send thy light and truth abroad
 In all their radiant blaze,
 And bid th' admiring world adore
 The glories of thy grace.

- 68 MARLOW. C. M. (63.)
- 1 Thou art my portion, O my God!
 Soon as I know thy way,
 My heart makes haste t'obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth.
 And glory in my choice;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.
- I set before mine eyes;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Now I am thine—forever thine—
 Oh, save thy servant, Lord!
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
 My hope is in thy word.

 WATTE
- 69 1 My Bible leads to glory, &c. 2 Religion makes me happy, &c. 3 We're fighting for a kingdom, &c. 4 I love this pure religion, &c. 5 We'll have a shout in glory, &c.

70 WATCHMAN. 8s & 7s. (405.)

- 1 Blessed Bible, how I love it!

 How it doth my bosom cheer!

 What hath earth like this to covet?

 O, what stores of wealth are here!

 Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,

 Not one ray of light or bliss

 Could he from earth's treasures borrow,

 Till his way was cheered by this!
- 2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
 Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pondrings;

Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy
wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
PHOEBE PALMER.

71 SICILY. 8s & 7s. (298.)

- 1 Praise to him, by whose kind favor
 Heavenly truth has reached our ears!
 May its sweet, reviving savor
 Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,
 Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
 In the day of thy appearing
 May we share thy people's part.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

BAVA. L. M. (Sup. 10.)

1 Hark! from the cross a voice of peace 1 Waste not thy being; back to him Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease! Sinner, that voice of love obey, From Christ, the true, the living way.

- ! How else his presence wilt thou bear, When he in judgment shall appear; When slighted love to wrath shall turn, And all the earth like Sinai burn?
- 3 The trumpet's voice that then did sound, How soon shall thro' the earth resound; The Lord will come in vast array; How will you, sinner, meet that day?
- 4 His voice at Sinai shook the earth, But at the new creation's birth, How vast an earthquake shall dismay The guilty, found in error's way?

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (95.)

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men Did Christ, the Son of God, appear; No weapons in his hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 1 Such was the pity of our God-He loved the race of man so well-He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins and save our souls from hell.
- 5. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word; Trust in his mighty name and live; A thousand joys his lips afford, His hands a thousand blessings give. WATTS.

WINDHAM. L. M. (54.)74

- 1 O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away, And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- I The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake: Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 8 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt; But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 But Power Divine can do the deed; And, Lord, that power I greatly need; 3 Jesus is on the mercy-seat; Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And melt and change this heart of mine. HART.

75 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.(140.)

Who freely gave it, freely give; Else is that being but a dream, 'Tis but to be, and not to live.

2 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed; Hold up to earth the torch divine; Be what thou prayest to be made; Let the great Master's steps be thine.

8 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap; Who sows the false shall reap the

Erect and sound thy conscience keep. From hollow words and creeds re-

4 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor, And find a harvest-home of light.

MELMORE. L. M. (190.) 76

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within Oft whispered to thy secret soul, Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path Of worldliness and vanity, And pointed to the coming wrath, And warned thee from that wrath to

3 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,— It was the Spirit's gracious call; It bade thee make the better choice, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 God's spirit will not always strive With hardened, self-destroying man; Ye who persist his love to grieve May never hear his voice again.

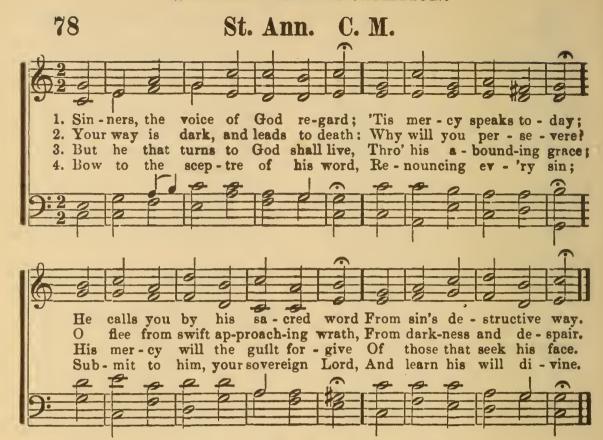
5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day, Thy last accepted time may be: Oh! should'st thou grieve him now Then hope may never beam on thee.

LAND OF REST. C.M. (223.)

1 What heavenly music do I hear? Salvation sounding free! Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear; This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll All round from sea to sea, From land to land, from pole to pole, This is the Jubilee.

Before him bend the knee; Let heaven and earth his praise repeat; This is the Jubilee.



79 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

1 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

WESLEY.

80 OLMUTZ. S. M. (Sup. 62.)

I The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

(98.) 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O, blest Redeemer, come!
H. U. ONDERDONE.

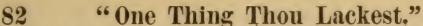
81 SAVIOUR SHEPHERD. 88 & 78. (517.)

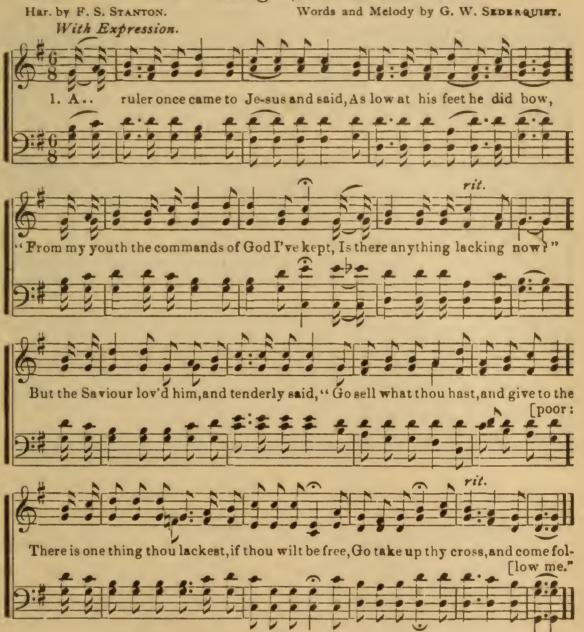
1 Sinners! will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy speaks in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
||: Oh! believe it, Oh! believe it,—
Every line is full of love.:||

2 Now the heralds of salvation,
Joyful news from heaven proclaim:—
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
||: Life receiving, Life receiving,—
Through the all-atoning Lamb!:

Who hath their report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Freely offered by the Lord?

||: Life immortal, Life immortal,—
Freely offered by the Lord:





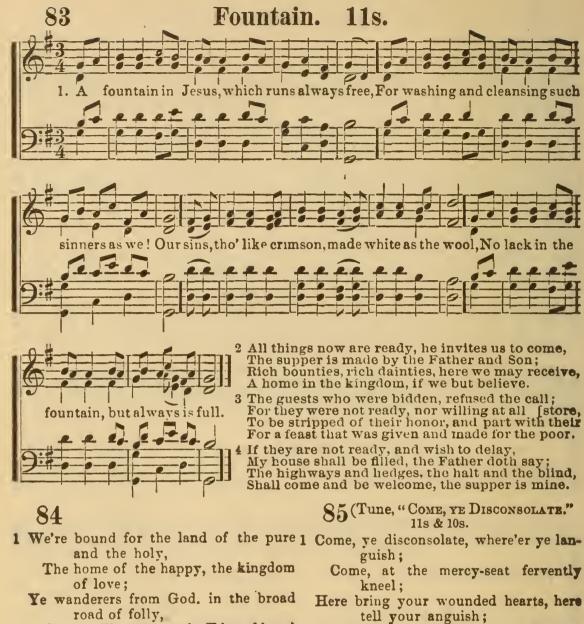
2 But he turned from the Master, grieved and sad, With heart unrepentant and cold:

He was rich, and the heavenly voice he spurned,
For he worshiped his store of gold.

3 He came in his strength, his wealth and pride;
None purer nor fairer we're told:
But his heart was not right in Jesus' sight,
For he worshiped his glitt'ring gold.

4 There are many, alas! the same as he,
For self they are living each day,
Who have gained from the world their store of gold,
But have nothing ro give away.

If thou wilt be perfect, pure and clean,
 And enter the heavenly fold,
 Thou must take up the cross and go thy way,
 And give up thy store of gold.



O say, will you go to the Eden of love? Сно.—Will you go, &c.

anguish

Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,

O say, will you go to the Eden of love? Сно.—Will you go, &c.

8 No poverty there—no, the saints are all 3 Here see the tree of life—see water wealthy,

The heirs of his glory whose nature is love:

Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;

O say, will you go to the Eden of love? CHO.-Will you go, &c.

Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

In that blessed land, neither sighing nor 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,

> Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;

Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,

Earth has no sorrows that heaver cannot cure.

flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Come to the mercy-seat - come, ever knowing

Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

20

When I was down in Egypt's Land. 86



CHO.—The grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so sweet,



grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace, the grace, the grace of God;

- 2 I sought my Saviour's pardoning love, I sought my Saviour's pardoning, &c. He sent his Spirit from above.
- 3 I know my sins have been forgiven, &c. I'm waiting his return from heaven.
- 4 Come along, sinner, don't be lost, &c. Salvation is free, O don't be lost!

87 Tune, "OUT IN THE COLD."

1 Into the tent where a Gypsy boy lay Dying alone, at the close of the day, News of salvation was carried; said he, CHo.—Then beware lest you die, "Nobody ever has told it to me."

CHORUS.

Tell it again, tell it again;

Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er, 2 When the darkness of death shall com-Till none can say, of the children of

"Nobody ever has told me before."

2 "Did he so love me, a poor little boy? Send unto me the good tidings of joy; Need I not perish, my hands will he hold?

Nobody ever the story has told."

3 Bending, we caught the last words of his breath,

Just as he entered the valley of death: "God sent his Son, 'whosover,' said he;

Nobody ever has told it to me."

4 Smiling, he said as his last sigh was 4 Now rest on the promise - get under spent:

"I am so glad that for me he was sent." Whispered, whilst low sunk the sun in the west,

"Lord, I believe; tell it now to the rest."

Tune, "I'M THE CHILD OF a KING."

1 When the last gospel message is told in your ears,

And the last faithful warning is given you in tears,

When hope shall escape from its place in thy breast,

Oh! where will your poor weary soul find its rest.

Beware, lest you die With sins unforgiven, Oh! beware lest you die.

pass you round.

When friends that you love are all standing around,

Unable to brighten your way to the tomb,

Unable to alter your terrible doom.

3 When before the white throne of his judgment you stand.

"What have you to answer?" the Judge will demand.

terrible moment, to stand all alone,

When mercy forever and ever is gone.

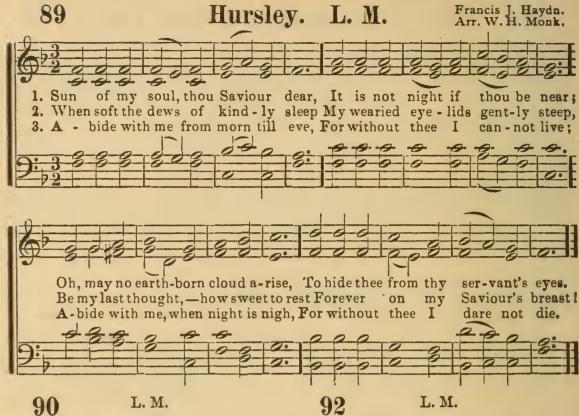
the blood

That flowed from the side of the dear Son of God:

No time for your doubting—the moment is near.

Decide it forever, he soon shall appear!

21



- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
 Accept the tribute which we bring;
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be Like our espousals, Lord, to thee: Like the dear hour, when from above We first received thy pledge of love.
- The gladness of that happy day!
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.
 WATTS.

91 WARD. L. M. (421.)

- How blest were they who walked in love With Christ, while yet he dwelt above;
 A righteous band, sustained by grace,
 The fathers of the faithful race.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below, They deemed the world an empty show: To purer joys their hearts were given, While waiting Christ's return from heav'n.
- The soul that truly cleaves to God, Still longs to gain that blest abode: O Christ, forbid our souls to roam, And fix them on our own true home.

1 O, Holy Father, 'mid the calm And stillness of this evening hour, We lift to thee our solemn psalm, To praise thy goodness and thy pow'r.

2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars,—we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

3 In grief console, in gladness bless,
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne we shall appear.
W. H. BURLEIGH.

Q2 Mendon. L. M. (Sup. 6.)

- 1 New, every morning, is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove:
 Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought
- New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heaver.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask, Room to deny ourselves, a road To bring us daily nearer God.

22

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 94 SESSIONS. L. M. (478.)
- 1 Hail, sov'reign love, that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky, I fought with hands uplifted high; Despised the offers of his grace, Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 8 Enwrapped in thick Egyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Madly I ran the sinful race, Secure without a hiding place.
- Let thus the eternal counsel ran:
 "Almighty love! arrest the man;"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view; To Sinai's fiery mount I flew; But justice cried with frowning face; "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard—And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
 Who led me on a pleasing pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

 Jehoida Brewer, 1752-1817.

95 WOODWORTH. L. M. (497.)

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home on life's rough way,
 Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done!
- I Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and murmur not, But breathe the prayer divinely taught, Thy will be done!
- 8 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
 Submissive still would I reply,
 Thy will be done!
- 4 Then when earth's trials shall be o'er, The prayer oft mixed with tears before I'll sing upon a happier shore: Thy will be done!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

96 DUANE ST.

I Jesus, my all. to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

egan
in!
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

Gennice.

97 STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

1 When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;

But one alone the Saviour speaks— It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode; [dark; The storm was loud, the night was The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
stem—

When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's
thrall,

It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

Forever and forever more,

The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!
HENRY KIRK WHITE, 1806.

98 MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M. (140.)

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your soul cast down:

Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

8 Toil on,—faint not,—keep watch and pray!

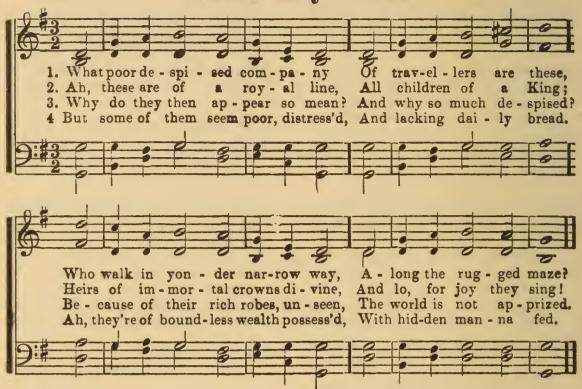
Be wise the erring soul to win; Go forth into the world's highway; Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,

The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Bonar.





- 6 But why keep they that narrow road, That rugged, thorny maze? Why, that's the way their Leader trod: They love and keep his ways.
- 6 I'd rather be the least of them,
 That are the Lord's alone,
 Than wear a royal diadem,
 And sit upon a throne.

100 WOODLAND. C. M.

- I I love to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

101 St. Martin's. C. M. (40.)

Mrs. BROWNE.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

- Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd!
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore.
- In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- (64.) 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
 Mrs. H. M. WILLIAMS, 1786.

102 Avon. C. M. (343.)

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 - A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within;
- A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

 WESLEY.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

103 I Do Believe. C. M. (41.)

- I How sweet the name of Jesus sounds'
 In a believer's ear! [wounds,
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his
 And drives away his fear.
- It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; "Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.
- \$ Jesus! my shepherd, guardian, friend, My prophet, priest, and king; My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought. NEWFON.

104 MEAR. C. M. (121.)

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
 And yearns with faithful love.
- Touched with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.
- 8 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out his cries and tears,
 And still, in glory, feels afresh,
 What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In each distressing hour. (WATTS.)

105 AZNON. C. M. (475.)

- Thou boundless source of every good,
 Our best desires fulfil;
 We would adore thy wondrous grace,
 And mark thy sovereign will.
- In all thy mercies may our souls.
 Thy bounteous goodness see;
 Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
 Estrange our hearts from thee.
- 8 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with thee.
- 4 Do thou direct our steps aright; Help us thy name to fear; And give us grace to watch and pray, And strength to persevere.

106 ORTONVILLE. C. M. (28.)

- 1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray
 'Through time's brief, fleeting hour,
 And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
 To those who seek its power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray, Maintain a warrior's strife; Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day; Odedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
 For quickly he will come,
 To call us from our toils away
 To our eternal home.
- 4 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
 For lo! the Judge is near;
 Oh, may we joyfully obey,
 And watch till he appear.
 Thomas Hastings

107 Avon. C. M. (343.)

- 1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give;

That balm the saddest heart can cheer, And make the dying live.

With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God. (TURNER.)

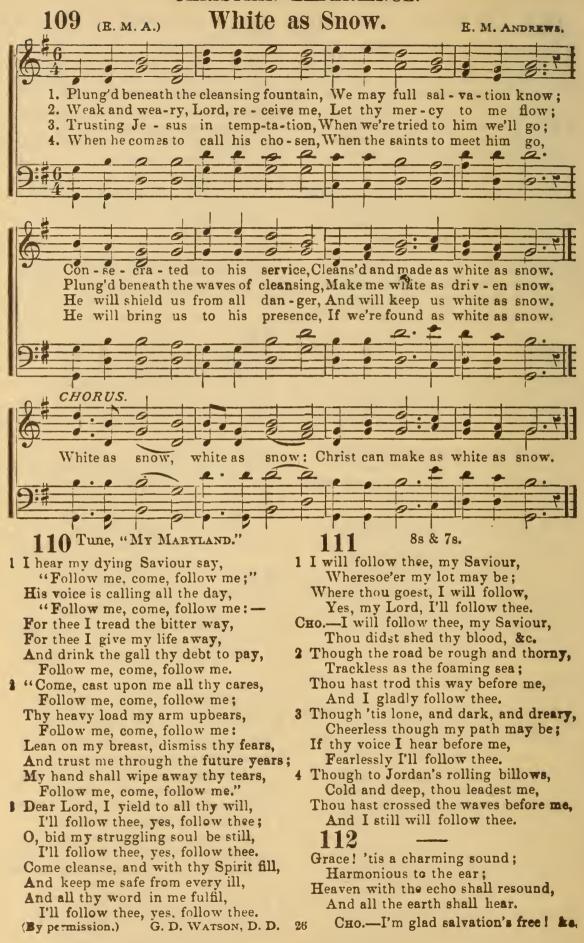
108 (No. 30. Gospel in Song.) C. M.

1 The Crucified of Calvary
Has taken all my load of sin;
Has cleansed my heart from every
stain,
Aud brought the glorious fulness in.

CHORUS:

The Crucified of Calvary,
I'm sweetly resting in the Crucified;
He saves me now, and all the time,
I'm sweetly resting in the Crucified

- 2 Weary and sad I wandered long,
 Oppressed with burdens hard to bear,
 But when the Crucified I sought,
 I found sweet rest and solace there.
- 3 Oh, what a resting place is this,
 And refuge for the weary soul!
 Where sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
 Though near its threat'ning billows
 roll.
- 4 Secure from every foe am I,
 While resting in the Crucified;
 Here is a calm and safe retreat,
 And here I ever would abide.
 (By permission.) F. A. BLACKMEN.



113 NAOMI. C. M. (135.) 116 BOY

I Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;

- I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes;
- I ask thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side;
- With grateful love to thee;
 More careful—not to serve thee much,
 But please thee perfectly.

 Anna Waring

114 ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (95.)

- Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep,
 For God, who pities man, has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.
- For every dark and troubled night;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

 BRYANT.

115 LABAN. S. M. (221.)

- 1 Thou very present aid
 In suffering and distress;
 The mind which still on thee is stayed,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er thy face appears;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
- It hallows every cross;
 It sweetly comforts me;
 Makes me forget my every loss,
 And find my all in thee.
- Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill;
 What though created streams are dry?
 I have the fountain still.

116 BOTLSTON. S. M. (12.)

Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish alters slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine, While like a penitent I stand, And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And know her guilt was there.

117 DENNIS. (191.)

1 Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Thy work alone, O Christ, Can ease this weight of sin; Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.

8 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lips and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

4 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

118 SHIRLAND. (242.)

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

8 Jesus, the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.
John Nawton, 1770

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

(308.)

119 Hendon. 78.

I They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in every place; If we live a life of prayer, God is present everywhere.

In our sickness or our health, In our want, or in our wealth, If we look to God in prayer, God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail, When the foes of life prevail, 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;— God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait, To thy Father come and wait; He will answer every prayer; God is present everywhere.

(OLIVER HOLDEN.)

120 8s & 6s.

1 My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on thee, fixed on thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me, Christ for me.
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I've breath, I mean to sing.
Christ for me, Christ for me

2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me, Christ for me.
My riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me.
Their gold will waste and wear away,
Their honor perish in a day,
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me.
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me.
And in that awful judgment day,
When I his summons must obey,
And heaven and earth shall pass away,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

121

1 Pve found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my

The Lily of the Valley in him alone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole:

In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,

He tells me every care on him to roll:

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Cro.—In sorrow he's my comfort, &c.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;

In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;

I've all for him forsaken, I've all my idols torn

From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r:

Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,

Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

He's the Lily of the Valley, &c.

8 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,

While I live by faith and do his blessed will;

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;

With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill;

Then sweeping on to glory we'll see his blessed face,

Where rivers of delight shall ever flow. He's the Lily of the Valley, &c.

122 Tune, THE GREAT PHYSICIAN 88 & 78.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul:
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;

And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 At length this great Physician, (How matchless is his grace!)

Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First, gave me sight to view him,

For sin my eyes had sealed; Then bade me look unto him; I looked, and I was healed!

NEWTOK

94

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

No. 53. Gospel in Song. 123

1 Once I thought I walked with Jesus, Yet such changeful feelings had; Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubt-

Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

CHORUS:

O the peace the Saviour gives! Peace I never knew before; And my way has brighter grown, Since I've learned to trust him more

1 But he called me closer to him, Bade my doubting, fearing cease; And when I had fully vielded, Filled my soul with perfect peace.

Now I'm trusting every moment, Nothing less can be enough; And the Saviour bears me gently O'er those places once so rough. F. A. BLACKMER. By permission.]

No. 17. ROYAL SONGS.

1 The Saviour is coming; he calleth for

Awake and the message receive: His blood is the ransom, thy pardon is If thou wilt repent and believe. [free,

CHORUS:

Earnestly labor, patiently labor; Labor for Jesus till he shall come; Earnestly labor, patiently labor. Till he appears and welcomes you home. 1 The Saviour is coming, he calleth thee

Oh! enter his vineyard to-day,

To labor and toil, with the sweat on thy brow,

And whate'er is right he will pay. 8 The Saviour is coming; a crown he will give

To all who are faithful and tried; The just and the pure shall eternally In Zion forever abide. live,

4 The Saviour will call from the heavens above:

The angels obey his command, And gather his saints to the Eden of love.

To dwell in that beautiful land. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

125 8s&78. COME THOU FOUNT. (60.)

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,-"Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white and harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?" Loud and strong the Master calleth, Rich reward he offers thee: Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am 1; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door. If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for Jesus, Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all. If you cannot rouse the wicked With the judgment's dread alarma, You can lead the little children To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do, While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you. Take the task he gives you gladly, Let his work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I; send me, send me." REV. DAN'L MARCH, 1869

126 No. 14. ROYAL SONGS.

1 Many souls on life's dark ocean, Without helm, or sail, or oar, Struggling with the wave's commotion, Seek a quiet rest on shore. Christian brother, join to labor, By the light of love divine; Help to save thy drowning neighbor; Trim thy lamp and let it shine.

CHORUS:

Haste! to the rescue; fear not wind or wave; God's grace will aid you, sinking ones

to save.

2 Hold the light for one another; 'Tis thy loving Lord's command; Seize the shipwrecked, drowning brother,

With a manly, loving hand. Rouse him up to life and action; Quick apply the means to save; And by love's divine attraction, Lift him, lift him from the wave.

3 Lift the light up higher, higher! Thousands, thousands need your aid; Throw its flashes nigher, nigher; Plead and urge, constrain, persuade. Borrow torches from the altar, Blazing like the noonday sun; Hold them up, nor dag, nor falter, Till thou hear the words, "Well done." G. W. S.

THE CHURCH.

- 127 Tune-"America." 68 & 48.
 - 1 Come, thou almighty king, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.
 - 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend; From all our foes defend, Nor let us fall: Let thine almighty aid Our sure defense be made, Our souls on thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call. MADAN.

(12.)128 BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Come to the house of prayer! O thou afflicted, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise! Ye who are happy now, In sweet accord your voices raise, In kindred homage bow.

- **8** Ye aged, hither come! For ye have felt his love; Soon shall your trembling tongues be dnmb--Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young! before his throne, Come, bow; your voices raise; Let not your hearts his praise disown, Who gives the power to praise. E. TAYLOR.

Avon. C. M. (343.)129

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, "In Zion let us all appear, And keep the solemn day."
- I love her gates, I love the road; The Church, adorned with grace, Stands like a palace, built for God, To show his milder face.
- **8** Up to her courts, with joys unknown, The holy tribes repair; The Son of David holds his throne, And sits in judgment there.
- € He hears our praises and complaints; 5 Then entering the eternal halls, And while his awful voice Divides the sinners from the saints, We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest! With holy gifts and heavenly grace Be her attendants blest! WATTS

130 DENNIS. S. M. (191.)

- 1 I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows. Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, thou friend divine, Our Saviour, and our King, Thy hand from every snare and foe, Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given, The brightest glories earth can yield, When Jesus comes from heaven. (DWIGHT.)

131 AZMON. C. M. (475.)

- 1 A little flock! so calls he thee, Who bought thee with his blood; A little flock—disowned of men. But owned and loved of God.
- 2 Not many rich or noble called, Not many great or wise; They whom God makes his kings and priests, Are poor in human eyes.
- 8 But the chief Shepherd comes at length, Her feeble days are o'er; No more a handful in the earth, A little flock no more.
- 4 No more a lily among thorns, Weary, and faint, and few; But countless as the stars of heaven, Or as the early dew.
- In robes of victory, That mighty multitude shall keep The joyous jubilee.

THE CHURCH.

- 132
- 1 Buried with Christ! yes, thus we lie Immers'd beneath the wave; So he, the Saviour from on high, Found on this earth his grave.
- 3 We rise with him! to live anew A holy life of faith; Believing what this brings to view, And what the scripture saith.
- 3 The glorious resurrection morn! When Jesus from the skies Descending, whence he now has gone, Shall bid the sleeping rise.
- 4 Eternal life we then receive From him our blessed Lord; Help us, O Father, to believe, And trust thy holy word.

C. M. (147.) BALEEMA. 133

- 1 Saviour, we seek the watery tomb, Illumed by love divine; Far from the deep, tremendous gloom Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go, Obedient to thy word; 'Tis thus the world around shall know We're buried with the Lord.
- 8 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu, And boldly venture in: Oh, may we rise to live anew, And only die to sin! MARIA G. SAFFERY.

HAPPY ZION. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Humble souls, who seek salvation Through the Lamb's redeeming Hear the voice of revelation; [blood, Tread the path that Jesus trod.
- 2 Plainly here his footsteps tracing Follow him without delay, Gladly his command embracing; Lo, your Captain leads the way.
- 8 View the rite with understanding; Jesus' grave before you lies; Be interred at his commanding, After his example rise.

FAWCETT.

C. M.

1 Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,

To all the sons of men: He that believes and is bapticed, Salvation shall obtain.

- ARLINGTON. C. M. (20.) 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those, Who, hoping in thy word, This day have solemnly declared That Jesus is their Lord.
 - 8 With cheerful feet may they advance. And run the Christian race, And, through the troubles of the way, Find all-sufficient grace.

78. DENNIS. (191.)136

- 1 Jesus invites his saints, To meet around his board, And sup in memory of the death And sufferings of their Lord.
- 2 We take the bread and wine, As emblems of thy death, Lord, raise our souls above the sign, To feast on thee by faith.
- 3 Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come again; The Marriage Supper of the Lamb Will usher in his reign.

137 ROCK OF AGES. 78. (101.)

1 Meeting in the Saviour's name, Breaking bread by his command, To the world we thus proclaim, On what ground we hope to stand, When the Lord shall come with clouds,

Joined by heaven's exulting crowds. 2 Sing we then of him who died; Sing of him who rose again; By him we are justified,

And with him we hope to reign; Soon we hope to see our Lord, And to share his bright reward. ADVENT HARP.

138 MARTYN. (177.)78.

- 1 Many centuries have fled Since our Saviour broke the bread, And this sacred feast ordain'd, Ever by his church retain'd: Those his body who discern, Thus shall meet till his return.
- 2 Through the church's long eclipse, When, from priest or pastor's lips, Truth divine was never heard— 'Mid the famine of the word, Still these symbols witness gave To his love who died to save.
- 8 All who bear the Saviour's name, Here their common faith proclaim; Though diverse in tongue or rite, Here, one body to unite; Breaking thus one mystic bread, Till ha comes to raise the dead.

(CONDOR)

THE CHURCH.

139 GLORIOUS DAYS. 7s & 6s. (253.) 2 When here thy messengers proclaim

I From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men benighted The lamp of life deny? Salvation, O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, Till each remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign. HEBER.

Tune—"Richmond." 118. 140

1 Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness!

Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness,

Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zion! &c.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,

> And scattered their legions, was mightier far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

8 Daughter of Zion! the power that 2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep hath saved thee,

Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be,

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,

Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free. FITZGERALD COLL.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (106.)

I When here, O Lord, we seek thy face, And dying sinners pray to live, Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwellingplace,

And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

The blessed gospel of thy Son, Still by the power of his great name Be mighty signs and wonders done.

8 When children's voices raise the song, Hosanna! to their heavenly King-Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;

Hosanna! let their angels sing.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign Here to abide, no transient guest? Here will our great Redeemer reign, And here the Holy Spirit rest? MONTGOMERY.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. (40.) 142

1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands. Built over earth and sea, Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send, Within these courts to bide, The peace that dwelleth without end, Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here Be taught the better way; And they who mourn, and they who fear.

Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,

And pure devotion rise, While round these hallowed walls the storm

Of earth-born passion dies.

BRYANT.

Welcome to a Pastor. Bridgewater. L. M. (164.)

1 We bid thee welcome in the name Of Jesus, our exalted head; Come as a servant: so he came, And we receive thee in his stead.

This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;

Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God, Charged his whole council to declare;

Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod, While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace, Filled with the Spirit, fired with love, Live to behold our large increase, And welcome Jesus from above. (MONTGOMERY.)

RESURRECTION.

144 HEBRON. L. M. (5.)

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 The living know that they must die; But all the dead forgotten lie; Their mem'ry and their sense are gone, Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 8 Their hatred and their love is lost, Their envy buried in the dust; They have no share in all that's done Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might, pursue, Since no device nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

 WATTS.

145 ORTONVILLE. C. M. (28.)

- 1 Death's not the "gate of paradise," Nor "opening key" to heaven; Nor a bright "angel from the skies," Or boon in mercy given.
- 2 Death, to the saint, is not the hour When Christ his Lord hath come, In all the glory of his power, To waft him to his home.
- Nature will mourn departing friends, And shake at death's alarms;
 'Tis not "the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms."
- 4 No! 'tis a dark and cruel foe,
 Which has invaded earth;
 And to distress, and fear, and woe
 Intense hath given birth.
- 5 But death, and he who hath its power, Shall be at last destroyed, And saints no more, O joyful hour! Will be by them annoyed.

146 Passing Away. L. M. (384.)

- 1 Sweet is the memory of the dead, While sleeping in their dusty bed, They safely rest in silence where No glimmering sun can enter there.
- 3 But soon the trump of God will sound, And wake the sleeping in the ground; Then robed in light and beauty rare, They'll meet their Saviour in the air.
- forth,
 Who lie entombed in sea and earth,
 No more will death the tyrant reign,
 Nor longer hold the righteous slain.

- (5.) 4 Then Daniel in his lot shall stand,
 When Christ shall beautify the land;
 And all the saints from Abel down,
 Received with Abraham their crown.
 - 5 In that bright world no tears are shed, No badges worn to mourn the dead;
 But youth shall bloom on every brow,
 And there our lov'd ones we shall know.

 S. G. Hoofen.

147 AMAZING GRACE. C. M. (132.)

- 1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tomb,
 My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
 And on the clouds shall come.
 Ere long I know he shall appear,
 In power and glory great,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,

And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day.
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see,

My flesh shall feel a second birth, And ever with him be.

Then shall he wipe all tears away,
 And hush the rising groan;
 And pains, and sighs, and griefs, and fears,
 Shall ever be unknown.

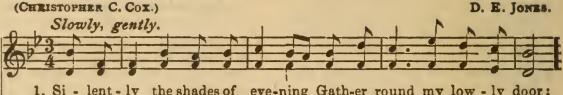
How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay?

O hasten thy appearance, Lord, And bring the welcome day.

148 Cross & Crown. C. M. (204.)

- 1 When the last trumpet's awful voice
 This rending earth shall shake;
 When op'ning graves shall yield their
 charge,
 And dust to life awake,—
- Those bodies that corrupted fell
 Shall incorrupt arise,
 And mortal forms shall spring to life
 Immortal in the skies.
- 8 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
 Is now at last fulfilled;
 And death yields up his ancient reign
 And, vanquished, quits the field.
- 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
 And now in triumph sing:—
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 And where, O death, thy sting?
 WM. CAMEROW

Stockwell. 88 & 78.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve-ning Gath-er round my low - ly door;
2. O! the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;
3. Sleep-ing in their grave so si - lent, Whither mor - tal foot-steps tend,
4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus-ter, Like the stars, when storms are past;

5. Soon the trumpet, loud re-sound-ing, Shall a - wake the sleep-ing dead;





Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I now see no more. O! the shrouded and the lone-ly—In our hearts they per - ish not. They are freed from earth-ly trouble; We, still hop-ing for its end. Point-ing on to Je - sus' com-ing, When we hope to meet at last. meet at last. what joy to greet our lov'd ones, Ris-ing from earth's dust - y bed.



150 (110.)"CHRISTIAN HYMNS AND SONGS."

1 Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;

Lay down thine head upon the Saviour's breast:

We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best:

Good night, good night.

2 Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep, 3 But thou shalt wake, and no more toil nor weep;

Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep: Good night, good night.

3 Until the Easter glory lights the skies; Until the dead in Jesus shall arise, And he shall come, but not in lowly 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors guise,

Good night, good night.

4 Until made beautiful by pow'r divine, And in the likeness of thy Lord shalt 5 The trump shall sound, the dust awake, shine,

And he shall bring that golden crown of thine, Good night, good night.

(By permission.)

BAVA. L. M. (Sup. 101.) 151

1 Shall man, O God of light and life, Forever moulder in the grave? Canst thou forget thy glorious work, Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night, Shall peace and hope no more arise? No future morning light the tomb, Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears: When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,

Death, the last foe, was captive led, And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

Unfold, to make his children way; They shall be clothed with endless life, And shine in everlasting day.

From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring:

Thro' heav'n with joy their myriads rise, And hail their Saviour and their King.

DWIGHT-

RESURRECTION.

REST. L. M. 152

I The saints, who now in Jesus sleep, His own almighty pow'r shall keep, Till dawns the bright illustrious day, When death itself shall die away.

- 2 How loud shall our glad voices sing, When Christ his risen saints shall bring From beds of dust, and sleeping clay, To realms of everlasting day!
- 1 When Jesus we in glory meet, Our utmost joys shall be complete; When landed on that heav'nly shore, Death and the curse shall be no more.
- 4 Our sleeping ones till then we trust To him who numbers every dust; Our Saviour faithfully will keep His own—their death is but a sleep.

DUNDER. C. M. (175.)153

1 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds

Christ shall with shouts descend, And the last trumpet's awful voice The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changed be, And they who sleep shall wake; The graves shall yield their ancient

While earth's foundation's shake.

- 1 The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high; The heavenly hosts, with praises loud, Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 A few short years of exile past, We reach the happy shore, Where death-divided friends at last Shall meet to part no more. Scotch Paraphrase.

1 If we enter into glory, At the resurrection light, And in triumph sing the story Of the love that banished night, Shall we murmur at the sleeping Till that great resplendent day? Will it be a cause for weeping, When our tears are wiped away?

2 When we see the saints all beaming In their crowns and robes of white, And our loved ones in the gleaming, With their forms so pure and bright, When we meet beyond the sighing, In the home beyond the gloom, Shall we grieve because of lying In the dark and silent tomb?

(103.) 3 If we see the harvest glowing In the grand eternal rays. And then gladly reap from sowing In these tears through sorrow's days Shall we then be heard repining. Though the seed in earth remain? In that morning's splendid shining, It will wave in golden grain.

> 4 Let us wait for Christ from heaven. As the church in days of old; Then to us will crowns be given, We will walk the streets of gold. It will be no cause of sadness That we parted when we died, We shall be in perfect gladness, With the Psalmist satisfied.

CHO.-(If sung to Music by F. O. Wellcome.) Let us wait for Christ from heaven, &c. Till the Resurrection Morn.

G. R. KRAMER.

155 Tune, "Your Mission." 8s & 7a

1 Sweetly sing, ye winds, the brightness That remaineth for the dead, Who, in robes of stainless whiteness, Soon shall leave the dusty bed. Darkness reigns where they are lying, But they only wait the day When shall cease the mourner's sighing. As the death-gloom flees away.

2 Summer winds be softly singing All around their blessed graves; Flowers sweet, be fragrance flinging, As the verdure o'er them waves. Nevermore shall they know sorrow, Nevermore shall sadly weep, For there comes a glad to-morrow. When they rise from sacred sleep.

154 ONLY WAITING. 88 & 78. (326.) 3 They shall leave the dust, all beaming. Like the plumage of the dove, Gay with gold and silver gleaming, As it sings its song of love. Christ shall raise them in his glory, They shall in his image shine, And the blaze of song and story Shall be dimmed by light divine.

4 Sweetly sing ye birds their brightness, When, through all the summer day. Ye may leap with wings of lightness, When the frosts have passed away. Even now the silver lining Is around the gloom we dread, Glowing with an endless shining, Which shall robe the blessed dead.

G. R. KRAMER

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Tune — "Hold the Fort." 156

1 Look, my brethren, see the tokens O'er the earth abroad, All that holy seers have spoken In the Word of God.

Hold the faith, the Lord is coming! 1 Borne on the breeze from distant na-Joy, the Kingdom's near! [ing, Let your lamps be trimmed and bnrn-Christ will soon appear!

- 2 Swift the sands of time are running, Day of doom draws near; Soon with all his angels coming, Throne and Judge appear.
- I Long'mid scoffs and jeers we've waited, 2 All things foretold by holy prophets, Mingling joy with tears; For the truth despised and hated, Soon the crown we'll wear.
- 4 Then redemption's wondrous story Is forever told, In God's Kingdom filled with glory, On its streets of gold.

157 Cross of Christ. 7s. (574.)

- I When from scatter'd lands afar, Spreads the voice of rumor'd war, Nations in tumultuous pride Heave like ocean's roaring tide, When the solar splendors fail, When the crescent waxeth pale; World! do thou the signal dread, We exalt the drooping head;
- 2 When the pow'rs that star-like reign Sink dishonor'd to the plain, We uplift th' expectant eye,— Our redemption draweth nigh, When the fig-tree shoots appear, Men behold their summer near; When the hearts of rebels fail, We the coming Conqueror hail:
- 8 Bridegroom of thy weeping spouse, Listen to her longing vows, Listen to her widowed moan, Listen to creation's groan; Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound, Gather thine elect around: Call them from the cheerless gloom, Call them from the marble tomb.
- 4 From the grass-grown village grave, From the deep dissolving wave, From the whirlwind and the flame, Mighty Head, thy members claim.

Where thy cross in anguish stood, Where thy life distilled in blood, Where they mocked thy dying groan, King of nations, plant thy throne. CHARLOTTE ELIZABETE

158 Jesus Soon Is Coming. (545.)

tions,

Distress and sad perplexity; Deep throes of anguish heave creation, While loudly roar the waves and sea.

Haste and get ready; list to the cry! Loud it swells—it is the knell— The close of gospel day.

- In grand review are passing by; God spake that man by these may profit Azd quick to Christ for shelter fly.
- 8 See how the men of might are waking! Weak nations now becoming strong! All things bespeak their final shaking; Soon God will speed the war-cry on.
- S. S. Brewer. 4 Now hasten famine, death and mourn-

God's wrath upon the harlot power; The smoke is rising; see her burning; Down, down she sinks, to rise no more.

159 WATCHMAN, TELL ME, &c. (405.) 88 78.

- 1 Watchman, has the tribulation Of the cruel Man of Sin Ceased his bloody persecution? Will it not return again? Pilgrim, no, his times have ended; Never shall the monster reign; Tekel on his brow is written -Soon he will consume in flame.
- 2 Watchman, were there signs attending At the ending of the time? With the closing moments pending, Did the sun refuse to shine? Pilgrim, yes; the sun was shrouded In a veil of gloom that day; Nature was in darkness clouded On that nineteenth day of May. (1780.)
- 3 Watchman, see! the land is nearing, With its vernal fruits and flowers! On! just yonder, oh, how cheering, Bloom forever Eden's bowers. Hark the choral strains there ringing, Wafted on the balmy air!

See the millions! hear them singing! Soon the pilgrims will be there! S. S. BREWER 160 ZERAH. C. M. (184.) 162 MILLENIAL DAWN. 78 & 68. (86.)

- 1 The Lord our Saviour will appear;
 His day is nigh at hand;
 The signs bespeak his coming near,
 And all may understand.
- Dehold, he comes! he comes to reign On earth with all his saints; Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain, Will end our long complaints.
- The prince of darkness he'll destroy;
 The hosts of sin o'erthrow;
 Satan shall then no more annoy,
 But Christ shall reign below;
- 4 Then those who suffered in his name, And did obey his word, Shall rise in glory and proclaim The goodness of their Lord.

161 THE WATCHERS. 78 & 60. (380.)

- 1 The sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer months we've sighed for,
 The fair, sweet morn awakes.
 Dark, dark has been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand;
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In fair Immanuel's land.
- The signs in heaven thicken,
 The nations are distressed,
 Men's hearts for fear are failing—
 The ocean cannot rest;
 But amid the foaming billows,
 And wrecks upon the strand,
 We hail the glory dawning
 In fair Immanuel's land.
- 8 Old Babylon has fallen,
 With Medo-Persia's throne;
 The Grecian horn is broken,
 And Rome is almost gone.
 But another King is coming,
 With his bright angelic band,
 To take the throne of David
 In fair Immanuel's land.

The clouds at length are breaking;
The dawn will soon appear,
And "signs" there's no mistaking,
Proclaim Messiah near.
Awake, awake from sleeping,
Attend the "midnight cry;"
Ye saints refrain from weeping,
Your Great Deliverer's nigh.

2 Ye mortals, take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite;
Should you neglect the morning,
Then comes the awful night.
Now mercy's hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save;
But oh! if this be ended,
You're lost beyond the grave.

163

11s.

1 The Bridegroom is coming, O hark, hear the cry!

He's coming in glory—his Kingdom is nigh;

Myriads of angels await his command, To gather the faithful from every land.

CHORUS.—O Pilgrim, haste! the day rolls on,

rolls on,
Quickly will the night of thy sorrow
be gone,

O Pilgrim, haste! awake and arise, To go and meet your Saviour in the skies.

2 The storm-cloud of vengeance is gathering fast,

The harvest is ripening and soon will be past;

Then gird on thine armor, O Christian, with care;

The time of great peril prevails everywhere.

8 O hail the glad morning when Jesus shall reign!

No more of our loved ones by Death will be slain;

He'll awake all his people who sleep in the tomb,

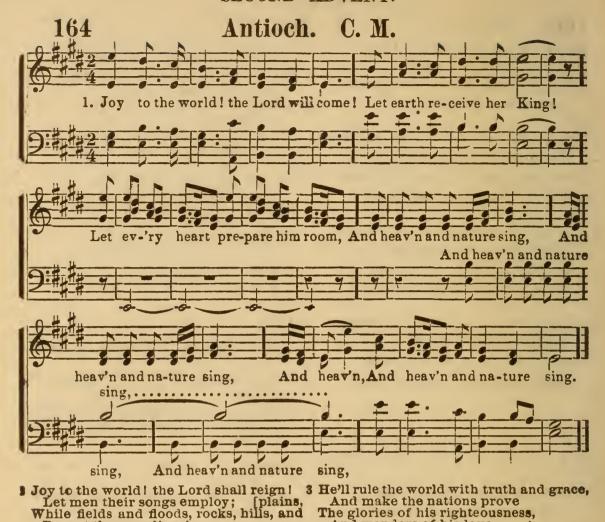
And make them immortal, forever to bloom.

4 The earth robed in beauty will soon be our home—

The pure golden city with high tow-'ring dome;

The songs of the ransomed will roll o'er the plain,

In glory unending with Jesus we'll reign!



165 THE WATCHERS. 78 & 6s. (380.)

Repeat the sounding joy.

And wonders of his love. 166 ON THE CROSS. P. M. (387.)

The glories of his righteousness,

1 The angels soon are coming, To gather all the just, Who are in death reposing, Unconscious in the dust: They hear the trumpet sounding -It penetrates the graves; Now into life they're bounding, No more to death are slaves.

2 The resurrection morning, With all its dazzling light, Is now upon us dawning In rays of glory bright: The saints are made immortal — The living and the dead; Their bodies are celestial, Like Christ their living head.

3 A city, too, in splendor, Shall to the earth descend; Earth's kingdoms shall surrender, And wickedness shall end: Messiah's kingdom holy Upon the earth shall bloom, -There all the meek and lowly

Will find an endless home.

1 Soon shall we see the glorious morning! Saints, arise! saints, arise! Sinners, attend the notes of warning! Saints, arise! saints, arise! The resurrection day draws near, The King of saints shall soon appear, And high his royal standard rear! Saints, arise! saints, arise!

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding. Saints, arise! saints, arise! [bounding, Through death's dark vaults its notes re-Saints, arise! saints, arise! To meet the Bridegroom, haste! prepare! Put on your bridal garments fair, And hail your Saviour in the air! Saints, arise! saints, arise!

3 Fast by the throne of God behold them, Crowned at last! crowned at last! See in his arms the Saviour fold them. Crowned at last! crowned at last! With wreaths of glory round their head; No tears of sorrow now are shed, To joy's full fountain all are led, Crowned at last! crowned at last!

SECOND ADVENT.

- 167 PETERBORO. C. M. (27.)
- 1 My soul is happy when I hear
 The Saviour is so nigh;
 I long to see his sign appear
 Upon the opening sky.
- I love to wait, and watch, and pray, And trust his living word, And feel the coming of that day No longer is deferred.
- 8 I do rejoice that life was given
 In these last days to me,
 That deathless I may rise to heaven,
 And my Redeemer see.
- Then, waiting brethren, let us sing;
 He will not tarry long;
 And fill with love the hours that bring
 The glory of our song.

168 (Tune No. 39. Gospel in Song.)

- 1 I'm waiting for thee, Lord,
 Thy beauty to see, Lord,
 I'm waiting for thee,
 For thy coming again.
 Thou 'rt gone over there, Lord,
 A place to prepare, Lord,
 Thy home I shall share
 At thy coming again.
- 2 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
 I'm often weary here, Lord,
 The day must be near
 Of thy coming again.
 'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
 No sighing nor care, Lord,
 But glory so fair
 At thy coming again.
- 8 Whilst thou art away, Lord, I stumble and stray, Lord; Oh, hasten the day
 Of thy coming again.
 This is not my rest, Lord,
 A pilgrim confest, Lord,
 I wait to be blest
 At thy coming again.
- 4 Our loved ones before, Lord,
 Their troubles are o'er, Lord,
 I'll meet them once more
 At thy coming again.
 The blood was the sign, Lord,
 That marked them as thine, Lord,
 And brightly they'll shine
 At thy coming again.

5 E'en now let my ways, Lord,
Be bright with thy praise, Lord,
For brief are the days
Ere thy coming again.
I'm waiting for thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
No triumph for me
Like thy coming again!

169 Hendon. 7s. (308.)

- 1 Come, desire of nations, come! Hasten, Lord, the general doom! Hear the spirit and the bride; Come and take us to thy side.
- 2 Thou, who hast our place prepared, Make us meet for our reward; Then with all thy saints descend; Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here; Glorious in thy saints appear; Speak the sacred number sealed; Speak the mystery revealed.
- 4 Take to thee thy royal power;
 Reign! when sin shall be no more;
 Reign! when death no more shall be;
 Reign to all eternity!
 WESLEY.

170 O HAIL, HAPPY DAT. (543.)

1 O come, come away! for time's career is closing;

Let worldly care henceforth forbear, O come, come away!

Come, come! our holy joys renew,
Where love and heavenly friendship
grew;

The Spirit welcomes you! O come, come away!

- 2 Awake ye! wake! no time now for reposing;
 - "The Lord is near!" breaks on the ear,

O come, come away!

Come, come, where Jesus' love will be, Who says, "I meet with two or three:"

Sweet promise made to thee! O come, come away!

8 O come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!

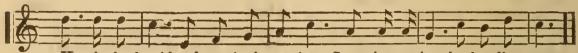
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"

O come, come away!
O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain.
And take thy throne and on it reign;
Then earth shall bloom again! O come come away!

Lift up your Heads.



1. Lift up your heads, desponding pilgrims, Give to the winds your needless fears; Cuo.—Thro' endless years earth's coming glo-ry—'Tis the glad day so long foretold:



He who hath said redemption's nearing, Soon is to reign thro' endless years.

'Tis the bright morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Prophets foresaw in times of old.

2 What if the clouds do for a moment Hide the blue sky, where morn appears:

Soon the glad sun, of promise given, Rises to shine through endless years.

Tell the whole world these blessed tidings, Speak of the time of bliss that nears; Tell the oppressed of every nation, Jubilee lasts through endless years.

Haste thee along, ages of glory,
Haste the glad time when Christ appears—

Oh, for the faith of ancient worthies; Oh, for that reign thro' endless years.

172 Tune, "OLD CHURCHYARD."

1 We shall see the Saviour coming,
On the resurrection morning,
While the saints of God are watching
And waiting for the Lord.

||: Are your lamps well burning,:||
And your vessel filled with oil?

2 We have felt the Advent glory, While the vision seemed to tarry, When we've comforted each other

With the words of holy writ.
||: Are your garments pure, :||
And unspotted from the world?

In the midst of opposition,
Daniel keeps the same position,
And is waiting for the promise,

At the ending of the days. |: Every one shall have deliverance,: | Who is written in the Book.

4 O, ye saints of God, take courage, You will soon be freed from bondage, For Jesus leads the army,

And he's sure to win the day. \!: When we've gained the victory,:\!\
We shall lay our armor down.

173 ONLY WAITING. 8s & 7s. (326.)

1 "Coming! Oh, the bliss and gladness bound up in that blessed word.

Coming! and our eyes shall see him—
him our own beloved Lord.

Coming! how our hearts leap upward, with a joy no words can say!
Coming! so we watch and wonder, hour by hour, and day by day.

2 Coming! then shall his dominion reach from distant sea to sea:

From the river to earth's ending shall his glorious kingdom be;

Then the foes of Christ be vanquished, truth and righteousness shall reign Over all the earth triumphant; joy shall follow in his train.

3 Coming! but to those that scorn him, those that now dispute his right, What shall be their awful portion when

What shall be their awful portion when he cometh in his might?

Fire and sword, and flaming vengeance, showering on them from above,

Oh, while yet that time remaineth, seek his face and plead his love.

4 He is lingering yet a moment, that before it be too late

You may find his pardoning mercy, ere forever sealed your fate.

Coming! yes, it still is 'coming,' bu' how soon it may be 'come!'

Then the shout of 'Christ triumphant!'
then the glorious 'Welcome home'!'

Mrs. C. M. PYM.



2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nailed him to the tree,
|: Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.:

Sow redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear,
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet him in the air:

!: Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!:

175 8s 7s & 4.

1 Day of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From his face prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You, forever,
Shall my love and glory know."

176 THE BEAUTEOUS DAY. (111.)
88 & 78.

8s & 7s.

1 That great day of wrath and terror,
That last day of woe and doom,

4 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t'inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;

||: All creation,
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!:

5 Yea, amen: let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
||: O, come quickly!
Claim the kingdom for thine own!:

Like a thief at darkest midnight, On the sons of men shall come.

2 When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have past,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is nere at last:

3 Let thy loins be strictly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right,
That, whene'er the Bridegroom cometh,
Full thy lamp may shine, and bright.
Hymn of the 7th Century.

177 WINDHAM. L. M. (54.)

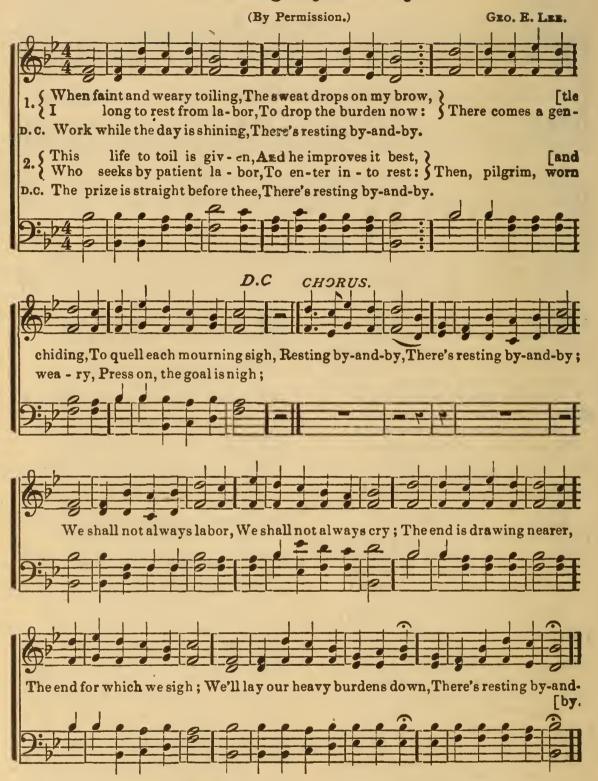
1 That day of wrath! that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away! What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 O, on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

SIR WALTER SCOTE.

41

Resting By-and-By.



3 Nor ask, when overburdened, You long for friendly aid,—

"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"

The Master bids him tarry, And dare you ask him why?

"Go, labor in my vineyard:
There's resting by-and-by."—Cho.

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain,—
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain.
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie:

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,— There's resting by-and-by.—Cho.

42

RESTITUTION.

179 RESTING BY AND BY. 70 & 60. 4 I'm weary of loving, where all page away.

1 The world is very evil, The times are waxing late: Be sober and keep vigil, The Judge is at the gate; The Judge that comes in mercy, The Judge that comes with might, To terminate the evil,

3 Brief life is here our portion, Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no ending, The tearless life is there. The morning shall awaken, The shadows pass away, And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day.

To diadem the right.

Jerusalem, the golden! With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest. And though just now I may not My spirit seeks thee fain, The resurrection morning When Jesus comes again.

4 Oh, home of fadeless splendor, Of flowers that fear no thorn, Where they shall dwell as children, Who here as exiles mourn! Strive, man, to win that glory; Toil, man, to gain that light; Send hope before to grasp it, Till hope be lost in sight.

I LOVE THEE. P. M. (15.)

1 I'm weary of straying—O when shall

In that promised land of the good and the blest,

Where sin shall no longer her bland- 1 Come thou long expected Jesus, ishments spread,

And tears and temptations forever are

I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth.

O'er joys' glowing visions that fade at their birth;

O'er the pangs of the loved that we cannot assuage,

O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

\$ I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,

As fair but as fleeting as morning's

promise alone,

Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

The brightest and fairest, alas! can-

not stay;

I long for that land where these partings are o'er,

Where death and the tomb can divide us no more!

181

1 O I love to tell the story, To me it has a charm, That we'll soon move into glory, To the Abrahamic farm.

CHORUS:

Christ is coming, Christ is coming; He is coming in his kingdom; He will take the throne of David. And reign forevermore.

2 Paul writing to Galatians, Makes mention of the deed, And by him it is asserted That Jesus is the seed.

3 And joint heirs too with Jesus, Are all that do believe, The meek of all the ages, The new earth shall receive.

4 Soon Christ will come in glory, Build up this ruined earth, Restore our faded paradise, Creation's second birth.

182 Come Thou Fount. 8s, 7s. (60.)

Born to set thy people free; Now from fears and sin thou savest, Free from sorrow we would be.

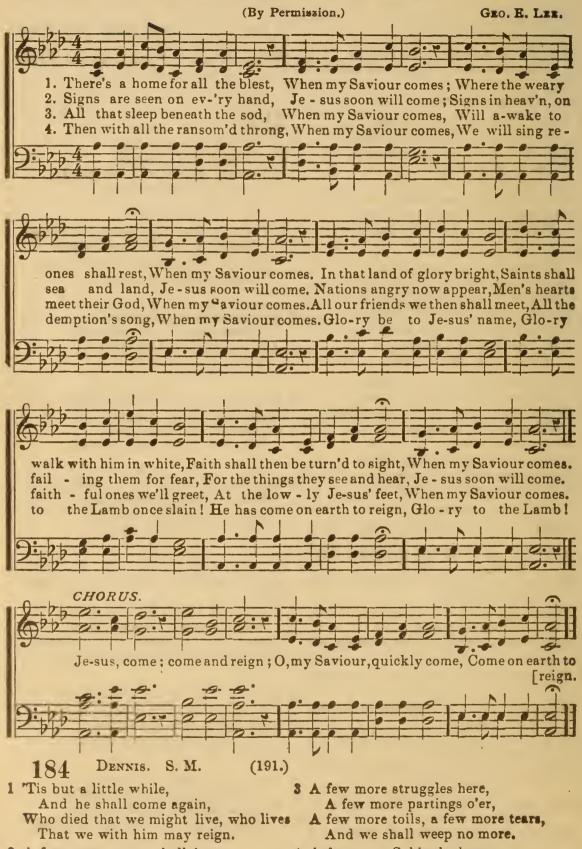
2 Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the saints thou art; Dear desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver; Born a child—and yet a King, Born to reign on earth forever, Now thy promised kingdom bring.

bright dew;
I long for that land whose blest 4 Bring ere long the glorious city; Stablish on the earth thy throne; Thine the power and the glory, Claim the kingdoms for thine own!

183

A Home for the Weary.



A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rocky shore;

And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here, Shall cheer us on our way,

And we shall reach the endless rest Th'eternal Sabbath day.

H. Bonal

RESTITUTION.

185 TUNE-"The Old Granite State." 2 The feaful and faint-hearted

I This earth with its flowers is not the rest for me,

Death lurks in its bowers, and sweeps the sparkling sea:

There is no spot so sunny, so peaceful or so fair,

Where love twines its tendrils, but death is brooding there.

Soon his requiem I'll be singing in the new Eden Home.

There are suffering millions in this dark vale of tears,

Who believe not the Gospel but die in their fears;

But the church breathes a prayer with each sorrowing breath,

Buoyed up by a love that is stronger far than death—

Ever looking for a kingdom, in the new Eden Home.

8 There no rose will be tinted with the blood of the slain,

Or the spotless lily bend or the four crimson stain;

The air will not be burdened with grief's softest sigh,

Or the tear ever sparkle in the immortal eye.

Blessed Kingdom, bright its glory, in the new Eden Home.

4 Thus I walk through the shadows with 2 Where pointed brambles grew, the cross as my rest, Entwined with horrid thorn.

While earth's bloody sun is setting low in the crimson west,

And the misty vail is parting, and through its azure fold

I see the crystal river and the streets of gold.

Harps are ringing, crowns are given, in the new Eden Home.

186 GIDEON'S BAND.

TUNE—"Battle Cry of Freedom."

1 Say, brethren and sisters,
How fare you in the way,
Fighting in the army, hallelujah!
Are your heads still uplifted.
Have you strength enough to say,

Jesus is coming, hallelujah!

CHORUS:

Jesus is coming, awake ye, awake!
The saints will be ready the kingdom to take,

At the shout and voice of the trumpet,

All sleeping ones will wake,
And give us the kingdom, hallelujah!

2 The feaful and faint-hearted
Have permission to go back,
Leaving the army, hallelujah!
Our Captain only wants such men
As will march and water lap,
Fighting in the army, hallelujah!

8 We've been down to the Midian camp,
And we've heard them tell the
dream—
The cake of barley, hallelujah!

And they fear the sword of Gideon,
Though small his numbers seem,
The victory is ours, hallelujah!

4 And what is best of all,
Is the evidence so clear—
Jesus is coming, hallelujah!
In harmony with prophecy,
His coming's very near,
Coming in his kingdom, hallelujah!

187 Lenox. 6s & 8s. (8.)

A world created new!

My thoughts with transport range,

The lovely scene to view;

Thee, Lord, divine, in all I trace;

The work is thine—thine be the praise

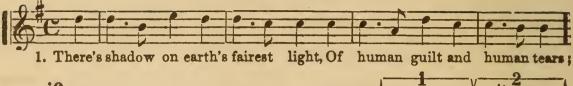
Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn;
The lily there, and blushing rose,
The union fair, their sweets disclose.

8 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,
And elms and vines confess their God.

4 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
They thirst for blood no more;
But infants' hands fierce tigers lead,
And lions with the oxen feed.

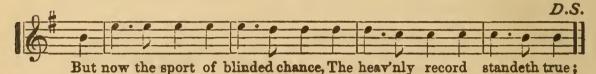
5 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes?
That earth, with all her tongues may
United songs of ardent praise. [raise

"All Things New."





She gropes her way thro' realms of night, That once sung with the spheres, p.s. She waits a full deliverance When God makes (OMIT)... all things new,



2 The world is old with centuries,
But not for these she bows her head;
Close to her heart the sorrow lies—
She holds so many dead?
Sad discords mingle in her song,
Tears fall upon her with the dew,
The whole creation groans—How long
Ere all shall be made new?

8 No place shall be in that new earth
For all that blights this universe;
No evil taint the second birth—
"There shall be no more curse."
Ye broken-hearted, cease your moan;
The day of promise dawns for you,
For he who sits upon the throne
Says, "I make all things new."

4 We mourn the dead, but they shall wake!
The lost, but they shall be restored!
Oh, well our human hearts might break
Without that sacred word!
Dim eyes, look up, and hearts rejoice,
Seeing God's bow of promise through,
At sound of that prophetic voice—
"I will make all things new."

Mow long? The ages falter, dumb,
As on the threshold of new birth:
The nations pray, "Thy kingdom come"—
"The new heavens and new earth."

Rarth turning, turning, nears that day,
When all the angel-choirs anew
Shall sing, "Old things are pass'd away;"
God hath made "All things new."

189 I'm Going Home.

(347.)

190 Jesus soon is Coming. (545.)

Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast,
And ever since his fallen race,
From age to age are void of grace.

CHORUS.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
Upon the earth as 'tis in heaven;
With glory filled, from shore to shore,
When sin and death shall be no more.

When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyred Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee?

8 Till then, we will not let thee rest;
Thou still shalt hear our strong request:
And this our daily prayer shall be—
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

I I murmur not that now a stranger,
I pass along the smiling earth;
I know the snares, I dread the danger,
I hate the haunts, I shun the mirth.

2 Earth, what a sorrow lies before thee!

None like it in the shadowy past;—
The sharpest throe that ever tore thee,
E'en though the briefest and the last.

3 I see the fair moon veil her lustre,
I see the sackcloth of the sun;
The shrouding of each starry cluster,
The threefold woe of earth begun.

4 There comes the moaning and the sighing,

There comes the hot tear's heavy fall,
The thousand agonies of dying;
But I shall be beyond them all.

H. BONAR.

H. BONAR.

JOHN CENNICK.

FOUNTAIN. 191

(83.)

193 Tune. - "DISMAL SWAMP." P.M.

ure I stand,

And view in perspective the fair promised land;

The land where the ransomed with singing shall come,

And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.

1 All over those peaceful, delectable plains,

The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns.

His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,

And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

\$ How blest are those regions, the realms of repose,

Where with fruit, oh, how grateful, the "tree of life" grows;

The regions ambrosial, forever in bloom,

God's own habitation, the saint's happy home!

4 Those pleasures of glory, oh, when shall I share,

And crowns of celestial felicity wear: And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh:

The home of our fathers, now specially nigh?

192 Tune.—"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."

1 We speak of the realms of the blest; Of that country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glories confest; But what must it be to be there? CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by, etc.

3 We speak of its pathways of gold; Of its walls decked with jewels so

Of its wonders and pleasures untold: But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care, From trials, without and within; But what must it be to be there?

4 May we, then, midst pleasure or woe, For that kingdom our hearts now prepare;

And shortly we also shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

1 On the high cliffs of Jordan with pleas- 1 The groaning earth is too dark and

For the saints' eternal home;

But the city from heaven will soon be here;

We know that the moment is drawing

When she in her glory shall come. Her gates of pearl we soon shall see, And her music we soon shall hear; Joyous and bright our home shall be, And we'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree.

With our Saviour forever near.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this Where death triumphant reigns, For a beautiful home in that land of

bliss

Where all is happiness, joy and peace, And nothing can enter that pains.

There is no more sorrow and no more night,

For the darkness shall pass away, The crucified Lamb is its glorious light And the saints shall walk with him in

In that happy, eternal day.

8 Oh, there the loved of earth shall meet, Whom death has sundered here: The prophets and patriarchs there we'll greet,

And all shall worship at Jesus' feet, No more separation to fear.

Though trials and griefs await us here, The conflict will soon be o'er;

This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,

For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,

And then we shall grieve no more.

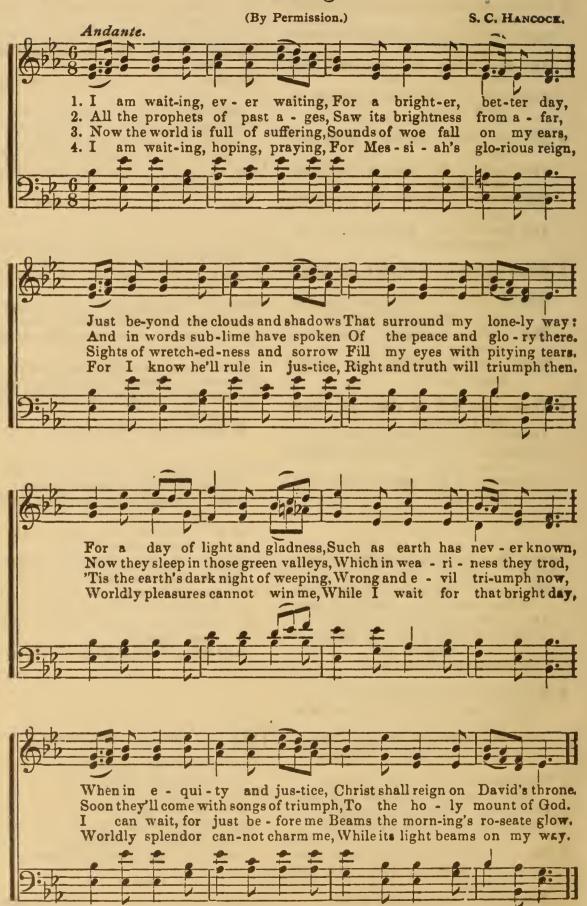
(Tune.—JOHN BROWN.) 194

1 The Saviour who suffered, The Lamb that was slain, Shall come in his glory Forever to reign. The earth when renewed Shall be beauteous again, And freed from death and pain

Glory, glory, etc......Jesus comes to reign.

CHORUS.

"Waiting."



48

1 Long we've been waiting for Christ to come.

Long we have watched for the morning; Still for that happy, eternal home, The pilgrims are earnestly longing.

CHORUS.

Come, come, dear Saviour, come Comfort thy saints who are weeping; Come, come, dear Saviour, come Waken thy dear ones who are sleeping.

3 Then in the kingdom forevermore, Chanting redemption's glad story, Safely at home, where the storms are o'er, We'll dwell in the mansions of glory.

197

1 When the great jubilee shall come, Then we'll sing the New Song, And Christ shall take his ransomed home,

Then we'll sing the New Song.

Cno.-Wait a little while, Then we'll sing the New Song, &c.

2 When the glad shout shall rend the sky, Then we'll sing the New Song. "O grave, where is thy victory?" Then we'll sing the New Song.

3 When sorrow, pain and death are o'er, Then we'll sing the New Song. And sighs and tears shall be no more,

Then we'll sing the New Song.

4 Where all will be immortal, fair, There we'll sing the New Song, When blood-washed robes are ours to wear.

Then we'll sing the New Song. (By permission.) H POLLARD.

198 Tune 43, Gospel IN Sono.

1 When we enter the portals of glory, And the great host of ransom'd we see, As the numberless sands of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be. 2 Hope is singing, still is singing, CHORUS.

Numberless as the sands of the sea-shore, Numberless as the sands of the shore; Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd hosts we see, As numberless as the sands of the shore

2 When we see all the sav'd of the ages,

Greeting there with a heavenly greeting. What a wonderful sight that will be.

106 Tune, No. 2, ROYAL SONGS. , 3 When we look on the form that redeem'd us,

> And his glory and majesty see, While as King of the saints he is reign-

What a wonderful sight that will be. (By permission.) F. A. BLACKMER.

100 Tune No. 26, ROYAL SONGS.

1 Lift the head, O weary pilgrim! let the heart exultant spring,

As you gladly journey onward to the palace of your King;

On the steadfast, flaming beacon of his

truth still keep your eye, And you soon shall share his glory, for he's coming by-and-by!

REFRAIN.

He is coming by-and-by, He is coming by-and-by,

On the wings of faith triumphant we shall meet him in the sky.

And the sorrow and the sighing shall depart forevermore,

Lost in swelling songs of rapture on the fair and fadeless shore.

2 We shall hear the trumpet sounding just before the break of day;

We shall see the somber shadows of the ages roll away;

We shall hail the saints' uprising, clad in glory, ne'er to die,

When he gathers home his jewels,— when he cometh by-and-by!

A. T. GORHAM.

200 Tune 47, Gospel IN Sone.

1 Hark! a voice from Eden stealing, Such as but to angels known, Hope its song of cheer is singing, 1: It is better farther on.:

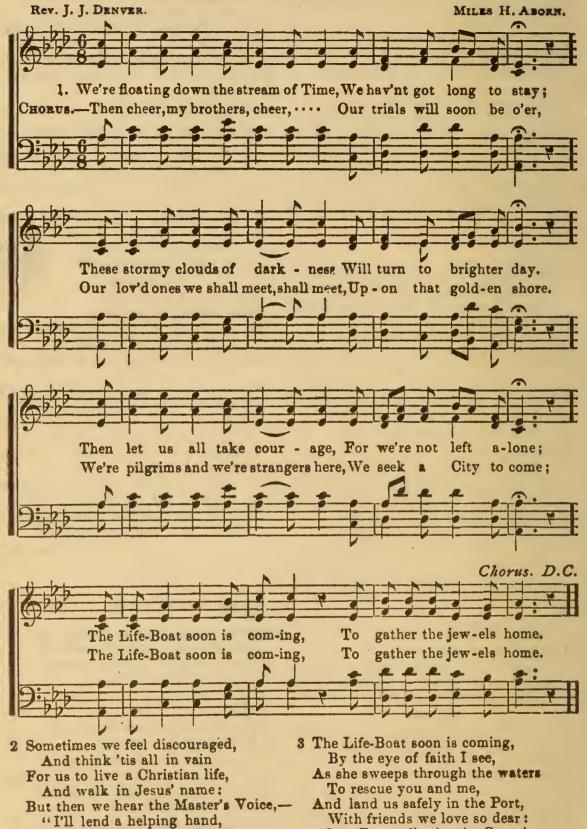
Softly, in an under tone; Singing as if God had taught it, :It is better farther on.:

On the grave it sits and sings it, Sings it when the heart would grown; Sings it when the shadows darken, I: It is better farther on .:

Who from cruel death-partings are 4 Farther on! Oh! how much farther? Count the mile-stones one by one: No! no counting, only trusting, : It is better farther on .:



The Life-Boat.



Chorus.

And, if you'll only trust me, I'll guide you to that land."

With friends we love so dear: "GET READY," cries the Captain,—
O, look! he's almost here! Chorus.

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Note. — This Supplement has been compiled to meet the expressed desire or many for a larger collection of the hymns of the fathers, and while our limits have not permitted the introduction of many new pieces, we trust that it will be found a serviceable addition to our present collection.

We tender our thanks to F. A. Blackmer, G. W. Sederquist, McDonald and Gill, publishers of "Hymns of the Advent," and others, who have kindly permitted us the use of their hymns and music.

The figures in parenthesis at the commencement of the hymns give the numbers of the tunes in the New Jubilee Harp.

When the author's name is in parenthesis, it signifies that the hymn has been altered since first written.

W. A. BURCH.
E. M. ANDREWS.
F. BURR.

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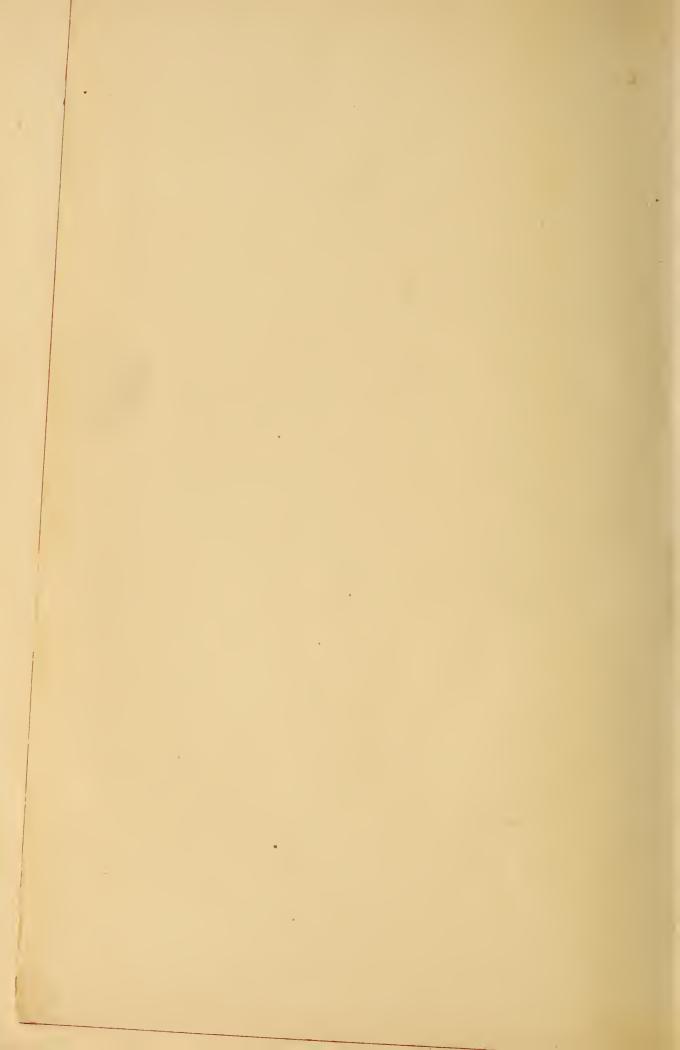
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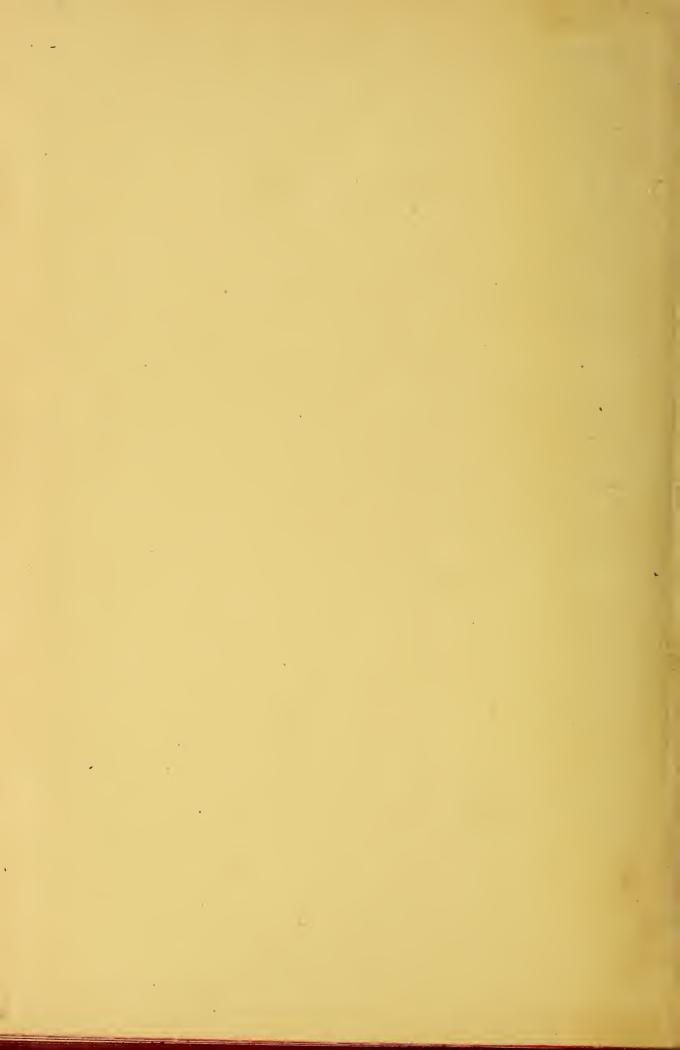
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Hall Coll

